

THE
DUKE
O F
GUISE.
A
TRAGEDY.

Acted by
Their Majesties Servants.

WRITTEN
By Mr. DRYDEN, and Mr. LEE.

τοις φιλόποιοι φύσεις ἐν ταῖς πολιτείαις τὸ ἀγαθὸν μὴ φυλαξάμεναι, τῷ ἀγαθῷ μεῖζον
τὸ κεχρόν ἔχειν. Plutarch. in Agesilaos.

L O N D O N,

printed for R. Wellington at the Late in St. Paul's Church-Yard,
and E. Rombull at the Post-House in Covent-Garden, 1699. — 1603 —

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were written viz.

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Nero.

Lucius Brutus.

Gloriana; or, The Court of Augustus

Constantine.

Cesar.

Oedipus King of Thebes.

Alexander the Great.

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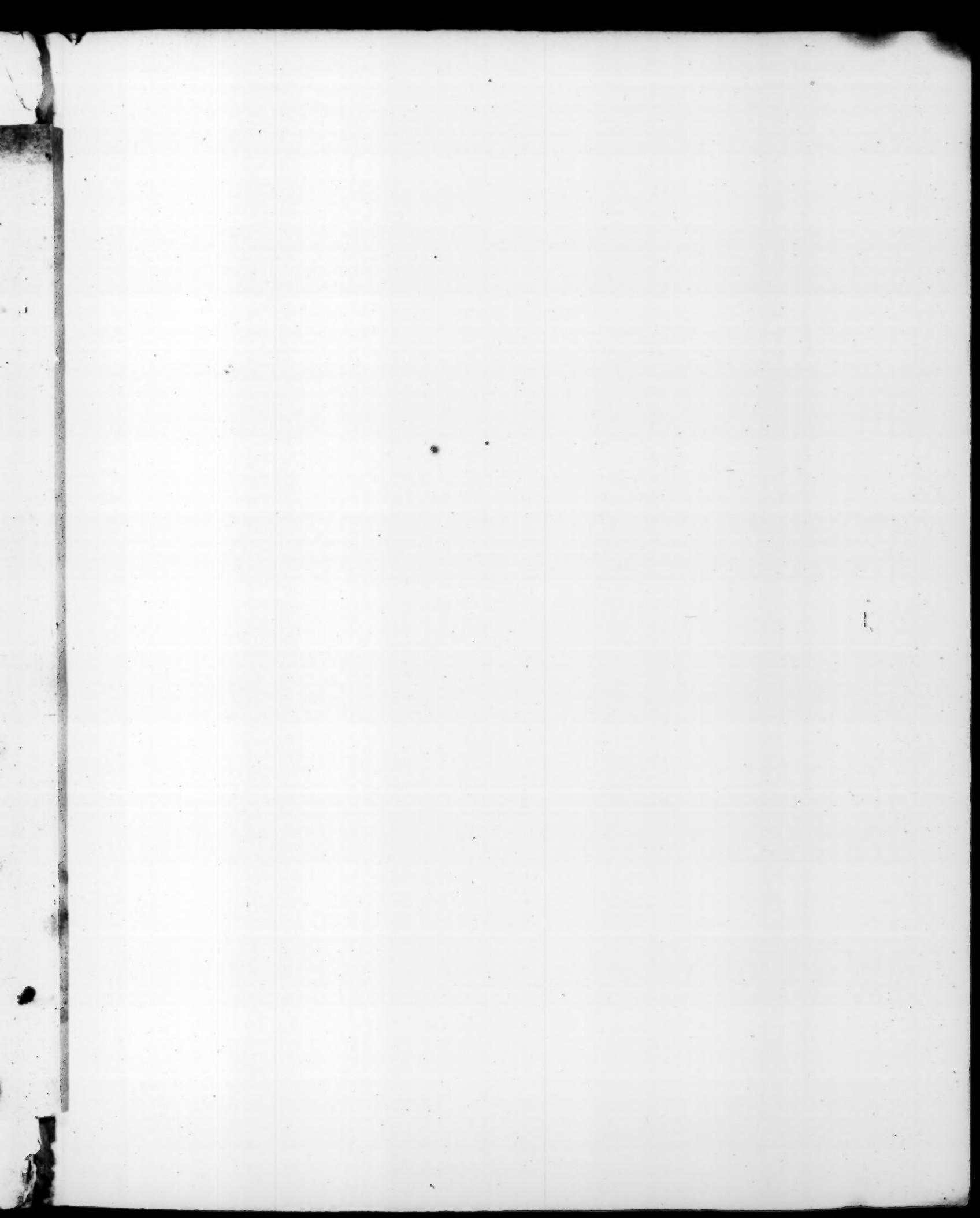


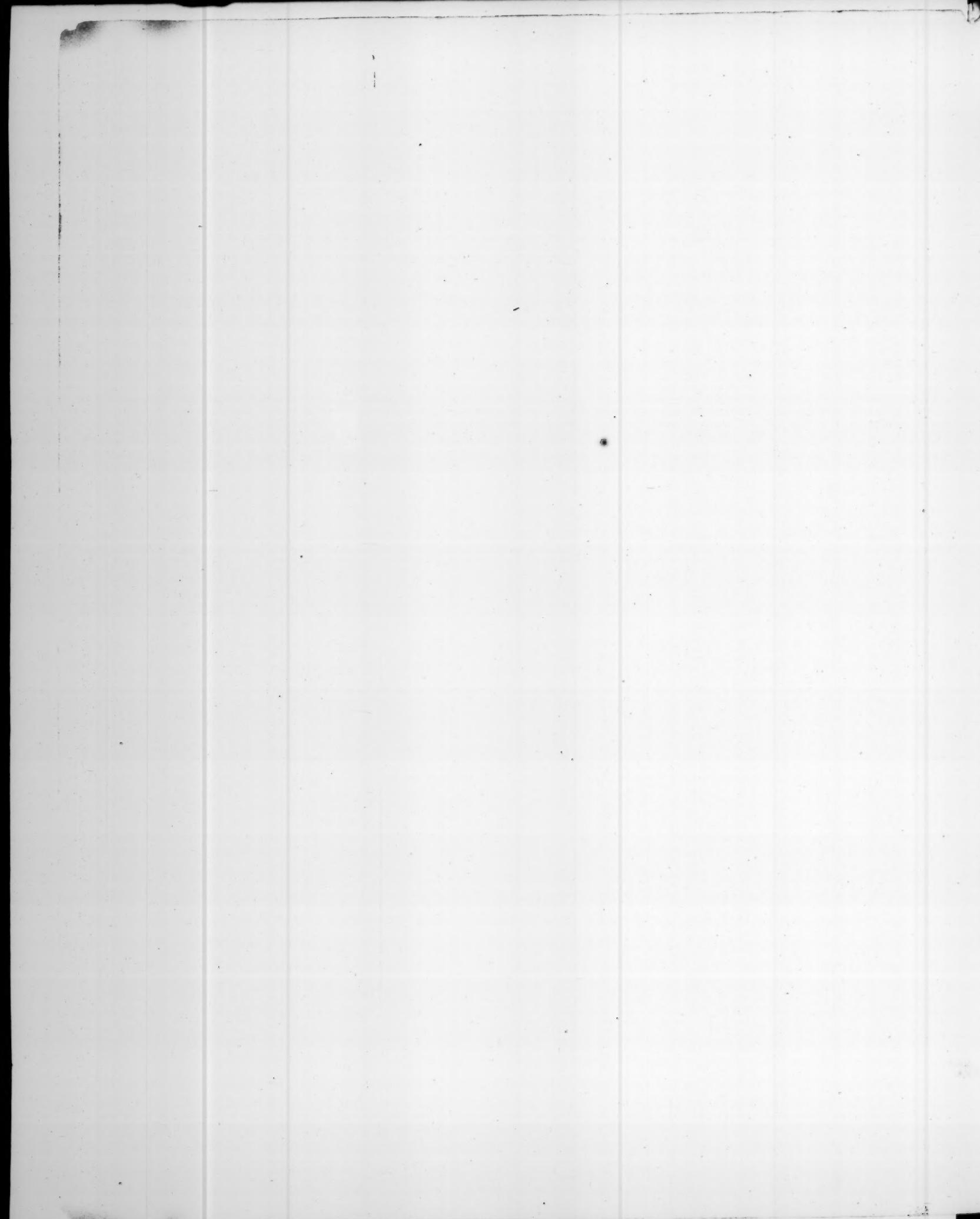
To the Right Honourable
LAWRENCE,
EARL of Rochester, &c.

My L O R D,

THE Authors of this Poem, present it humbly to your Lordship's Patronage, if you shall think it worthy of that Honour. It has already been a Confessor, and was almost made a Martyr for the Royal Cause. But having stood two Tryals from its Enemies, one before it was acted, another in the Representation, and having been in both acquitted, 'tis now to stand the Publick Censure in the reading : Where since, of necessity, it must have the same Enemies, we hope it may also find the same Friends ; and therein we are secure not only of the greater Number, but of the more Honest and Loyal Party. We only expected bare Justice in the permission to have it Acted ; and that we had, after a severe and long Examination, from an Upright and Knowing Judge, who having heard both sides, and examin'd the Merits of the Cause in a strict perusal of the Play, gave Sentence for us, that it was neither a Libel, nor a Parallel of particular Persons. In the Representation it self, it was persecuted with so notorious Malice by one side, that it procur'd us the Partiality of the other ; so that the Favour more than recompenc'd the Prejudice : And 'tis happier to have been sav'd (if so we were) by the Indulgence of our good and faithful Fellow-Subjects, than by our own Deserts ; because thereby the weakness of the Faction is discover'd, which in us, at that time, attack'd the Government ; and stood combin'd,

bin'd, like the Members of the Rebellious League, against the Lawful Sovereign Authority. To what Topique will they have recourse, when they are manifestly beaten from their chief Post, which has always been Popularity, and Majority of Voices? They will tell us, That the Voices of a People are not to be gather'd in a Play-House; and yet even there, the Enemies as well as Friends have free Admission; but while our Argument was serviceable to their Interests, they cou'd boast that the Theaters were True Protestant, and came insulting to the Plays, where their own Triumphs were represented. But let them now assure themselves, that they can make the major part of no Assembly, except it be a *Meeting-House*. Their Tyde of Popularity is spent, and the natural Current of Obedience is, in spight of them, at last prevalent. In which, *my Lord*, after the merciful Providence of God, the unshaken Resolution, and prudent Carriage of the King, and the inviolable Duty, and manifest Innocence of his Royal Highness, the prudent Management of the Ministers, is also most conspicuous. I am not particular in this Commendation, because I am unwilling to raise Envy to your Lordship, who are too just not to desire that Praise shou'd be communicated to others, which was the common Endeavour and Co-operation of all. 'Tis enough, *my Lord*, that your own Part was neither obscure in it, nor unhazardous. And if ever this excellent Government, so well establish'd by the Wisdom of our Forefathers, and so much shaken by the Folly of this Age, shall recover its ancient Splendor, Posterity cannot be so ungrateful, as to forget those, who in the worst of Times, have stood undaunted by their King and Countrey, and for the Safeguard of both, have expos'd themselves to the malice of false Patriots, and the madness of an headstrong Rabble. But since this glorious Work is yet unfinish'd, and though we have reason to hope well of the success, yet the Event depends on the unsearchable Providence of Almighty God; 'tis no time to raise Trophies, while the Victory is in dispute: but every Man by your example, to contribute what is in his power, to maintain so just a Cause, on which depends the future Settlement and Prosperity of Three Nations. The Pilot's Prayer to *Neptune* was not amiss, in the middle of the Storm: *Thou mayst do with me, O Neptune, what thou pleaseſt, but I will be ſure to hold fast the Rudder.* We are to trust firmly in the Deity, but so as not to forget, that he commonly works by second Causes, and





and admits of our Endeavour with his concurrence. For our own parts, we are sensible as we ought, how little we can contribute with our weak assistance. The most we can boast of, is, that we are not so inconsiderable as to want Enemies, whom we have rais'd to our selves on no other account, than that we are not of their number : and since that's their Quarrel, they shall have daily occasion to hate us more. 'Tis not, *my Lord*, that any Man delights to see himself pasquin'd and affronted by their inveterate Scriblers, but on the other side it ought to be our Glory, that themselves believe not of us what they write. Reasonable Men are well satisfy'd for whose sakes the venom of their Party is shed on us, because they see that at the same time, our Adversaries spare not those to whom they owe Allegiance and Veneration. Their Despair has push'd them to break those Bonds; and 'tis observable, that the lower they are driven, the more violently they write: As *Lucifer* and his Companions were only proud when Angels, but grew malicious when Devils. Let them rail, since 'tis the only solace of their miseries, and the only revenge, which, we hope, they now can take. The greatest and the best of Men are above their reach ; and for our meanness, though they assault us like Foot-padders in the dark, their Blows have done us little harm ; we yet live, to justifie our selves in open day, to vindicate our Loyalty to the Government, and to assure your Lordship, with all Submission and Sincerity, that we are

Your Lordship's most

Obedient, Faithful Servants,

John Dryden, Nat. Lee.

PRO-

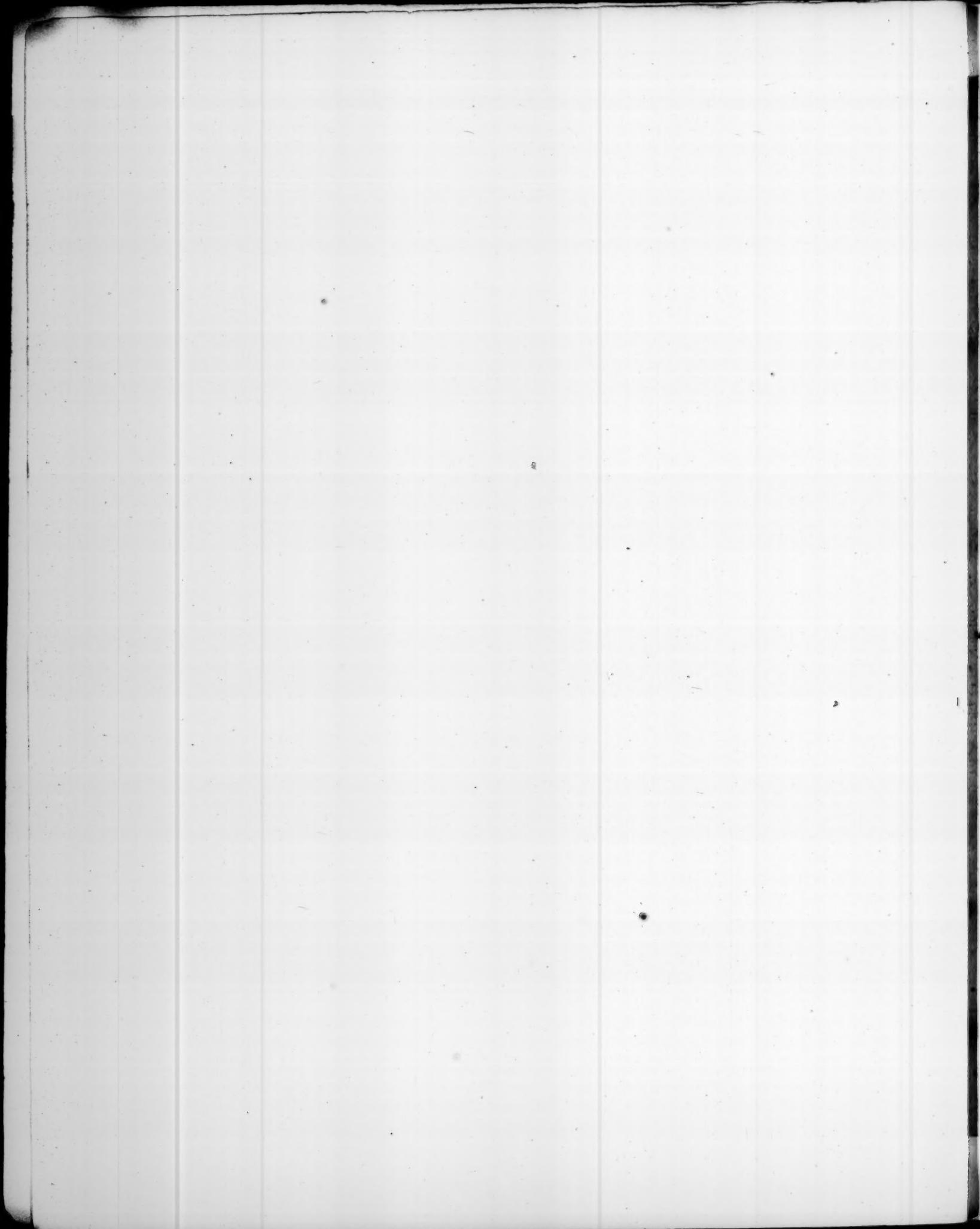
PROLOGUE.

Written by Mr. Dryden. Spoken by Mr. Smith.

OUR Play's a Parellel : *The Holy League*
Begot our Cov'nant : *Guisards got the Whigg* :
Whate'er our hot-brain'd Sheriffs did advance,
Was, like our Fashions, first produc'd in France :
And, when worn out, well scourg'd, and banish'd there,
Sent over, like their godly Beggars here.
Cou'd the same Trick, twice play'd, our Nation gull ?
It looks as if the Devil were grown dull ;
Or serv'd us up, in scorn, his broken Meat,
And thought we were not worth a better Cheat.
The fulsome Cov'nant, one wou'd think in reason,
Had grov'n us all our Bellys full of Treason :
And yet, the Name but chang'd, our nasty Nation
Chaws its own Execrement, ih' Association.
'Tis true, we have not learn'd their pois'ning way,
For that's a mode but newly come in play ;
Besides, your Drug's uncertain to prevail ;
But your True Protestant can never fail,
With that compendious Instrument, a Flail.
Go on ; and bite, ev'n though the Hook lies bare ;
Twice in one Age expel the Lawful Heir :
Once more decide Religion by the Sword ;
And purchase for us a New Tyrant Lord.
Pray for your King ; but yet your Purses spare ;
Make him not Two-pence richer by his Prayer.
To shew you love Him much, chastise Him more ;
And make Him very Great, and very Poor.
Push Him to Wars, but still no Pence advance ;
Let Him lose England, to recover France.
Cry Freedom up with Popular noiseie Votes :
And get enough to cut each others Throats,
Lop all the Rights that fence your Monarch's Throne ;
For fear of too much Pow'r, pray leave him none.
A noise was made of Arbitrary Sway ;
But in Revenge, you Whiggs, have found a way,
An Arbitrary Duty now to pay.
Let His own Servants turn, to save their stake ;
Glean from his Plenty, and His Wants forsake.
But let some Judas near his Person stay,
To swallow the last Sop, and then betray.

Make





*Make London independant of the Crown :
A Realm apart ; the Kingdom of the Town.
Let Ignoramus Furies find no Traytors :
And Ignoramus Poets scribble Satyrs.
And, that your meaning none may fail to scan,
Do, what in Coffee-houses you began ;
Pull down the Master, and Set up the Man.*

EPILOGUE.

Written by the same Author. Spoken by Mrs. Cook.

MUCH Time and Trouble this poor Play has cost ;
And, Faith, I doubted once the Cause was lost.
Yet no one Man was meant ; nor Great, nor Small ;
Our Poets, like frank Gamesters, threw at All.

*They Took no single Aim :—
But like bold Boys, true to their Prince and hearty,
Huzz'a'd, and fir'd Broad-sides at the whole Party.
Duels are Crimes ; but when the Cause is right,
In Battle, every Man is bound to fight.*

*For what shou'd binder Me to sell my Skin
Dear as I cou'd, if once my band were in ?
Se Defendendo never was a Sin.*

*'Tis a fine World, my Masters, right or wrong,
The Whiggs must talk, and Tories hold their Tongue.
They must do all they can—*

*But We, Forsooth, must bear a Christian mind ;
And fight, like Boys, with one Hand ty'd behind ;
Nay, and when one Boy's down, 'twere wondrous wise,
To cry, Box fair, and give him time to rise.*

*When Fortune favours, none but Fools will dally :
Wou'd any of you Sparks, if Nan or Mally
Tipt you th' inviting Wink, stand shall I, shall I ?*

*A Trimmer cryd, (that heard me tell this Story)
Fie, Mistress Cook ! Faith you're too rank a Tory !*

*Wish not Whiggs hang'd, but pity their hard Cuses ;
You Women Love to see Men make wry Faces.*

*Pray, Sir, said I, don't think me so much a Jew ;
I say no more, but give the Devil his due.*

*Lenitives, says he, suit best with our Condition.
Jack Ketch, says I, 's an excellent Physician.*

*I love no Bloud—— Nor I, Sir, as I breath ;
But hanging is a fine dry kind of Death.*

We

We Trimmers are for holding all things even :
 Yes — just like him that hung 'twixt Hell and Heaven.
 Have we not bad Mens Lives now already ?
 Yes sure : — but you're for holding all things steady :
 Now since the Weight hangs all on one side, Brother,
 You Trimmers shou'd, to poize it, hang on t'other.
 Damn'd Neuters, in their middle way of steering,
 Are neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor good Red-Herring :
 Not Whiggs, nor Tories they ; nor this, nor that ;
 Not Birds, nor Beasts ; but just a kind of Bat :
 A Twilight Animal ; true to neither Cause,
 With Tory Wings, but Whiggish Teesh and Claws.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

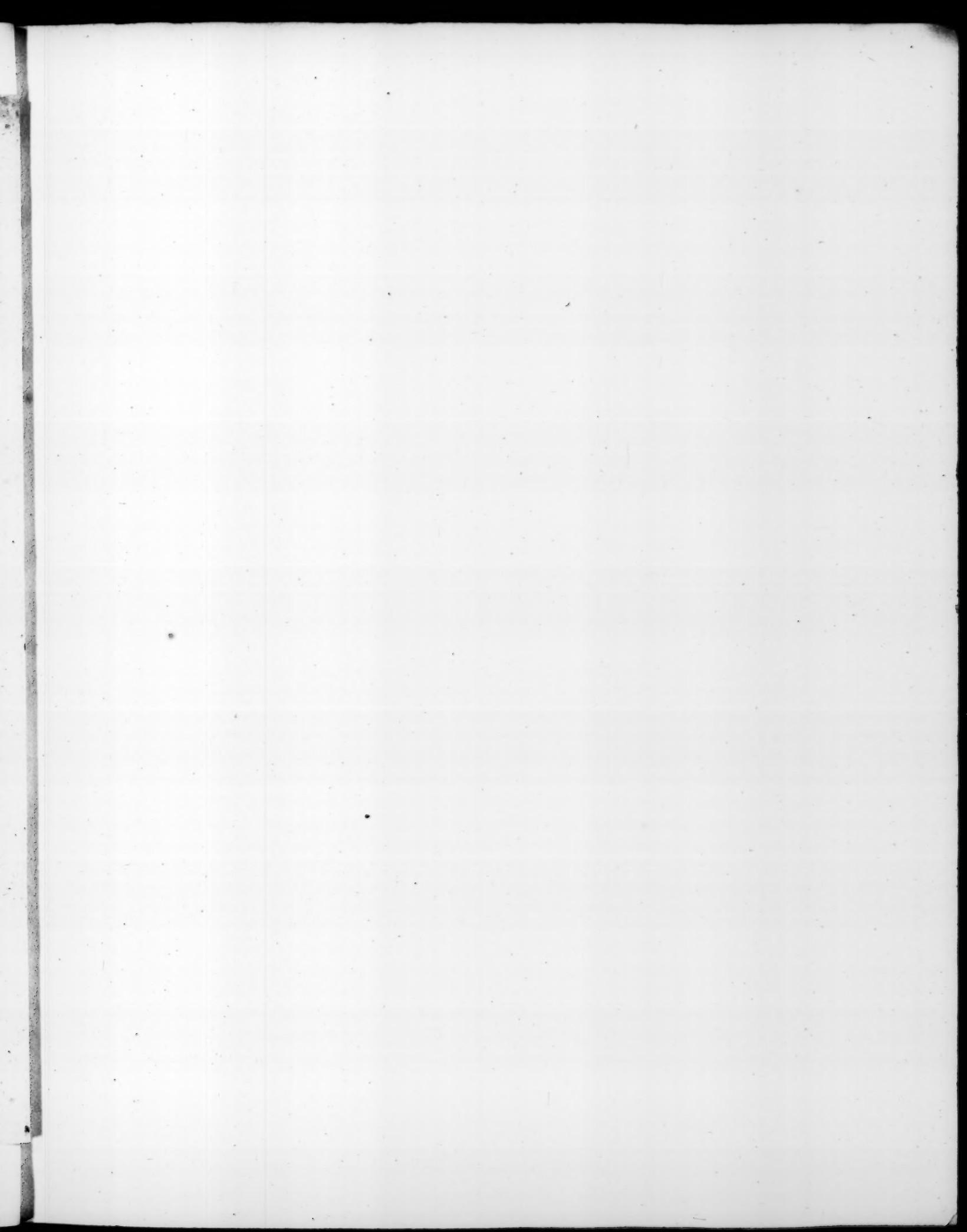
The King	Mr. Kynaston.
Duke of Guise	Mr. Betterton.
Duke of Mayenne	Mr. Jevon.
Grillon	Mr. Smith.
The Cardinal of Guise	Mr. Wiltshire.
Archbishop of Lyons	Mr. Perin.
Alphonso Corso	Mr. Monfert.
Polin	Mr. Bowman.
Aumale.	Mr. Carlile.
Buffy	Mr. Saunders.
The Curate of St. Eustace	Mr. Underhill.
Malicorne	Mr. Percival.
Melanax, a Spirit	Mr. Gillo.
Two Sheriffs	Bright and Samford.
Citizens and Rabble, &c.	

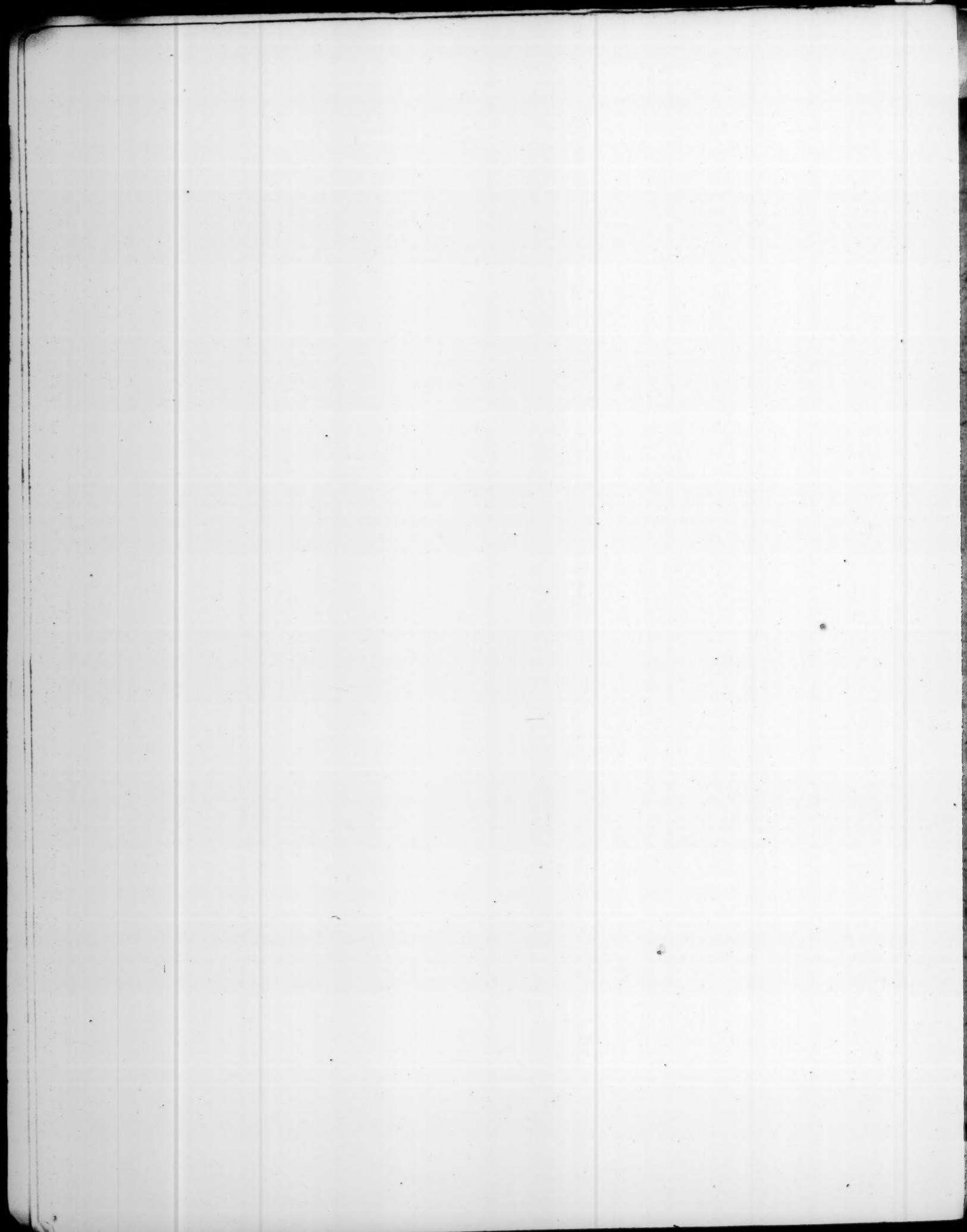
W O M E N.

Queen-Mother	Lady Slingsby.
Marmoutier	Mrs. Barry.

SCENE, PARIS.

THE





THE
Duke of GUISE.
A
TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*The Council of Sixteen Seated : An Empty Chair prepar'd
for the Duke of Guise.*

Buffy and Polin, Two of the Sixteen.

Buffy. **L**ights there ! more Lights : what burn the Tapers dim,
When glorious *Guise*, the *Moses*, *Gideon*, *David*,
The Saviour of the Nation, makes approach ?

Pol. And therefore are we met ; the whole Sixteen
That sway the Crowd of *Paris*, guide their Votes,
Manage their Purses, Persons, Fortunes, Lives,
To mount the *Guise*, where merit calls him, high ;
And give him a whole Heav'n, for room to shine.

Enter Curate of St. Eustace.

Buff. The Curate of S. *Eustace*, comes at last ;
But, Father, why so late ?

Cur. I have been taking godly pains, to satisfie some Scruples rais'd
amongst weak Brothers of our Party, that were staggering in the
Cause.

Pol. What cou'd they find t' Object ?

Cur. They thought, to Arm against the King was Treason.

Buff. I hope you set 'em right ?

Cur. Yes ; and for answer, I produc'd this Book.

The Duke of GUISE.

A Calvinist Minister of Orleans
Writ this, to justifie the Admiral
For taking Arms against the King deceas'd :
Wherein he proves that irreligious Kings
May justly be depos'd, and put to death.

Buff. To borrow Arguments from Heretick Books
Methinks was not so prudent.

Cur. Yes ; from the Devil, if it would help our Cause.
The Author was indeed a Heretick ;
The Matter of the Book is good and pious.

Pol. But one prime Article of our Holy League,
Is to preserve the King, his Pow'r and Person.

Cur. That must be said, you know, for decency ;
A pretty Blind to make the Shoot secure.

Buff. But did the Primitive Christians e're rebell,
When under Heathen Lords ? I hope they did.

Cur. No sure, they did not ; for they had not Pow'r ?
The Conscience of a People is their Pow'r.

Pol. Well ; the next Article in our Solemn Covenant
Has clear'd the Point again.

Buff. What is't ? I shou'd be glad to find the King
No safer than needs must ?

Pol. That in case of Opposition from any person whatsoever —

Cur. That's well, that's well ; then the King is not excepted, if he
oppose us —

Pol. We are oblig'd to join as one, to punish
All, who attempt to hinder or disturb us.

Buff. 'Tis a plain Case ; the King's included in the Punishment,
In case he rebell against the People.

Pol. But how can he rebell ?

Cur. I'll make it out : Rebellion is an Insurrection against the Go-
vernment ; but they that have the Power are actually the Government :
Therefore if the People have the Power, the Rebellion is in the King.

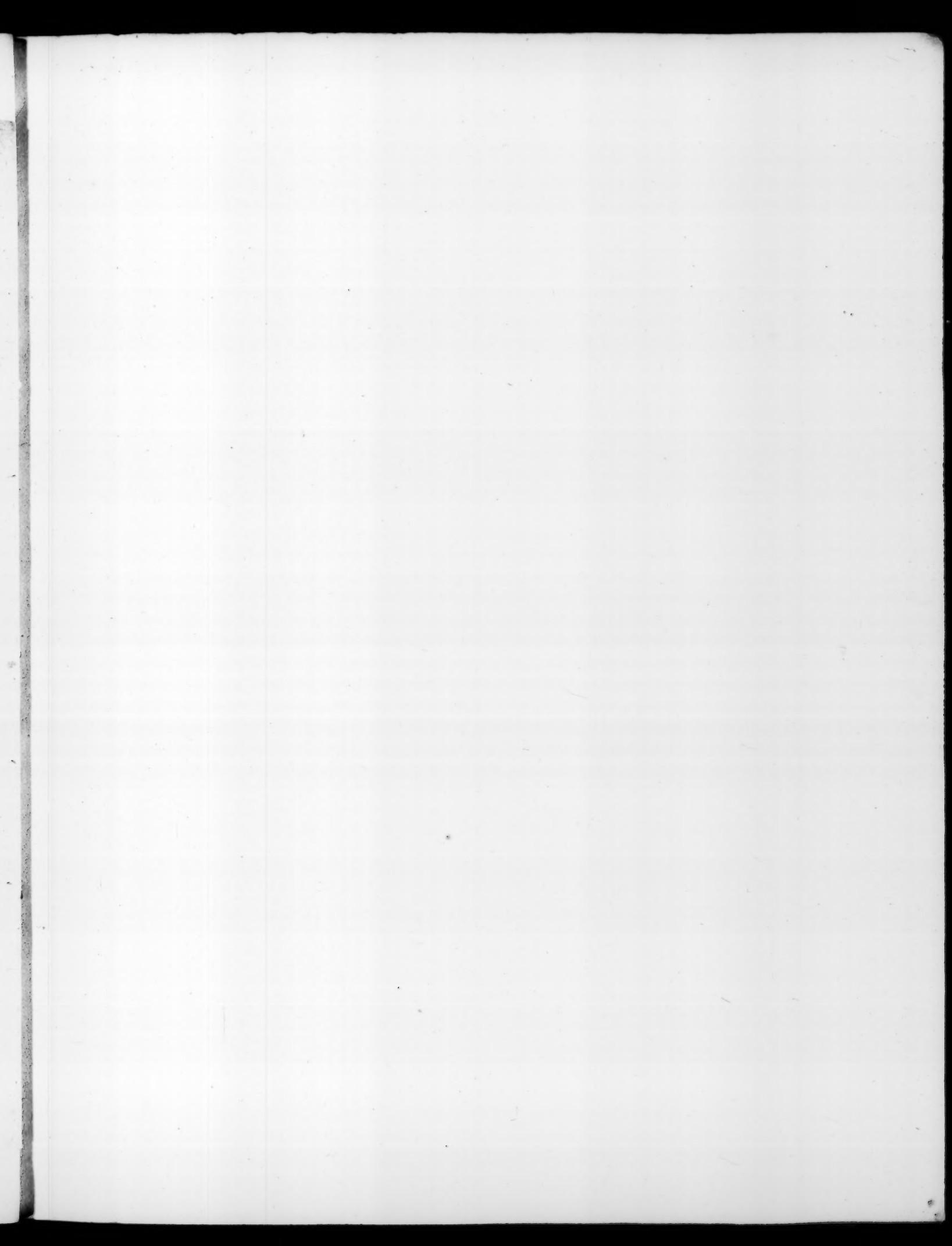
Buff. A most convincing Argument for Faction.

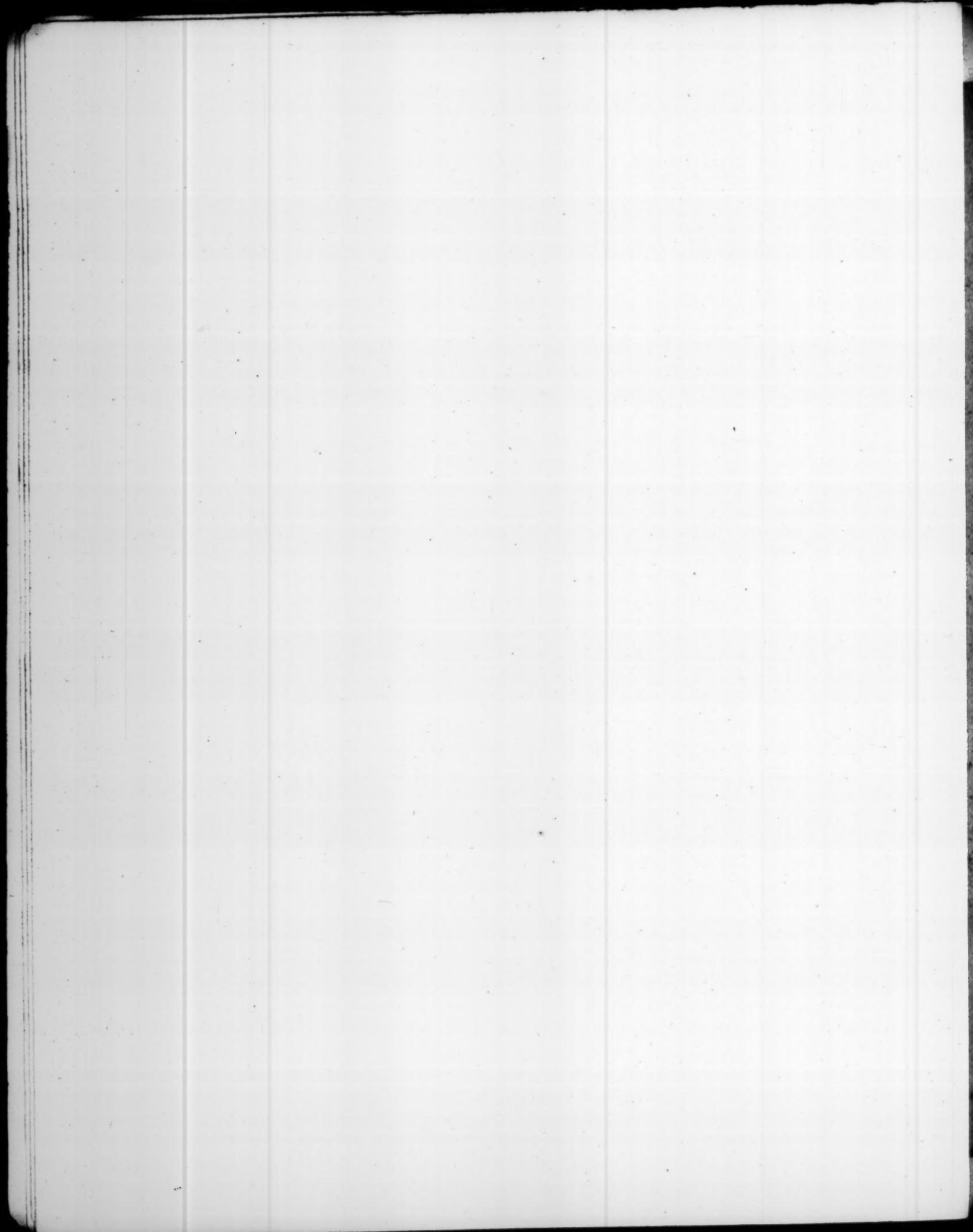
Cur. For Arming, if you please ; but not for Faction.
For still the Faction is the fewest number ;
So, what they call the Lawful Government,
Is now the Faction ; for the most are ours.

Pol. Since we are prov'd to be above the King ; I wou'd gladly
understand whom we are to obey ; or whether we are to be all Kings
together ?

Cur. Are you a Member of the League, and ask that Question ?
There's an Article, that, I may say, is as necessary as any
In the Creed : Namely, that we, the said Associates, are
Sworn to yield ready Obedience, and Faithful Service, to that
Head which shall be deputed.

Bug.





The Duke of GUISE.

Buff. 'Tis most manifest, that by Virtue of our Oath
We are all Subjects to the Duke of Guise. The King's
An Officer that has betray'd his Trust; and therefore we
Have turn'd him out of Service.

Omn. Agreed, agreed.

Enter the Duke of Guise; Cardinal of Guise, Aumale: Torches before them. The Duke takes the Chair.

Buff. Your Highness enters in a lucky hour;
Th' unanimous Vote you heard, confirms your Choice,
As Head of Paris, and the Holy League.

Card. I say Amen to that.

Pol. You are our Champion; Buckler of our Faith.

Card. The King like Saul, is Heaven's repented Choice;
You his Anointed one, on better thought.

Guise. I'm what you please to call me: Any thing,
Lieutenant General, Chief, or Constable,
Good Decent Names, that only mean your Slave.

Buff. You chas'd the Germans hence, Exil'd Navarre;
And rescu'd France from Hereticks and Strangers.

Aum. What he and all of us have done, is known.
What's our reward? Our Offices are lost,
Turn'd out like Labour'd Oxen, after Harvest,
To the bare Commons of the wither'd Field.

Buff. Our Charters will go next: Because we Sheriffs
Permit no Justice to be done on those
The Court calls Rebels, but we call them Saints.

Guise Yes; we are all invol'd, as Heads, or Parties:
Dipt in the noisy Crime of State, call'd Treason:
And Traitors we must be, to King, or Country.

Buff. Why then my Choice is made.

Pol. And mine.

Omn. And all.

Card. Heav'n is it self Head of the Holy League;
And all that are Cov'nanters, and Guiards.

Guise. What say you, Curate?

Cur. I hope well, my Lord.

Card. That is, he hopes you mean to make him Abbot,
And he deserves your care of his Preferment.
For all his Prayers are Curses upon the Government;
And all his Sermons Libels on the King.
In short, a Pious, Hearty, Factious Priest.

Guise. All that are here my Friends, shall share my Fortunes;
There's Spoil, Preferments, Wealth enough in France,
'Tis but deserve and have: The Spanish King
Configns me fifty thousand Crowns a Week

4 *The Duke of GUISE.*

To raise and to foment a Civil-War.

*'Tis true, a Pension from a Foreign Prince
Sounds Treason in the Letter of the Law,
But good intentions justify the deed.*

Cur. Heaven's good ; the Cause is good ; the Money's good ;
No matter whence it comes.

Buff. Our City Bands, are twenty thousand strong ;
Well Disciplin'd, well Arm'd, well season'd Traitors ;
Thick rinded heads, that leave no room for Kernel ;
Shop Consciences, of proof against an Oath,
Preach'd up, and ready tin'd for a Rebellion.

Guise. Why then the Noble Plot is fit for birth ;
And Labouring France cries out for Mid-wife-hands.
We miss'd surprizing of the King at Blois,
When last the States were held ; 'twas over-fight :
Beware we make not such another Blot.

Card. This Holy time of Lent we have him sure ;
He goes unguarded, mix'd with whipping Fryars,
In that procession, he's more fit for Heav'n :
What hinders us to seize the Royal Penitent,
And close him in a Cloyster ?

Cur. Or dispatch him : I love to make all sure.

Guise. No guard him safe ;
Thin Diet will do well ; 'twill starve him into Reason,
Till he exclude his Brother of Navarre,
And graft Succession on a wóorthier Choice :
To favour this, five hundred Men in Arms,
Shall stand prepar'd to enter at your call ;
And speed the Work : St. Martins Gate was nam'd :
But the Sheriff Conty, who Commands that Ward,
Resus'd me passage there.

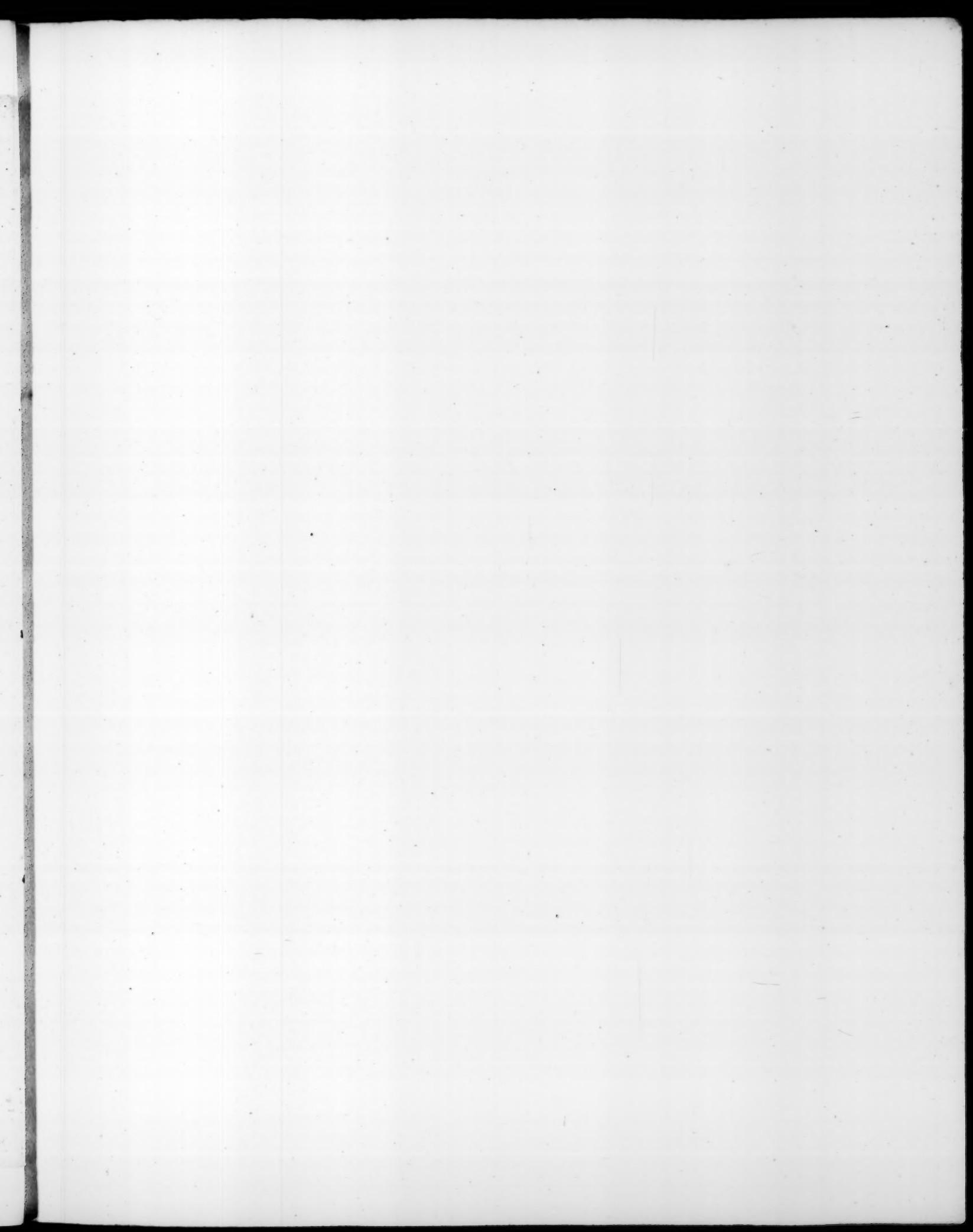
Buff. I know that Conty :
A Sniveling, Conscientious, Loyal Rogue :
He'll Peach, and ruine all.

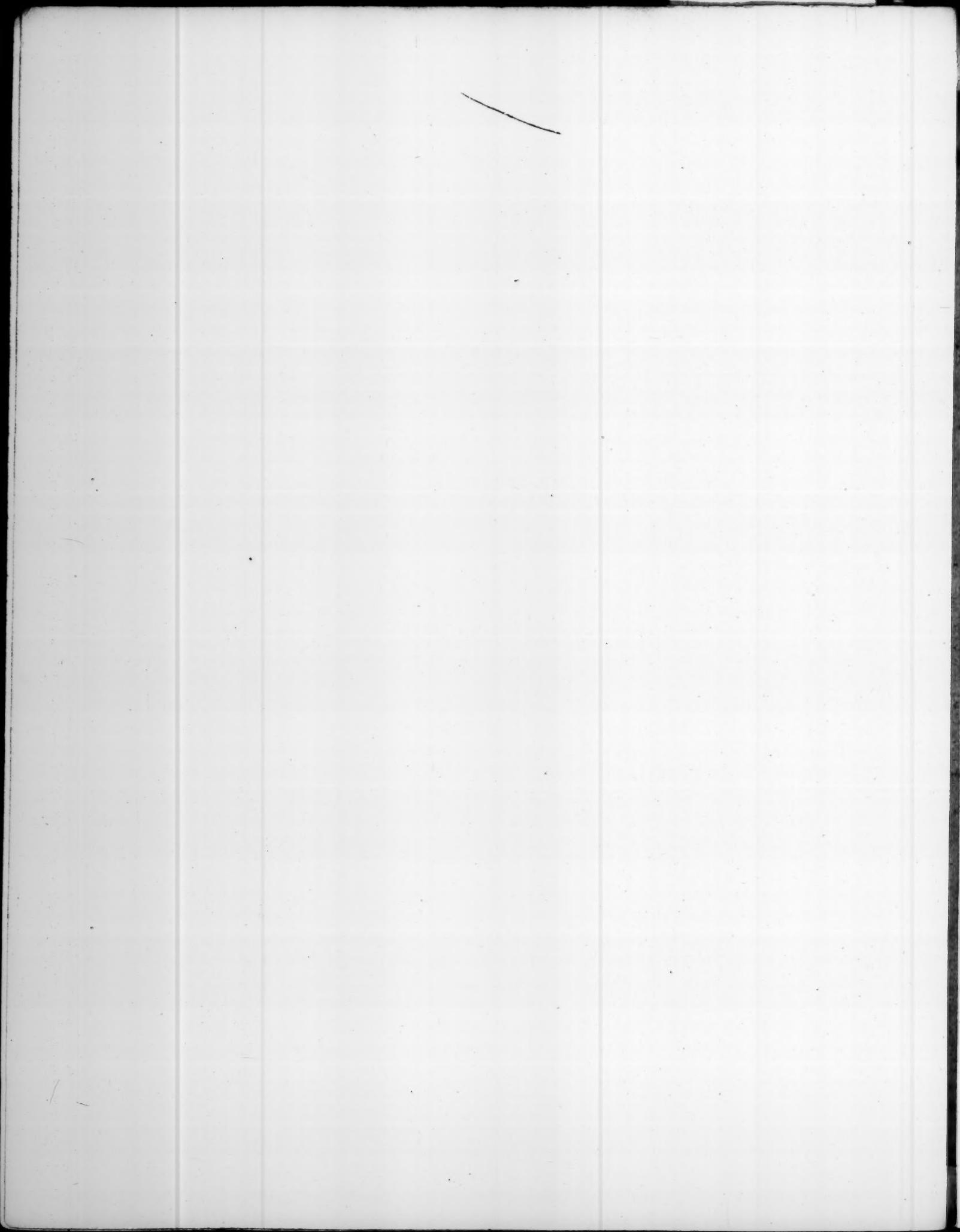
Card. Give out he's Arbitrary ; a Navarrift :
A Heretick ; discredit him betimes ;
And make his Witness void.

Cur. I'll swear him Guilty.
I swallow Oaths as easre as Snap-dragon,
Mock-Fire that never burns.

Guise. Then Buff, be't your care t'admit my Troops,
At Porte St. Honore : (rises) Night wears apace,
And Day-light most not peep on Dark Designs.
I will my self to Court ; pay Formal Duty ;
Take leave ; and to my Government retire :
Impatient to be soon recall'd ; to-see
The King Imprison'd, and the Nation free.

[Exeunt all but Guise.
Enter





The Duke of GUISE.

5

Enter Malicorn *solas.*

Mal. Each dismal Minute when I call to Mind
The Promise that I made the Prince of Hell,
In one and twenty years to be his Slave,
Of which near Twelve are gone, my Soul runs back,
The Wards of reason rowl into their Spring.
O horrid thought! but one and twenty years,
And twelve near past, then to be steep'd in Fire,
Dash'd against Rocks, or snatcht from molten Lead,
Reeking, and dropping, piece-meal born by Winds,
And quench'd ten thousand fathom in the deep!
But hark! he comes, see there, my Blood stands still; { Knocking at
My Spirits start an end for *Guise's* Fate. { the Door.

A Devil rises.

Mal. What Counfel does the Fate of *Guise* require?
Dev. Remember with his Prince there's no delay,
But, the Sword drawn, to fling the Sheath away;
Let not the fear of Hell his Spirit grieve,
The Tomb is still, whatever Fools believe;
Laugh at the Tales which wither'd Sages bring,
Proverbs and Morals, let the Waxen King
That rules the Hive, be born without a Sting;
Let *Guise* by Blood resolve to mount to Pow'r,
And he is great as *Mecha's* Emperour;
He comes, bid him not stand on Altar Vows,
But then strike deepest, when he lowest bows;
Tell him Fate's aw'd when an Usurper Springs,
And joyns to crow'd out Just Indulgent Kings.

[Vanishes.]

Enter the Duke of Guise, and Duke of Mayen.

May. All Offices and Dignities he gives
To your profest and most inveterate Foes;
But if he were inclin'd, as we could wish him,
There is a Lady Regent at his Ear,
That never Pardons.

Guise. Poyson on her Name,
Take my hand on't, that Cormorant Dowager
Will never rest, till she has all our Heads
In her lap. I was at Bayon with her,
When She, the King, and Grisly d'Alva met;
Methinks I see her liffening now before me,
Marking the very motion of his Beard,

His.

The Duke of GUISE.

His Op'ning Nostrils and his Dropping Lids,
 I hear him Croak too to the Gaping Council ;
 Fish for the great Fish, take no care for Frogs,
 Cut off the Poppy-Heads, Sir ; *Madam*, charm
 The Winds but fast, the Billows will be still.

May. But Sir, how comes it you should be thus warm,
 Still punishing Councils when among your Friends ;
 Yet at the Court cautious, and cold as Age,
 Your Voice, your Eyes, your Meen so different,
 You seem to me two Men.

Guise. The Reason's plain,
 Hot with my Friends, because the Question giv'n,
 I start the Judgment right where others drag.
 This is the Effect of Equal Elements,
 And Atoms justly pois'd ; nor should you wonder
 More at the strength of Body than of Mind ;
 'Tis equally the same to see me plunge
 Headlong into the *Seine* all over Arm'd,
 And Plow against the Torrent to my point,
 As 'twas to hear my Judgment on the *Germans* ;
 This to another Man wou'd be a brag,
 Or at the Court among my Enemies,
 To be as I am here quite off my Guard,
 Would make me such another thing as *Grillon*,
 A blunt, hot, honest, downright, valiant Fool.

May. Yet this you must allow a failure in you ;
 You love his Neece, and to a Politician,
 All Passion's bane, but Love directly death.

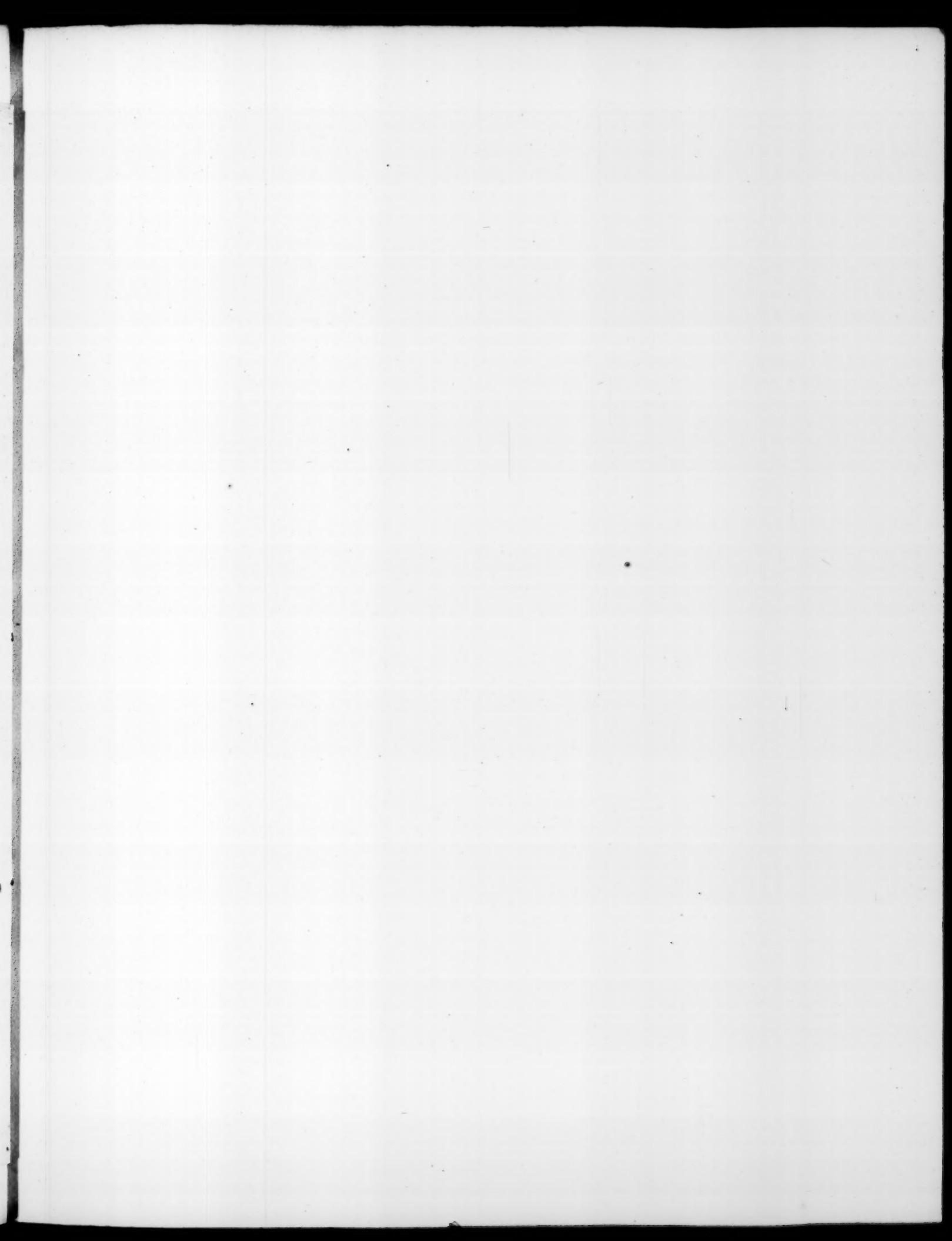
Guise. False, false, my *Mayen*, thou'rt but half *Guise* agen,
 Were she not such a wondrous Composition ;
 A Soul so flush'd as mine is with Ambition,
 Sagacious and so nice, must have disdain'd her ;
 But she was made when Nature was in humour,
 As if a *Grillon* got her on the *Queen*,
 Where all the honest Atoms fought their way ;
 Took a full Tincture of the Mother's Wit,
 But left the dregs of Wickedness behind.

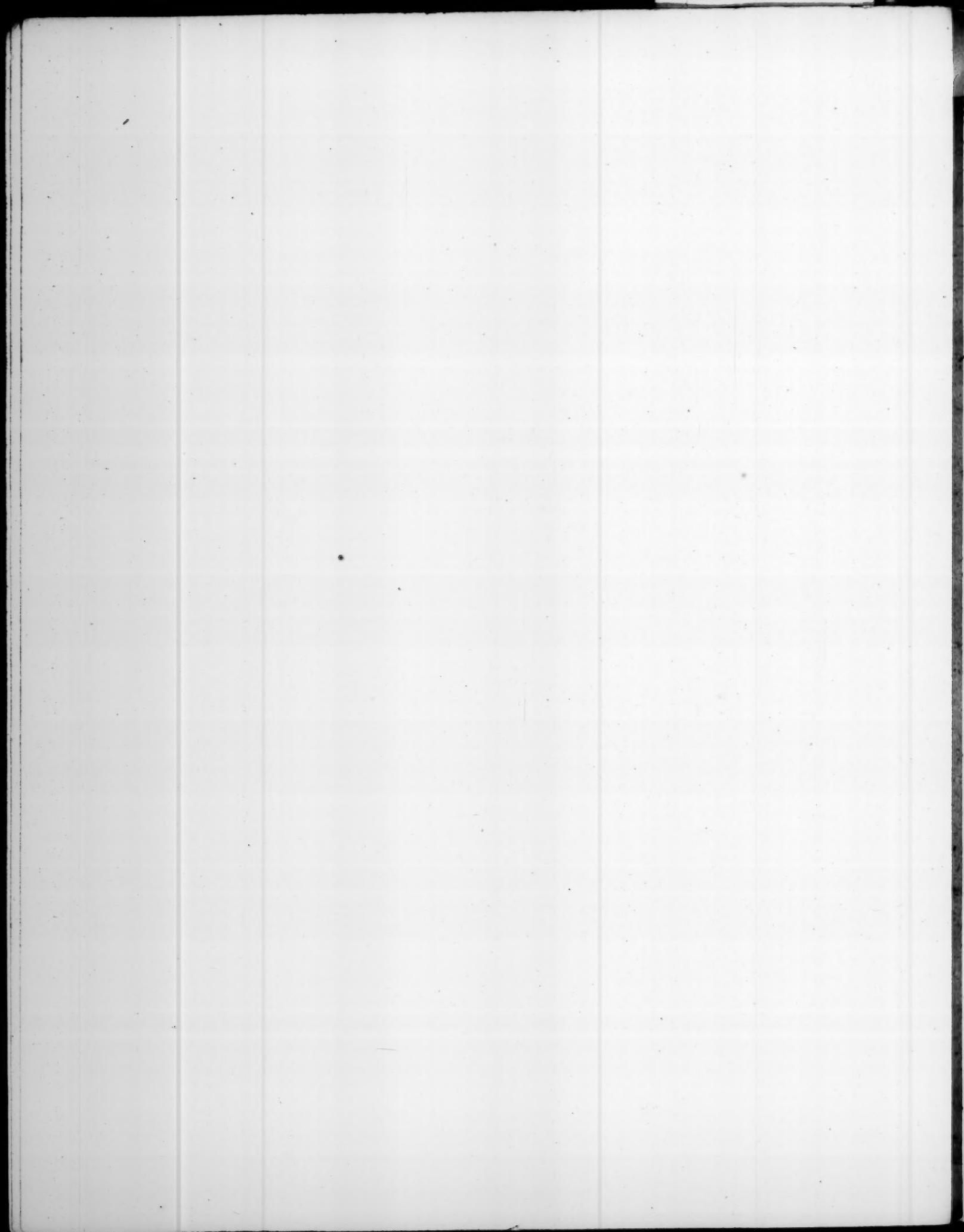
May. Have you not told her what we have in hand ?

Guise. My utmost aim has been to hide it from her,
 But there I'm short, by the long Chain of Causes
 She has scan'd it, just as if she were my Soul :
 And though I flew about with Circumstances,
 Denials, Oaths, Improbabilities ;
 Yet through the Histories of our Lives, she look'd,
 She saw, she overcame.

May. Why then, we're all undone.

Guise. Agen you err.





The Duke of GUISE.

5

Chast as she is, she wou'd as soon give up
Her Honour, as betray me to the King :
I tell thee, she's the Character of Heaven :
Such an habitual over-Womanly Goodness,
She dazles, walks meer Angel upon Earth.
But see, she comes, call the Cardinal *Guise*,
While *Malicorn* attends for some Dispatches,
Before I take my farewell of the Court.

Enter Marmoutire.

Mar. Ah *Guise*, you are undone.

Guise. How, Madam?

Mar. Loft,

Beyond the possibility of Hope,
Despair, and die.

Guise. You meance deeply, Madam,
And should this come from any Mouth but yours,
My smile should answer how the ruine touch'd me.

Mar. Why do you leave the Court ?

Guise. The Court leaves me.

Mar. Were there no more but weariness of State,
Or cou'd you, like great *Scipio*, retire,
Call *Rome* ungrateful, and fit down with that ;
Such inward Gallantry would gain you more
Than all the fullied Conquest you can boast ;
But Oh, you want that *Roman* Mastery ;
You have too much of the tumultuous times,
And I must mourn the Fate of your Ambition.

Guise. Because the King disdains my Services,
Must I not let him know I dare be gone ?
What when I feel his Council on my Neck,
Shall I not cast 'em backward if I can ;
And at his Feet make known their Villany ?

Mar. No *Guise*, not at his Feet, but on his Head ;
For there you strike.

Guise. Madam, you wrong me now ;
For still what-e're shall come in Fortunes whirle,
His Person must be safe.

Mar. I cannot think it.
However, your last words confess too much.
Confess, what need I urge that Evidence,
When every hour I see you court the Crowd,
When with the shouts of the Rebellious Rabble,
I see you born on shoulders to Cabals ;
Where with the Traiterous Council of Sixteen,
You sit and Plot the Royal *Henry*'s Death.

Could

The Duke of GUISE.

Cloud the Majestick Name with Fumes of Wine,
 Infamous Scrowls, and Treasonable Verfe ;
 While, on the other fide, the Name of *Guise*,
 By the whole Kennel of the Slaves, is rung,
 Pamphleteers, Balladmongers, sing your Ruine,
 While all the Vermin of the vile *Parisians*
 Toss up their greadie Caps where-e're you pafs,
 And hurle your dirty Glories in your Face.

Guise. Can I help this ?

Mar. By Heaven, I'd Earth my self,
 Rather than live to aet such black Ambition :
 But, Sir, you seek it with your Smiles and Bows,
 This fide and that fide congeing to the Crowd ;
 You have your Writers too, that cant your Battles,
 That ftile you the New *David*, Second *Moses*,
 Prop-of the Church, Deliverer of the People.
 Thus from the City, as from the Heart they spread
 Thro' all the Provinces, alarm the Countries,
 Where they run forth in Heaps, bellowing your Wonders,
 Then cry, The King, the King's a *Hugonot*,
 And, spight of us, will have *Navarre* succeed,
 Spight of the Laws, and spight of our Religion :
 But we will pull 'em down, down with 'em, down.

[Kneels.]

Guise. Ha, Madam ! Why this Posture ?

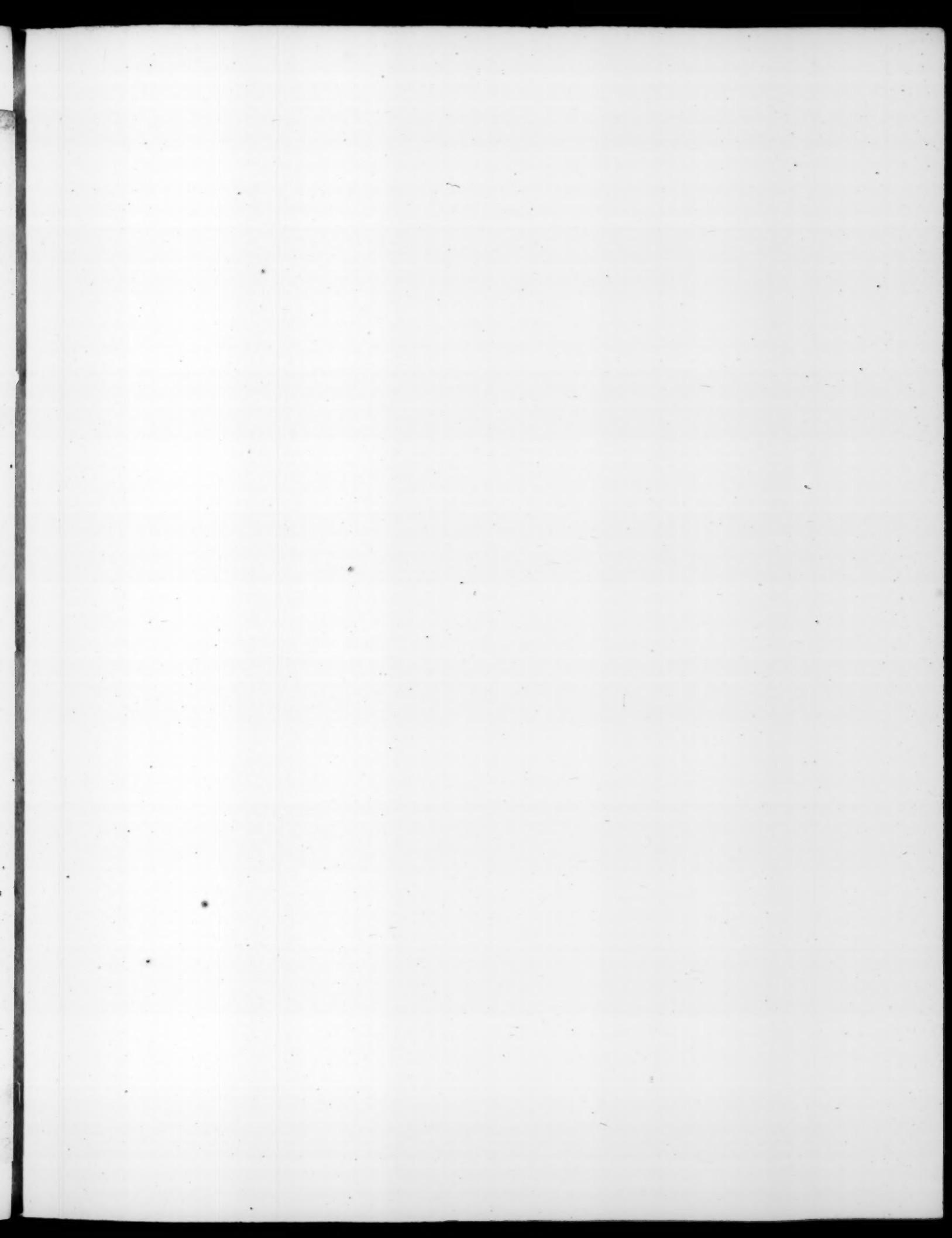
Mar. Hear me, Sir :

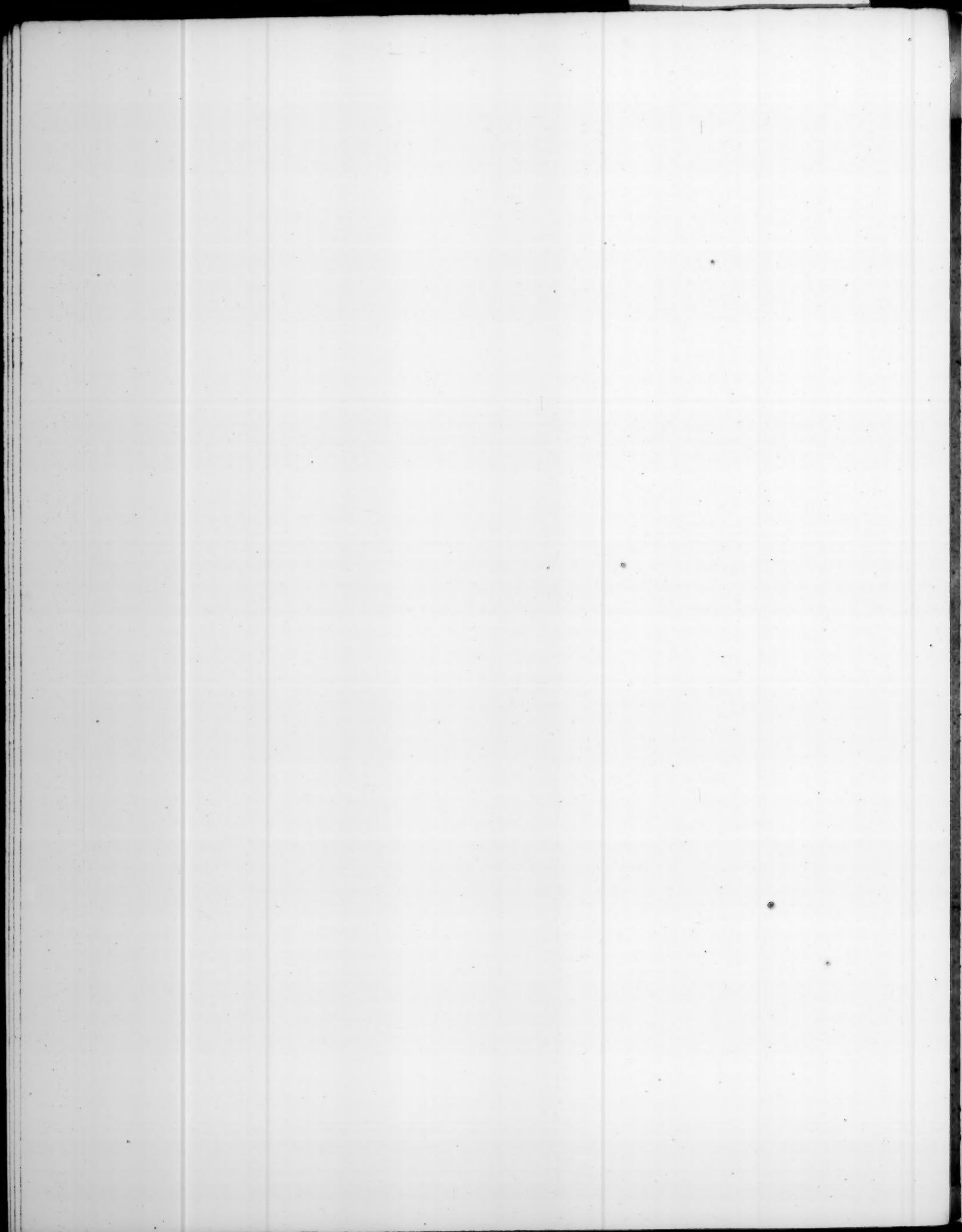
For, if 'tis possible, my Lord, I'll move you.
 Look back, return, implore the Royal Mercy,
 E're 'tis too late, I beg you by theſe Tears,
 Theſe Sighs, and by th' ambitious Love you bear me ;
 By all the Wounds of your poor groaning Country,
 That bleeds to death, O ſeek the beſt of Kings,
 Kneel, fling your ſtubborn Body at his Feet :
 Your Pardon ſhall be ſign'd, your Country fav'd,
 Virgins and Matrons all shall ſing your Fame,
 And every Babe shall bleſſ the *Guise*'s Name.

Guise. O rife, thou Image of the Deity ;
 You ſhall prevail, I will do any thing ;
 You have broke the very Gall of my Ambition,
 And all my Powers now float in Peace agen :
 Be ſatisfid that I will ſee the King,
 Kneel to him, e're I Journey to *Champagn*,
 And beg a kind Farewell.

Mar. No, no, my Lord ;
 I fee, thro that, you but withdraw a while,
 To muſter all the Forces that you can,
 And then rejoyn the Council of Sixteen.
 You muſt not go.

Guise.





The Duke of GUISE.

9

Guise. All the Heads of the League
Expect me, and I have engag'd my Honour.

Mar. Would all those Heads were off, so yours were sav'd.
Once more, O *Guise*, the weeping *Marmoutire*
Entreats you do not go.

Guise. Is't possible
That *Guise* should say, in this he must refuse you?

Mar. Go then, my Lord. I late receiv'd a Letter
From one at Court, who tells me the King loves me:
Read it, there is no more than what you hear.
I have Jewels offer'd too, perhaps may take 'em:
And if you go from *Paris*, I'll to Court.

Guise. But, Madam, I have often heard you say,
You lov'd not Courts.

Mar. Perhaps I have chang'd my Mind:
Nothing as yet could draw me, but a King,
And such a King, so Good, so Just, so Great,
That at his Birth the Heavenly Council paus'd,
And then at last cry'd out, This is a Man.

Guise. Come, 'tis but Counterfeit; you dare not go.

Mar. Go to your Government, and try.

Guise. I will.

Mar. Then I'll to Court, nay, to the King.

Guise. By Heaven
I swear, you cannot, shall not, dare not see him.

Mar. By Heaven I can, I dare, nay, and I will:
And nothing but your Stay shall hinder me;
For now, methinks, I long for't.

Guise. Possible!

Mar. I'll give you yet a little time to think:
But if I hear you go to take your leave,
I'll meet you there, before the Throne I'll stand,
Nay, you shall see me kneel, and kis his Hand;

[Ex.]

Guise. Furies and Hell! She does but try me: Ha!
This is the Mother-Queen and *Espernon*,
Abbot *Delbene*, *Alphonso Corso* too,
All packt to plot, and turn me into Madness.

[Reading the Letter.]

Enter Cardinal *Guise*, Duke of Mayen, Malicorn, &c.

Ha! can it be! *Madam*, the King loves you.
But Vengeance I will have; to pieces, thus,
To pieces with 'em all.

Reads.

[Tears the Letter.]

Card. Speak lower.

Guise. No;
By all the Torments of this galling Passion,
I'll hollow the Revenge I vow, so loud.

My

The Duke of GUISE.

My Father's Ghost shall hear me up to Heaven.

Card. Contain your self ; this Outrage will undo us.

Guise. All things are ripe, and Love new points their Ruine.

Ha ! my good Lords, what if the murd'ring Council
Were in our Power, should they escape our Justice ?

I see by each Mans laying of his Hand
Upon his Sword, you swear the like Revenge.
For me, I wish that mine may both rot off —

Card. No more.

May. The Council of Sixteen attend you.

Guise. I go — That Vermin may devour my Limbs,
That I may die like the late puling *Francis*,
Under the Barbers Hands, Imposthumes choak me,
If while alive I cease to chew their Ruine ;
Alphonso Corso, Grillon, Priest, together,
To hang 'em in Effigie, nay, to tread,
Drag, stamp, and grind 'em, after they are dead.

[Exeunt.

A C T II. SCENE I.

Enter Queen-Mother, Abbot Delbene, Polin.

Q. M. **P**ray mark the Form of the Conspiracy :

Guise gives it out he Journeys to *Champagn*,
But lurks indeed at *Lagny*, hard by *Paris*,
Where every Hour he hears, and gives Instructions.
Mean time the Council of Sixteen assure him
They have twenty thousand Citizens in Arms.
Is it not so, *Polin* ?

Pol. True, on my Life ;
And if the King doubts the Discovery,
Send me to the *Bastile* till all be prov'd.

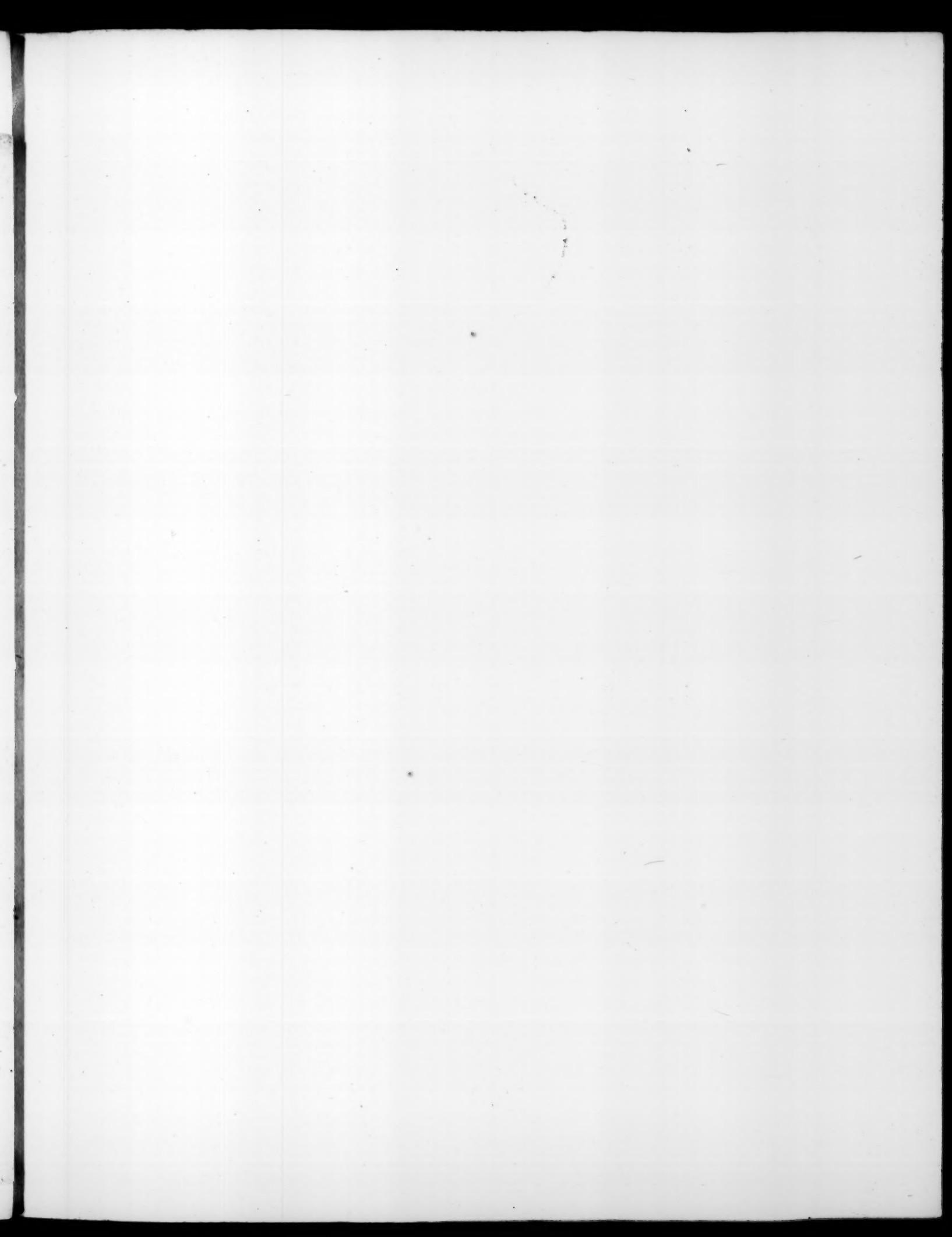
Q. M. Call Colonel *Grillon*, the King would speak with him. [Exit
Abbot. Was ever Age like this ?

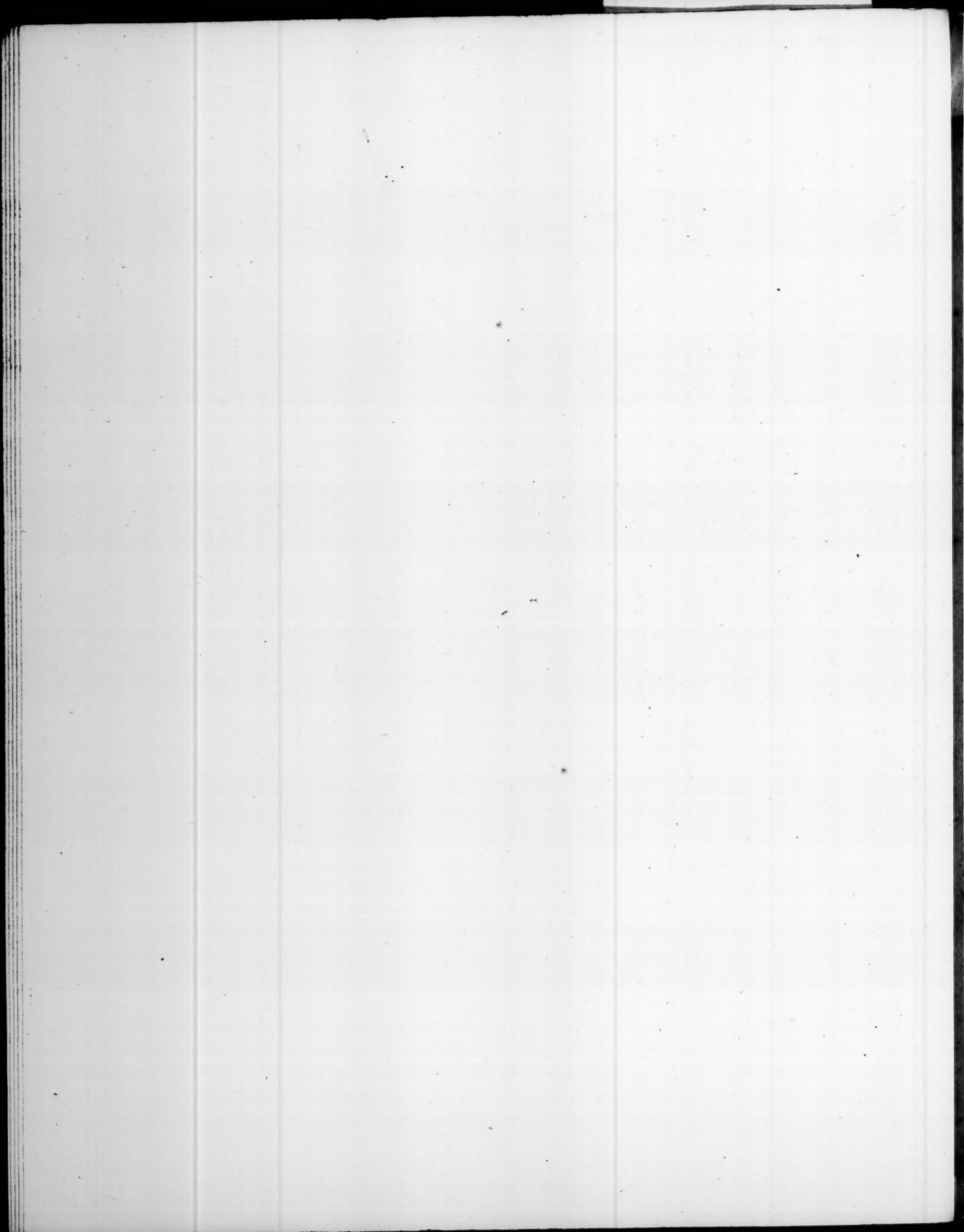
Polin.

Q. M. *Polin* is honest :
Beside, the whole Proceeding is so like
The hair-brain'd Rout, I guess'd as much before.
Know then, it is resolv'd to seize the King,
When next he goes in Penitential Weeds,
Among the Friars, without his usual Guards ;
Then, under shew of Popular Sedition,
For Safety, shut him in a Monastery,
And sacrifice his Favourites to their Rage.

Abbot. When is this Council to be held again ?

Q. M. Im-





The Duke of GUISE.

31

Q. M. Immediately upon the Duke's departure.

Abbot. Why fends not then the King sufficient Guards,
To seise the Fiends, and hew 'em into pieces?

Q. M. 'Tis in appearance easie, but th' Effect
Most hazardous; for straight, upon th' Alarm,
The City would be sure to be in Arms:
Therefore to undertake, and not to compas,
Were to come off with Ruine and Dishonour.
You know th' Italian Proverb, *Bisogna Coprierti*:
He that will venture on a Hornets Nest,
Should Arm his Head, and Buckler well his Breast.

Abbot. But wherefore seems the King so unresolv'd?

Q. M. I brought *Polin*, and made the Demonstration,
Told him Necesity cry'd out to take
A Resolution to preserve his Life,
And look on *Guise* as a reclamleſs Rebel.
But thro the Natural Sweetness of his Temper,
And dangerous Mercy, coldly he reply'd,
Madam, I will confider what you say.

Abbot. Yet after all, could we but fix him.

Q. M. Right,
The Busines were more firm for this Delay;
For Nobleſt Natures, tho they ſuffer long,
When once provok'd, they turn the Face to Danger.
But fee, he comes, *Alphonſo Corſo* with him;
Let us withdraw, and when 'tis fit, rejoyn him. [Exeunt.

Enter King, Alphonſo Corſo.

King. *Alphonſo Corſo*.

Alph. Sir.

King. I think thou lovſt me.

Alph. More than my Life.

King. That's much; yet I believe thee.
My Mother has the Judgment of the World,
And all things move by That? but, my *Alphonſo*,
She has a Cruel Wit.

Alph. The Provocation, Sir.

King. I know it well:

But if thou'dſt have my Heart within thy Hand,
All Conjurations blot the Name of Kings.
What Honours, Interest, were the World to buy him,
Shall make a Brave Man ſmile, and do a Murder?
Therefore I hate the Memory of *Brutus*,
I mean the latter, ſo cry'd up in Story.
Cesar did ill, but did it in the Sun,
And foremost in the Field; but sneaking *Brutus*,

The Duke of GUISE.

Whom none but Cowards and white-liver'd Knaves
Would dare commend, lagging behind his Fellows,
His Dagger in his Bosom, stabb'd his Father.

This is a Blot which *Tully's Eloquence*
Could ne're wipe off, tho' the mistaken Man
Makes bold to call those Traytors, Men Divine.

Alph. Tally was wife, but wanted Constancy.

Enter Queen-Mother, Abbot Delbene.

Q. M. Good-even, Sir ; 'tis just the time you order'd
To wait on your Decrees.

King. Oh, Madam.

Q. M. Sir.

King. Oh Mother, but I cannot make it way ;
Chaos and Shades, 'tis huddl'd up in Night.

Q. M. Speak then, for Speech is morning to the Mind,
It spreads the Beauteous Images abroad,
Which else lie furl'd and clouded in the Soul.

King. You would Embark me in a Sea of Blood.

Q. M. You see the Plot directly on your Person ;
But give it o're, I did but state the Case.
Take *Guise* into your Heart, and drive your Friends,
Let Knaves in Shops prescribe you how to fway,
And when they read your Acts, with their vile Breath
Proclaim aloud, they like not this or that,
Then in a drove come Lowing to the *Louvre*,
And cry they'l have it mended, that they will ;
Or you shall be no King.

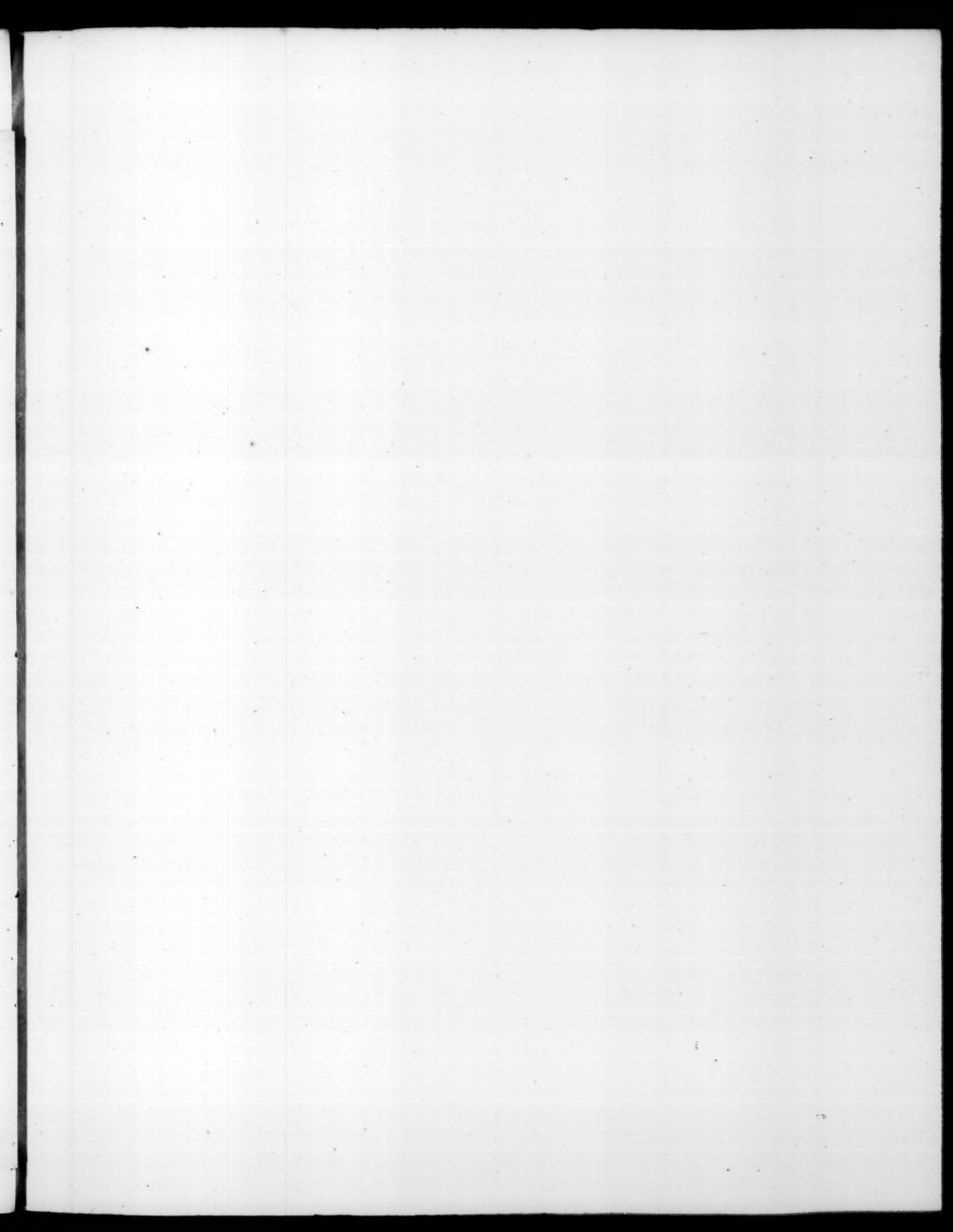
King. 'Tis true, the People
Ne're know a Mean, when once they get the Power ;
But O, if the Design we lay should fail,
Better the Traytors never should be touch'd,
If Execution cries not out 'tis done.

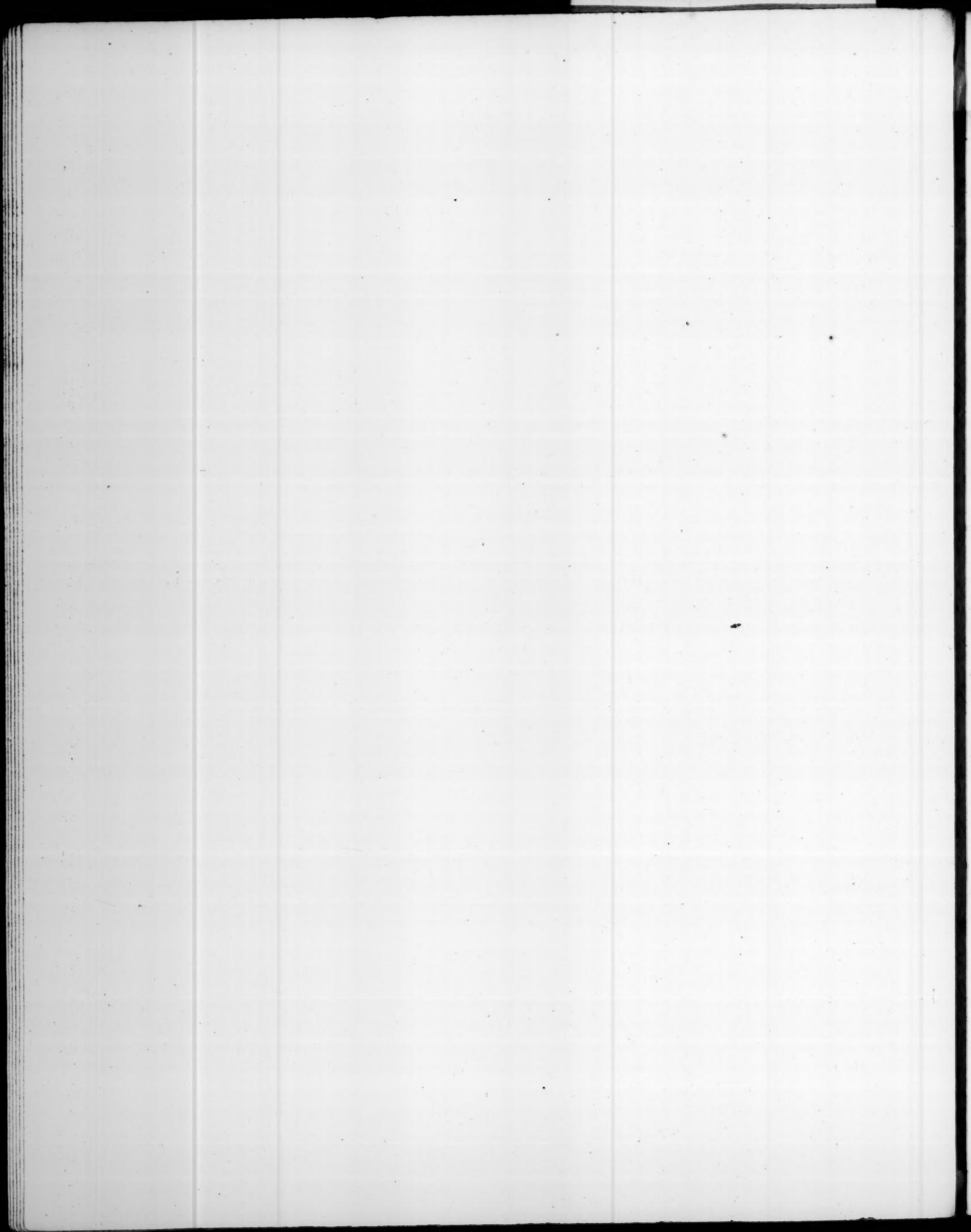
Q. M. No Sir ; you cannot fear the sure Design ;
But I have liv'd too long, since my own Blood
Dares not Confide in her that gave him Being.

King. Stay Madam, stay, come back, forgive my fears ;
Where all our thoughts should creep like deepest streams,
Know then, I hate aspiring *Guise* to Death,
Whor'd *Margerite*, Plots upon my Life,
And shall I not Revenge ?

Q. M. Why this is *Harry* ;
Harry at *Moncontour*, when in his Bloom
He saw the Admiral *Colligny*'s back.

King. O this Whale *Guise*, with all the *Lorain Fry*,
Might I but view him after his Plots and plunges,





The Duke of GUISE.

13

Strook on those Cowring Shallows that await him.
This were a *Florence* Master-piece indeed.

Q. M. He comes to take his leave.

King. Then for *Champagn* ;
But lies in wait till *Paris* is in Arms.
Call *Grillon* in, all that I beg you now,
Is to be hush'd upon the Consultation,
As Urns that never blab.

Q. M. Doubt not your Friends ;
Love 'em, and then you need not fear your Foes.

Enter *Grillon*.

King. Welcome my Honest-Man, my old try'd Friend.
Why dost thou flye me *Grillon*, and Retire ?

Grill. Rather let me demand your Majesty,
Why fly you from your self? I've heard you say,
You'd Arm against the League, why do you not?
The Thoughts of such as you, are Starts Divine,
And when you mould with second cast the Spirit,
The Air, the Life, the Golden Vapour's gone.

King. Soft, my Old Friend, *Guise* plots upon my life,
Polin shall tell thee more ; hast thou not heard
Th' unfufferable Affronts he daily offers,
War without Treasure on the *Hugonots*,
While I am forc'd against my bent of Soul,
Against all Laws, all Custom, Right, Succession,
To cast *Navarre* from the Imperial Line.

Grill. Why do you, Sir ? Death, let me tell the *Traytor*,
King. Peace, *Guise* is going to his Government ;
You are his Foe of Old : Go to him *Grillon* ;
Visit him as from me, to be employ'd.
In this great War against the *Hugonots*,
And prethee tell him roundly of his Faults ;
No farther, Honest *Grillon*.

Grill. Shall I fight him ?

King. I charge thee not.

Grill. If he provokes me, strike him ?
You'l Grant me that ?

King. Not so, my honest Souldier.
Yet speak to him.

Grill. I will by Heav'n to th' purpose,
And if he force a beating, who can help it ?

King. Follow *Aphonso*, when the storm is up,
Call me to part 'em :

Q. M. *Grillon* to ask him Pardon,
Will let *Guise* know, we are not in the Dark.

[Exit Grill.]

King.

The Duke of GUISE.

King. You hit the Judgment ; yet, O yet, there's more,
Something upon my heart, after these Counsels,
So soft, and so unworthy to be nam'd.

Q. M. They say that *Grillon's* Niece is come to Court,
And means to kis your Hand.

[Exit Q. Mother.]

King. Could I but hope it.
O my dear Father, pardon me in this,
And then enjoyn me all that Man can suffer ;
But sure the Powers above will take our Tears
For such a fault, Love is so like themselves.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The Louvre.*

*Enter Guise attended with his Family, Marmoutire meeting him
New Drest, attended, &c.*

Guise. Furies, she keeps her Word, and I am lost ;
Yet let not thy Ambition shew it to her,
For after all she does it but to try me,
And foil my vow'd Design : Madam, I fee
You're come to Court ; the Robes you wear become you,
Your Air, your Meen, your Charms, your every Grace,
Will Kill at least your thousand in a day.

Mar. What, a whole day, and kill but one poor thousand ?
An hour you mean, and in that hour ten thousand ?
Yes, I wou'd make with every Glance a Murder.
Mend me this Curl.

Guise. Woman !

Mar. You see, my Lord,
I have my Followers, like you : I swear
The Court's a Heav'nly Place ; but O my Heart,
I know not why that figh should come uncall'd ;
Perhaps 'twas for your going, yet I swear
I never was so mov'd, O *Guise*, as now,
Just as you enter'd, when from yonder Window
I saw the King.

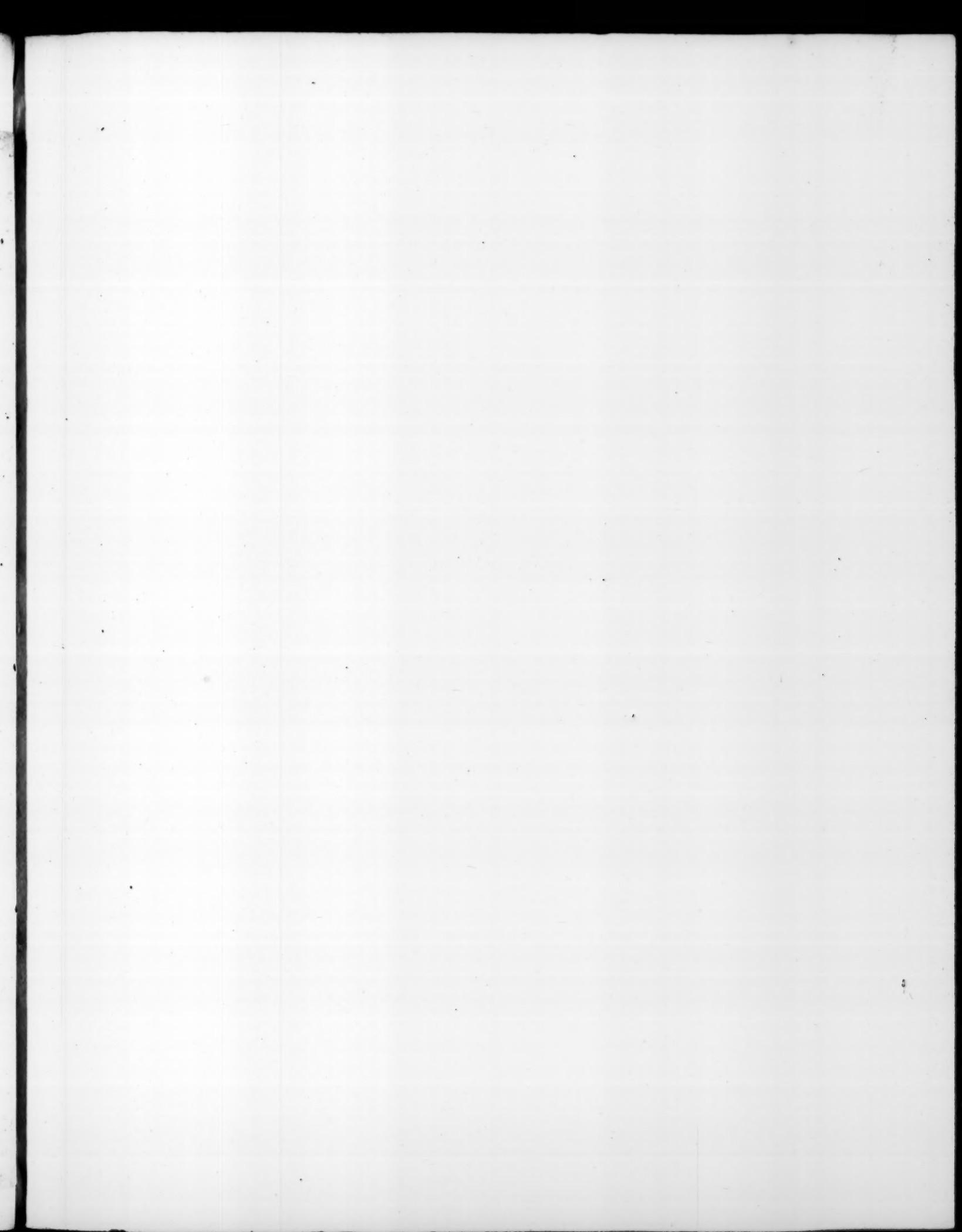
Guise. Woman, all over Woman.
The World confesses, Madam, *Henry's* Form
Is Noble and Majestick.

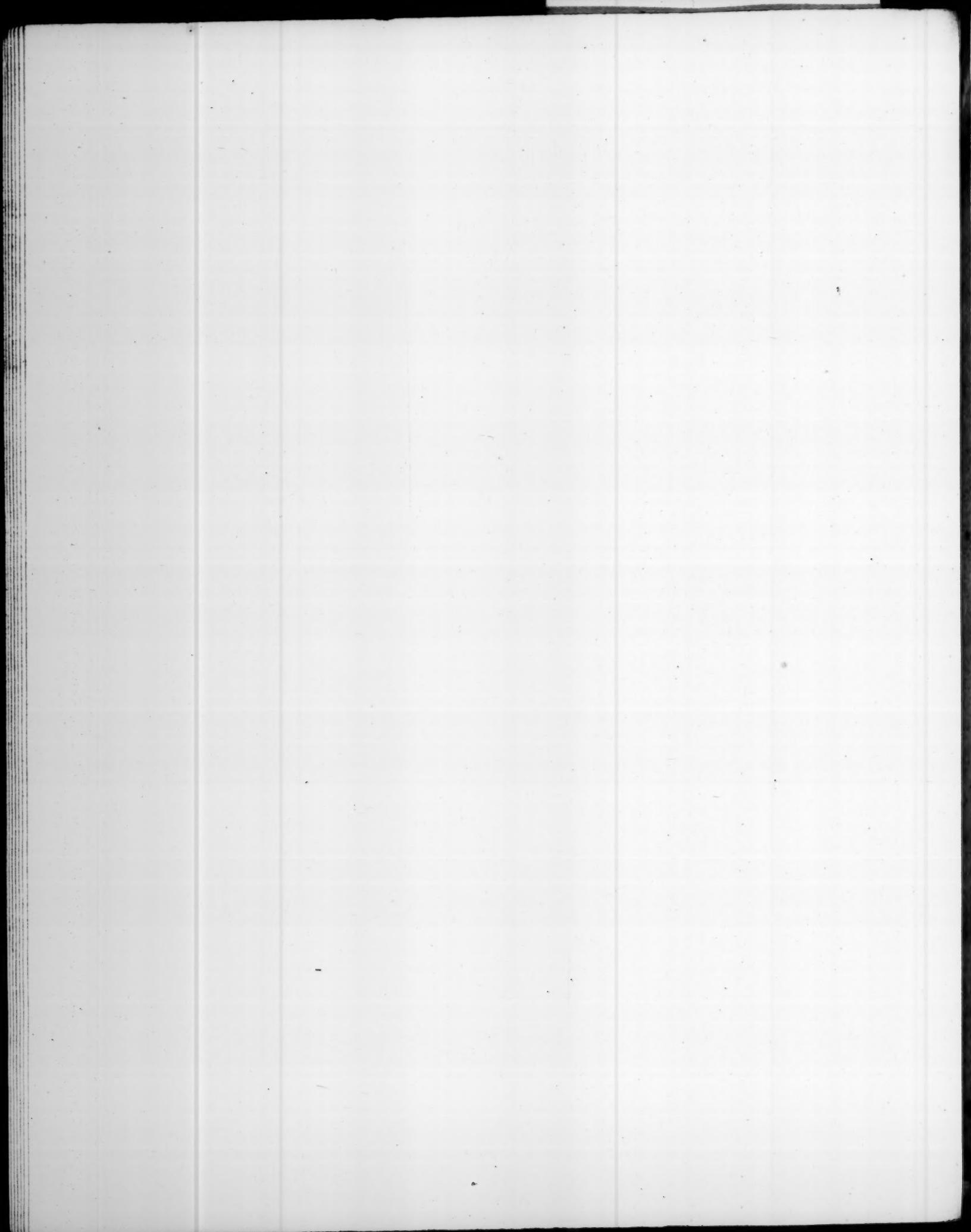
Mar. O you grudge
The extorted Praise, and speak him but by halves.

Guise. Priest, *Corso*, Devils ! how she carries it !

Mar. I fee, my Lord, you are come to take your leave ;
And were it no to give the Court Suspicion,
I would oblige you, Sir, before you go,
To lead me to the King.

Guise.





Guise. Death and the Devil!

Mar. But since that cannot be, I'll take my leave
Of you, my Lord, Heav'n grant your Journey safe.
Farewel once more. Not stir? Does this become you?
Does your Ambition swell into your Eyes?
Jealousie by this Light: Nay then, proud *Guise*,
I tell you, you're not worthy of the Grace,
But I will carry't, Sir, to those that are,
And leave you to the Curse of Bosom-War..

[Exit.]

May. Is this the Heavenly?

Guise. Devil, Devil, as they are all;
'Tis true, at first she caught the Heav'nly Form,
But now Ambition sets her on her Head,
By Hell, I see the Cloven Mark upon her:
Ha! *Grillon* here! some New Court-Trick upon me.

Enter *Grillon*.

Grill. Sir, I have busines for your Ear.

Guise. Retire.

[Exeunt his Followers.]

Grill. The King, my Lord, commanded me to wait you,
And bid you welcome to the Court.

Guise. The King

Still loads me with New Honours, but none greater
Than this the last.

Grill. There is one greater yet,
Your High Commission against the *Hugonots*;
I and my Family shall shortly wait you,
And 'twill be Glorious Work.

Guise. If you are there,
There must be Action.

Grill. O, your Pardon, Sir,
I'm but a Stripling in the Trade of War;
But you, whose Life is one continued Broil,
What will not your triumphant Arms accomplish!
You, that were form'd for Mastery in War,
That, with a start, cry'd to your Brother *Mayenne*,
To Horse, and slaughter'd forty thousand *Germans*.

Guise. Let me beseech you, Colonel, no more.

Grill. But, Sir, since I must make at least a Figure
In this great Busines, let me understand
What 'tis you mean, and why you force the King
Upon so dangerous an Expedition.

Guise. Sir, I intend the Greatnes of the King,
The Greatnes of all France, whom it imports
To make their Arms their Busines, Aim, and Glory;
And where so proper, as upon those Rebels.

That

The Duke of GUISE.

That cover'd all the State with Blood and Death ?
Grill. Stor'd Aresenals and Armories, Fields of Horse,
 Ordnance, Munition, and the Nerve of War,
 Sound Infantry, not Harras'd and Diseas'd,
 To meet the fierce *Navarre*, should first be thought on.

Guise. I find, my Lord, the Argument grows warm,
 Therefore, thus much, and I have done. I go
 To joyn the Holy League in this great War,
 In which no place of Office, or Command,
 Not of the Greatest, shall be bought or sold ;
 Whereas too often Honours are Conferr'd
 On Souldiers, and no Souldiers; this Man Knighted
 Because he Charg'd a Troop before his Dinner,
 And sculk'd behind a Hedg i'th' Afternoon :
 I will have strict Examination made
 Betwixt the Meritorious and the Base.

Grill. You have Mouth'd it bravely, and there is no doubt
 Your Deeds would answer well your haughty Words ;
 Yet let me tell you, Sir, there is a Man,
 Curse on the Hearts that hate him, that wou'd better,
 Better than you, or all your puffy Race,
 That better would become the Great Battalion ;
 That when he Shines in Arms, and Suns the Field,
 Moves, Speaks, and Fights, and is himself a War.

Guise. Your Idol, Sir, you mean the Great *Navarre* ;
 But yet —

Grill. No Yet, my Lord of *Guise*, no Yet ;
 By Arms, I bar you that ; I swear, No Yet ;
 For never was his like, nor shall again,
 Tho' voted from his Right by your Curs'd League.

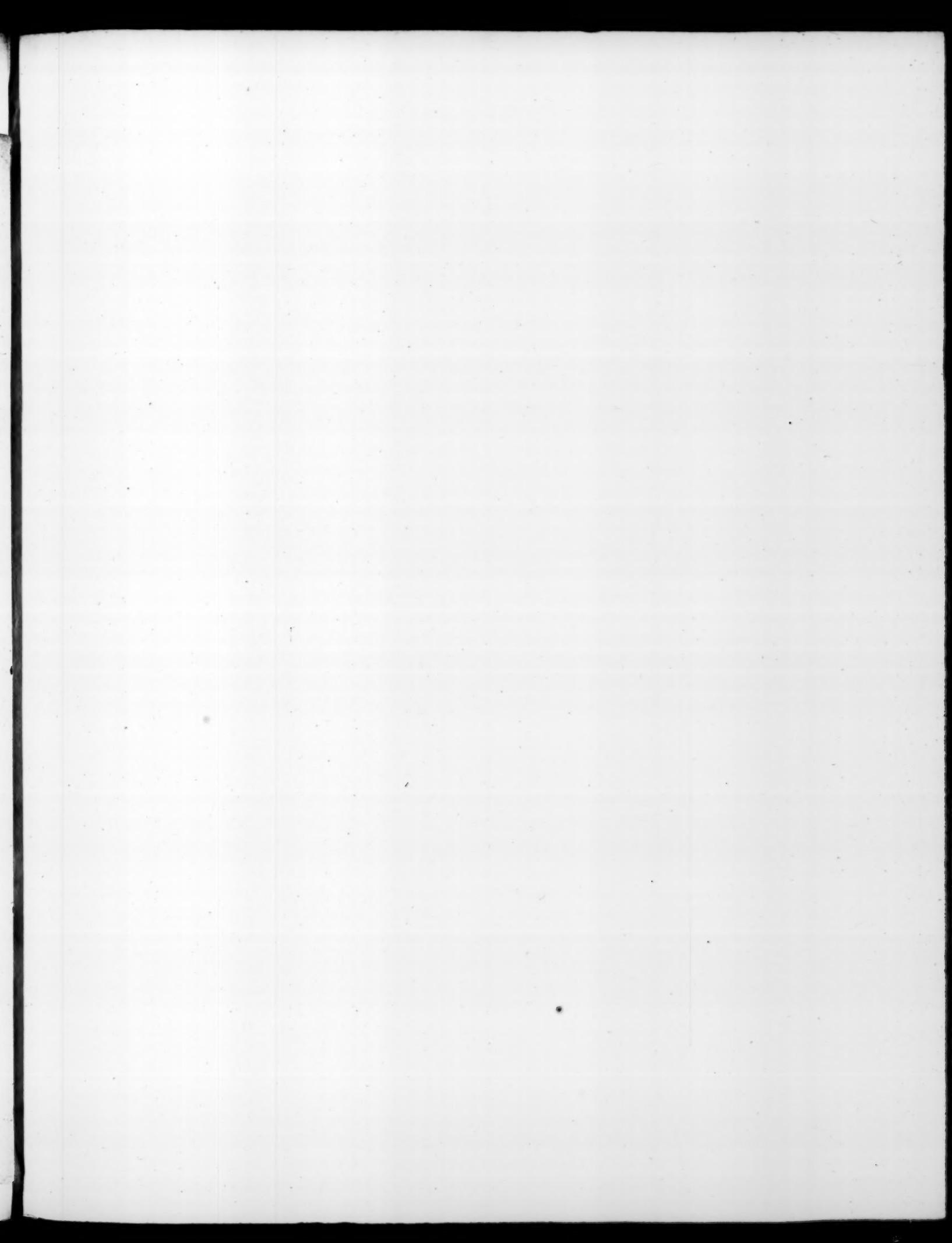
Guise. Judge not too rashly of the Holy League,
 But look at home.

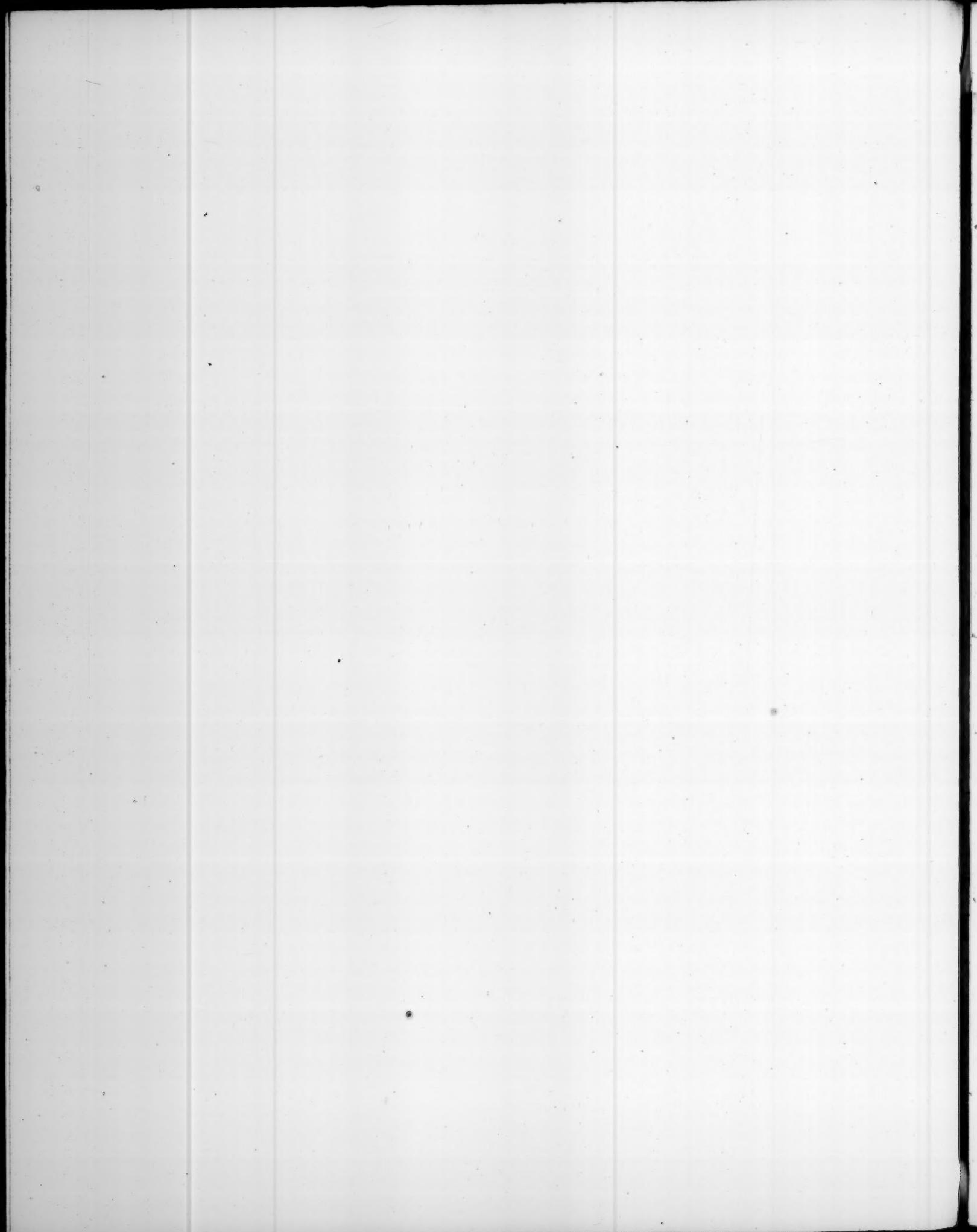
Grill. Ha ! dar'st thou justifie
 Those Villains ?

Guise. I'le not justify a Villain
 More than your self ; but if you thus proceed,
 If every heated Breath can puff away,
 On each surmife, the Lives of Free-born People,
 What need that Awful General Convocation,
 The Assembly of the States ? Nay let me urge,
 If thus they villifie the Holy League,
 What may their Heads expect ?

Grill. What, if I cou'd,
 They should be certain of, whole piles of Fire.

Guise. Collonel, 'tis very well I know your Mind,
 Which without fear, or flattery to your Person,
 I'le tell the King, and then, with his permission,





The Duke of GUISE.

17

Proclaim it for a warning to our people.

Grill. Come, you're a Murderer your self within,
A Traytor.

Guise. Thou a——hot old Hair-brain'd Fool.

Grill. You were Complotter with the Cursed League,
The black Abettor of our Harry's Death.

Guise. 'Tis false.

Grill. 'Tis true, as thou art double hearted :
Thou double Traytor, to Conspire so basely,
And when found out, more basely to deny't.

Guise. O Gracious Harry, let me found thy Name,
Lest this old rust of War, this knotty Trifler,
Should raise me to extreams.

Grill. If thou'rt a Man,
That did'st refuse the Challenge of Navarre,
Come forth.

Guise. Go on, since thou'rt resolv'd on Death,
I'll follow thee, and rid thy shaking Soul.

Enter King, Queen-Mother, Alphonso, Abbot, &c.

But see, the King : I scorn to ruine thee,
Therefore go tell him, tell him thy own Story.

King. Ha, Colonel, is this your Friendly visit ?
Tell me the truth, how happen'd this disorder ?
Those ruffi'd hands, red Looks, and port of Fury ?

Grill. I told him, Sir, since you will have it so,
He was the Author of the Rebel League,
Therefore a Traytor, and a Murderer.

King. Is't possible ?

Guise. No matter, Sir, no matter ;
A few hot words, no more upon my Life ;
The old Man rowz'd, and shook himself a little :
So if your Majesty will do me Honour,
I do beseech you let the busness die.

King. Grillon, submit your self, and ask his pardon.

Grill. Pardon me, I cannot do't.

King. Where are the Guards ?

Guise. Hold, Sir ; come Colonel, I'll ask Pardon for you :
This Souldierly Embrace makes up the breach ;
We will be forry, Sir, for one another.

Grill. My Lord, I know not what to answer you,
I'm friends, and I am not, and so farewell.

Exit.

King. You have your Orders ; yet before you go,
Take this Embrace : I court you for my Friend,
Tho' Grillon wou'd not.

Guise. I thank you on my Knees.

D

And

And still while Life shall last, will take strict care
To justifie my Loyalty to your Person.

[Exit.]

Q. M. Excellent Loyalty, to lock you up!

King. I see even to the bottom of his Soul:
And, Madam, I must say the *Guise* has Beauties,
But they are set in Night, and foul Design:
He was my Friend when young, and might be still.

Abbot. Mark'd you his hollow accents at the parting?

Q. M. Graves in his Smiles.

King. Death in his bloodless Hands.

O *Marmoutiere*! now I will haste to meet thee;
The Face of Beauty, on this rising Horrour,
Looks like the midnight Moon upon a murder;
It gilds the dark design that stays for Fate,
And drives the Shades that thicken from the State.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Grillon and Polin.

Gril. **H**ave then this Pious Council of Sixteen
Scented your late Discovery of the Plot?

Pol. Not as from me, for still I kennel with them,
And bark as loud as the most deep-mouth'd Traytor,
Against the King, his Government and Laws;
Whereon immediately there runs a Cry
Of, Seize him on the next Procession, seize him,
And clap the *Chisperick* in a Monastery;
Thus it was fixt, as I before discover'd:
But when, against his Custom, they perceiv'd
The King absented, straight the Rebels met,
And roar'd, they were undone.

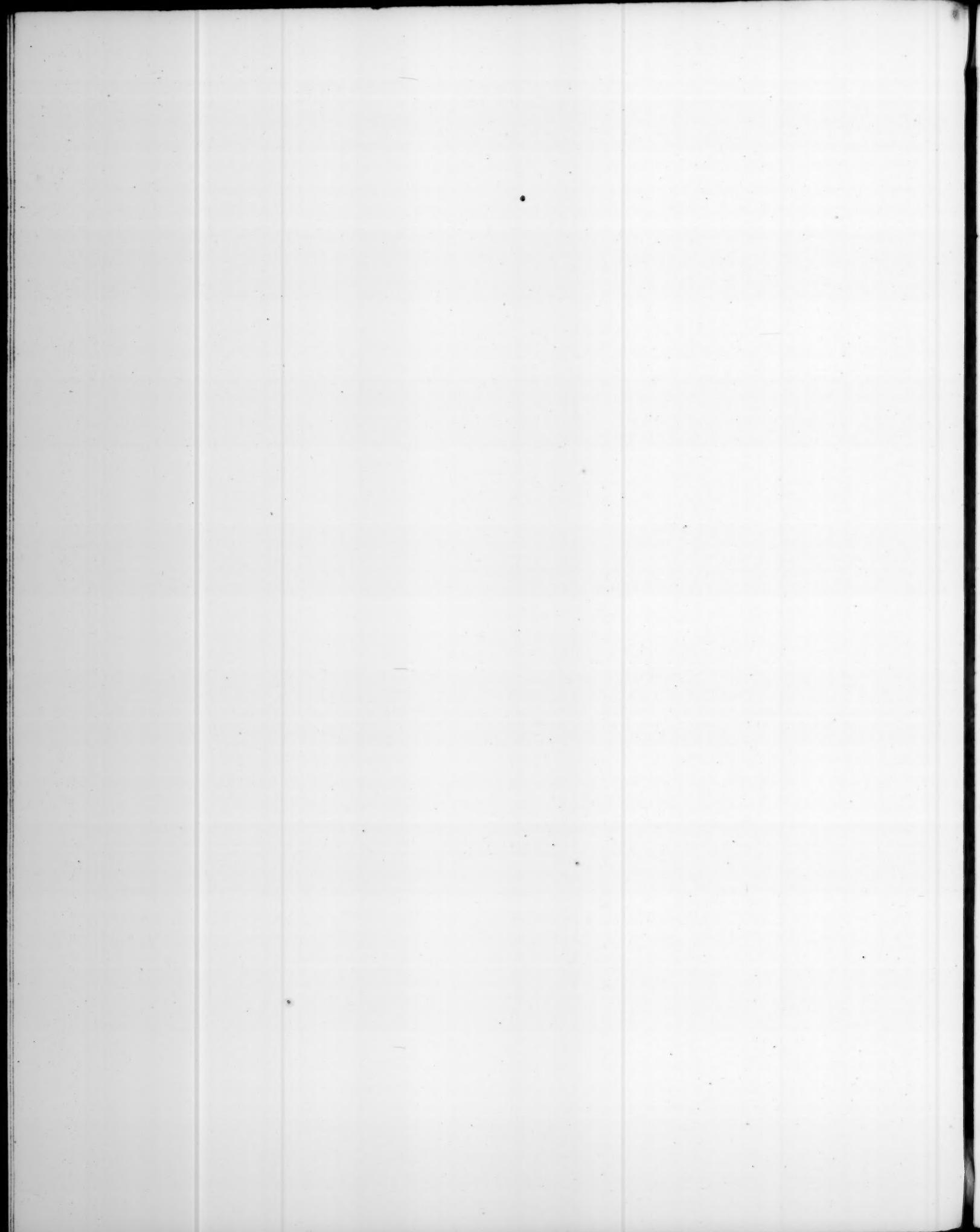
Grill. O, 'tis like 'em,
'Tis like their Mungrel Souls; flesh 'em with Fortune,
And they will worry Royalty to Death:
But if some crabbed Virtue turn and pinch 'em,
Mark me, they'll run, and yelp, and clap their Tails,
Like Curs, betwixt their Legs, and howl for mercy.

Pol. But *Malicorn*, sagacious on the point,
Cry'd, Call the Sheriffs, and bid 'em arm their Bands;
Add yet to this, to raise you above hope,
The *Guise* my Master will be here to day,
For, on bare gues of what has been reveal'd,
He wing'd a Messenger to give him notice;

Yet

v

—



The Duke of GUISE.

19

Yet spight of all this Factor of the Fiends
Cou'd urge, they flunk their Heads like Hinds in Storms:
But see, they come.

Enter Sheriffs with the Populace.

Grill. Away, I'le have among'st 'em ;
Fly to the King, warn him of Guise's coming,
That he may straight dispatch his strict Commands
To stop him.

1 Sher. Nay, this is Colonel Grillon,
The Blunderbuss o'th' Court, away, away,
He carries Ammunition in his face.

Grill. Hark you, my Friends, if you are not in hafte,
Because you are the Pillars of the City,
I wou'd inform you of a General Ruine.

2 Sher. Ruine to the City ! marry, Heaven forbid !

Grill. Amen, I say ; for look you, I'm your friend :
'Tis blown about you've plotted on the King,
To seize him, if not kill him ; for who knows,
When once your Conscience yields, how far 'twill stretch ;
Next, quite to dash your firmest hopes in pieces,
The Duke of Guise is dead.

1 Sher. Dead, Colonel !

2 Sher. Undone, undone !

Grill. The world cannot redeem you ;
For what, Sirs, if the King, provok'd at last,
Should joyn the Spaniard, and should fire your City,
Paris your Head, but a most Venomous one,
Which must be blooded ?

1 Sher. Blooded, Colonel !

Grill. Ay, blooded, thou most infamous Magistrate,
Or you will blood the King, and burn the Louvre,
But e're that be, fall million miscreant Souls,
Such Earth-born minds as yours ; for mark me, Slaves,
Did you not Ages past confign your Lives,
Liberties, Fortunes to Imperial hands,
Made 'em the Guardians of your fickly years,
And now you are grown up to a Boobies Greatnes,
What, wou'd you rest the Scepter from his Hand ?
Now, by the Majesty of Kings I swear,
You shall as soon be fav'd for packing Juries.

1 Sher. Why, Sir, mayn't Citizens be fav'd ?

Grill. Yes, Sir,
From drowning, to be hang'd, burnt, broke o'th' wheel.

1 Sher. Colonel, you speak us plain.

Grill. A Plague confound you,

Why should I not? what is there in such Rascals
 Should make me hide my Thought, or hold my tongue?
 Now, in the Devils Name, what make you here,
 Dawbing the inside of the Court like Snails,
 Sliming our Walls, and pricking out your Horns?
 To hear, I warrant, what the King's a doing,
 And what the Cabinet-Council, then to th' City
 To spread your monstrous Lyes, and sow Sedition?
 Wild-fire choak you.

i. Sher. Well, we'll think of this,
 And so we take our leaves.

Grill. Nay, stay, my Masters;
 For I'm a thinking now just whereabouts
 Grow the two tallest Trees in *Arden Forest*.

i. Sher. For what, pray Colonel, if we may be so bold?

Grill. Why to hang you upon the highest Branches;
 Fore-God it will be so; and I shall laugh
 To see you dangling to and fro i'th' Air,
 With the honest Crows pecking your Traytors Limbs.

All. Good Colonel!

Grill. Good Rats, my precious Vermin,
 You moving Dirt, you rank stark Muck o'th' World,
 You Oven-Bats, you things so far from Souls,
 Like Dog's you're out of Providence's reach,
 And only fit for hanging; but be gone,
 And think of Plunder — You right Elder Sheriff,
 Who Carv'd our *Henry's* Image on a Table,
 At your Club-Feast, and after stabb'd it through?

i. Sher. Mercy, good Colonel.

Grill. Run with your Nose to Earth,
 Run Blood-hound, run, and scent out Royal Murder.
 You second Rogue, but equal to the first,
 Plunder, go hang, nay take your tackling with you,
 For these shall hold you fast, your Slaves shall hang you
 To the mid Region in the Sun:
 Plunder, be gone Vipers, Asps, and Adders.

{
Exeunt Sheriffs,
and People.

Enter Malicorn.

Ha, but here comes a Fiend that fears above,
 A Prince o'th' Air, that sets the Mud a moving.

Mal. Clonel, a word.

Grill. I hold no speech with Villains.

Mal. But, Sir, it may concern your Fame and Safety.

Grill. No matter, I had rather die traduc'd,
 Than live by such a Villains help as thine.

Mal. Hate then the Traytor, but yet love the Treason.

Grill.

mark



Grill. Why, are not you a Villain?

Mal. 'Tis confess'd.

Grill. Then in the Name of all thy Brother Devils,
What woud'it thou have with me?

Mal. I know you're honest,
Therefore it is my busines to disturb you.

Grill. Fore God I'll beat thee, if thou urge me farther.

Mal. Why tho' you shou'd, yet if you hear me after,
The pleasure I shall take in your Vexation,
Will heal my Bruises.

Grill. Wert thou a definite Rogue,
I'faith, I think that I should give thee hearing ;
But such a boundles Villany as thine,
Admits no Patience.

Mal. Your Niece is come to Court,
And yields her Honour to our *Henry's Bed*.

[Strikes him.]

Mal. So, this I look'd for :
But yet I swear by Hell, and my Revenge,
'Tis true as you have wrong'd me.

Grill. Wrong'd thee, Villain !
And name Revenge ! O wer't thou *Grillon's Match*,
And worthy of my Sword, I swear by this
One had been past an Oath ; but thou'rt a Worm,
And if I tread thee dar'st not turn again.

Mal. 'Tis false, I dare like you, but cannot act ;
There is no force in this Enervate Arm,
Blasted I was e're born, Curse on my Stars,
Got by some dotard in his pithless Years,
And sent a wither'd Saplin to the World.
Yet, I've Brain, and there is my Revenge,
Therefore I say agen these Eyes have seen
Thy Blood at Court bright as a Summers Morn,
When all the Heaven is streak'd with dapp'd Fires,
And fleck'd with Blushes like a rifl'd Maid ;
Nay, by the Gleamy Fires that melted from her
Faft Sighs and Smiles, fwoln Lips and heaving Breasts,
My Soul presages *Henry* has enjoy'd her.

Grill. Again thou ly'ft ; and I will crumble thee,
Thou bottl'd Spider, into thy Primitive Earth,
Unless thou swear thy very Thought's a Lye.

Mal. I stand in Adamant, and thus defie thee ;
Nay draw, and with the edge betwixt my Lips,
Even while thou rak'st it through my Teeth, I'll swear
All I have said is true, as thou art honest,
Or I a Villain.

Grill. Damn'd infamous Wretch,

So much below my scorn, I dare not kill thee:
 And yet so much my hate, that I must fear thee.
 For should it be as thou hast said, not all
 The Trophies of my Lawrell'd Honesty
 Shou'd bar me from forsaking this bad World,
 And never draw my Sword for *Henry* more.

Mal. Ha, 'tis well, and now I am Reveng'd.
 I was in hopes thou wouldst have utter'd Treason,
 And forfeited thy Head to pay me fully.

Grill. Hast thou Compacted for a Lease of Years
 With Hell, that thus thou ventur'st to provoke me?

Mal. Perhaps I have: (How right the Blockhead hits.)
 Yet more to rack thy Heart, and break thy Brain,
 Thy Niece has been before the *Guise*'s Mistress.

Grill. Hell-hound, avant.

Mal. Forgive my honest meaning.

[Exit.]

Grill. 'Tis hatch'd beneath, a Plot upon mine Honour,
 And thus he lays his Baits to catch my Soul:
 Ha! but the Presence Opens, who comes here!
 By Heaven my Niece, led by *Alphonso Corso*!
 Ha, *Malicorn* is't possible, Truth from thee!
 'Tis plain, and I in Justifying Woman
 Have done the Devil wrong.

Alph. Madam, the King,
 Please you to fit, will instantly attend you.

Grill. Death, Hell, and Furies! ha, she comes to seek him;
 O Prostitute, and on her prodigal Flesh
 She has lavish'd all the Diamonds of the *Guise*
 To set her off, and sell her to the King.

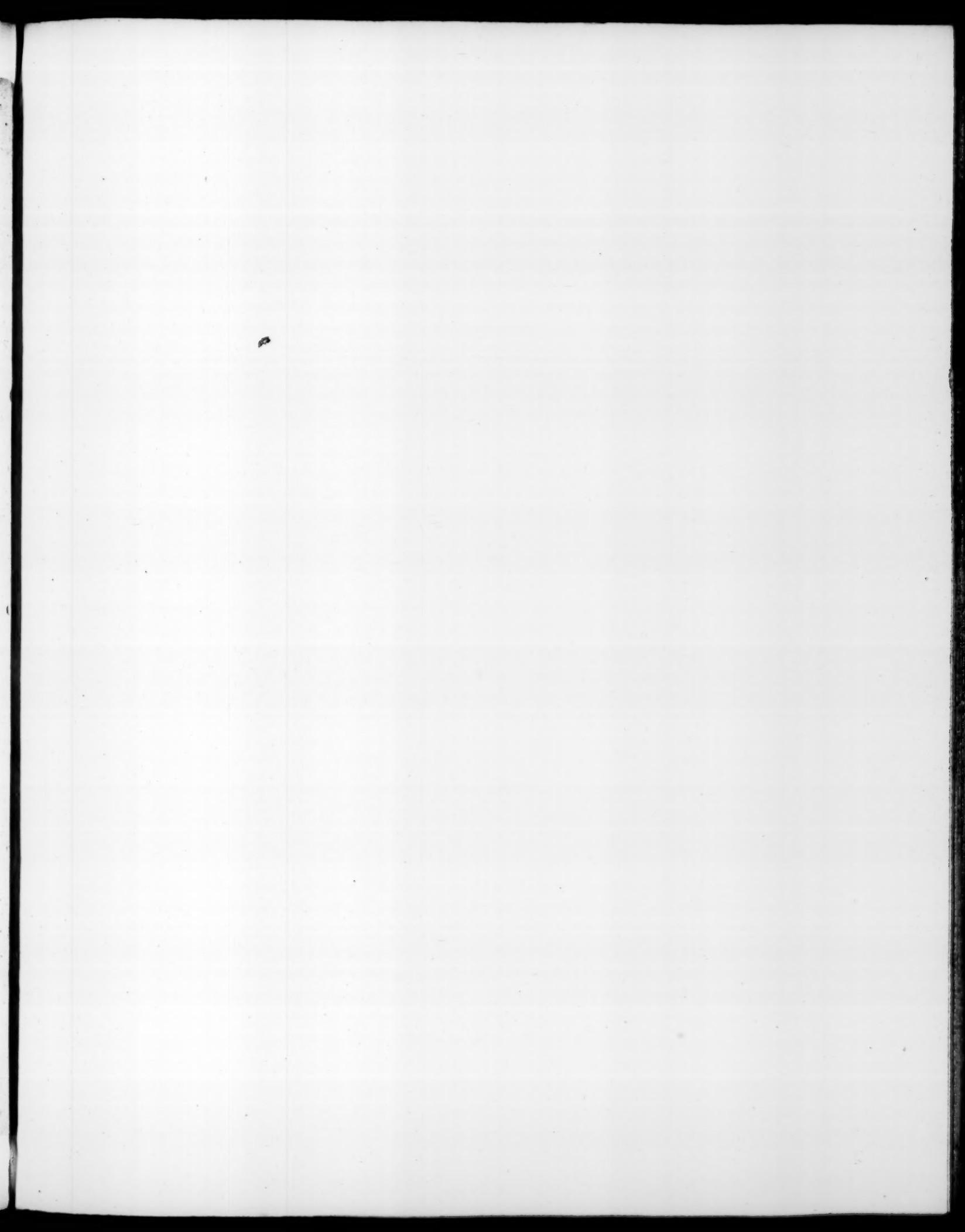
Mar. O Heavens! did ever Virgin yet attempt
 An Enterprise like mine? I that resolv'd
 Never to leave those dear delightful Shades,
 But act the little part that Nature gave me,
 On the Green Carpets of some guiltless Grove,
 And having finish'd it forsake the World,
 Unless sometimes my Heart might entertain
 Some small remembrance of the taking *Guise*:
 But that far, far from any darkning Thought,
 To Cloud my Honour, or Eclipse my Virtue.

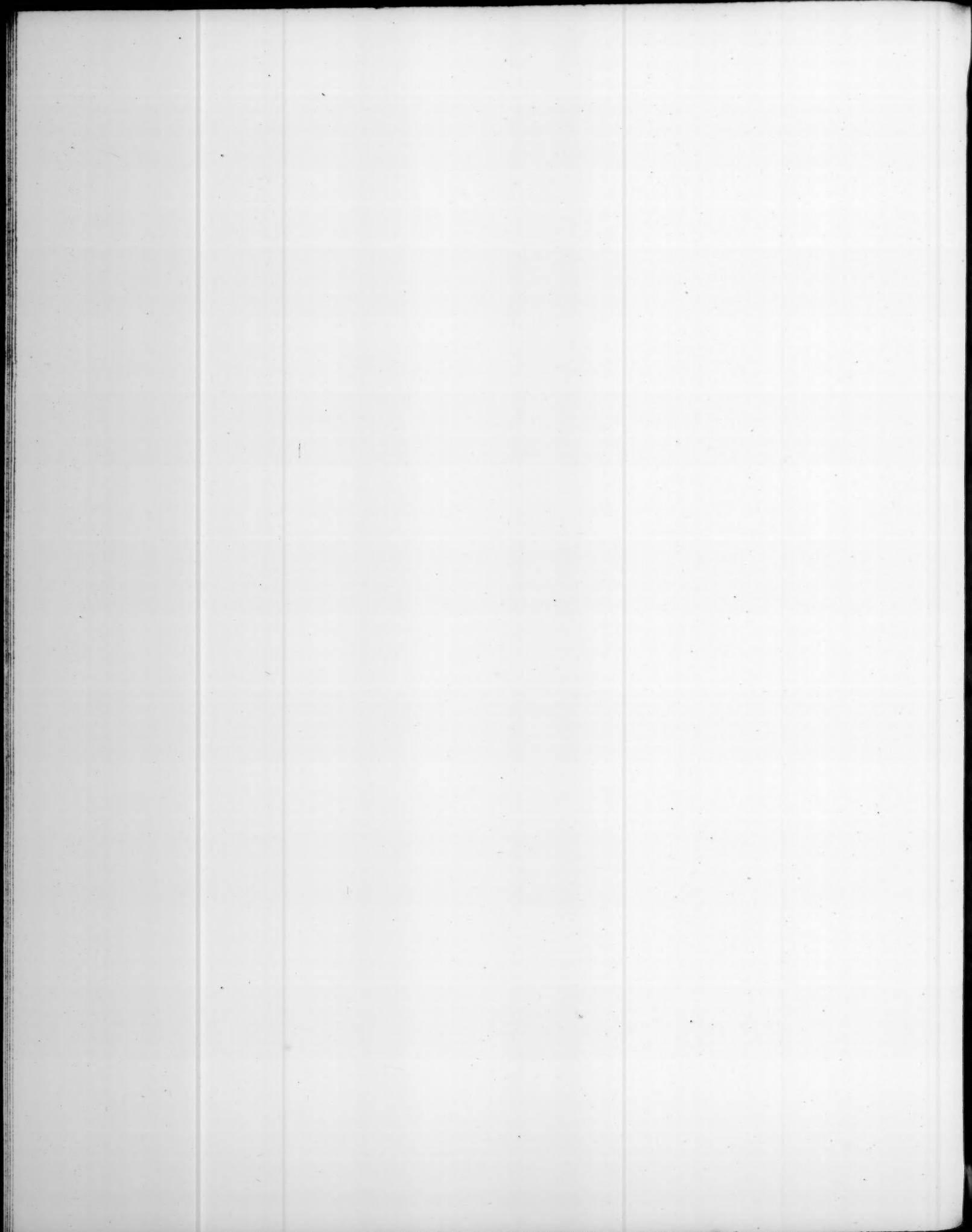
Grill. Thou ly'st, and if thou hadst not glanc'd aside,
 And spy'd me coming, I had had it all.

Mar. By Heaven, by all that's good——

Grill. Thou hast lost thy Honour,
 Give me thy Hand, this Hand by which I caught thee
 From the bold Ruffian in the Masscre,
 That would have stain'd thy almost Infant Honour;
 With Lust, and Blood, dost thou remember it?

Mar.





Mar. I do, and bles the Godlike Arm that sav'd me.

Grill. 'Tis falfe, thou hast forgot my generous action;
And now thou laugh'st to think how thou hast cheated,
For all his kindness, this old grill'd Fool.

Mar. Forbid it Heav'n!

Grill. But oh that thou hadst dy'd
Ten thousand Deaths, e're blasted *Grillon's* Glory,
Grillon that sav'd thee from a barbarous World,
Where thou hadst starv'd, or sold thy self for Bread,
Took thee into his Bosom, foster'd thee
As his own Soul, and lap'd thee in his *Heart-strings* ;
And now for all my Care, to serve me thus !
O 'tis too much ye Powers ! double Confusion
On all my Wars ; and oh, out, shame upon thee,
It wrings the Tears from *Grillon's Iron Heart*,
And melts me to a *Babe*.

Mar. Sir, Father, hear me ;
I come to Court, to save the Life of *Guise*.

Grill. And prostitue thy Honour to the King.
Mar. I have look'd, perhaps, too nicely for my *Sex*,
Into the dark Affairs of fatal State ;
And to advance this dangerous Inquisition,
I listn'd to the Love of daring *Guise*.

Grill. By Arms, by Honesty, I swear thou lov'st him.
Mar. By Heav'n that gave those Arms succeſs, I swear
I do not, as you think, but take it all.
I've heard the *Guise*, not with an Angels temper,
Something beyond the tenderness of pity,
And yet, not Love.

Now, by the Powers that fram'd me, this is all ;
Nor shoud the World have wrought this close Confession,
But to rebate your jealousie of Honour.

Grill. I know not what to say, nor what to think ;
There's Heaven still in thy Voice, but that's a Sign
Virtue's departing, for thy better Angel
Still makes the Womans Tongue his rising Ground,
Wags there a while, and takes his flight for ever.

Mar. You must not go.
Grill. Tho' I have Reason plain
As day, to judge thee falſe, I think thee true :
By Heav'n, methinks I see a Glory round thee ;
There's ſomething ſays thou wilt not loſe thy Honour :
Death, and the Devil, that's my own Honesty :
My foolish open Nature, that would have
All like my ſelf, but off, I le hence and Curse thee.

Mar. O ſtay !

Grill. I wo n not.

The Duke of GUISE.

Mar. Hark, the King's a coming.
Let me conjure you, for your own Souls quiet,
And for the everlasting rest of mine,
Stir not till you have heard my Hearts design.

Grill. Angel, or Devil, I will — nay, at this rate
She'll make me shortly bring him to her Bed,
Bawd for him? No, he shall make me run my Head
Into a Cannon, when 'tis Firing, first.
That's Honourable sport, but I'll retire,
And if she plays me false, here's that shall mend her.

[Marmoutiere Sits. Song and Dance.

Enter the King.

King. After the breathing of a Love-sick Heart,
Upon your Hand, once more, nay twice, forgive me.

Mar. I discompose you, Sir.

King. Thou dost, by Heaven;
But with such Charming pleasure,
I love, and tremble, as at Angels view.

Mar. Love me, my Lord?

King. Who shou'd be lov'd, but you?
So lov'd, that even my Crown, and self are vile,
While you are by, try me upon despair;
My Kingdom at the stake, Ambition starv'd;
Revenge forgot, and all great Appetites
That whet uncommon Spirits to aspire,
So once a day I may have leave —
Nay, Madam, then you fear me.

Mar. Fear you, Sir, what is there dreadful in you?
You've all the Graces that can Crown Mankind:
Yet wear 'em so, as if you did not know 'em:
So stainless, fearless, free in all your actions,
As if Heaven lent you to the World to Pattern.

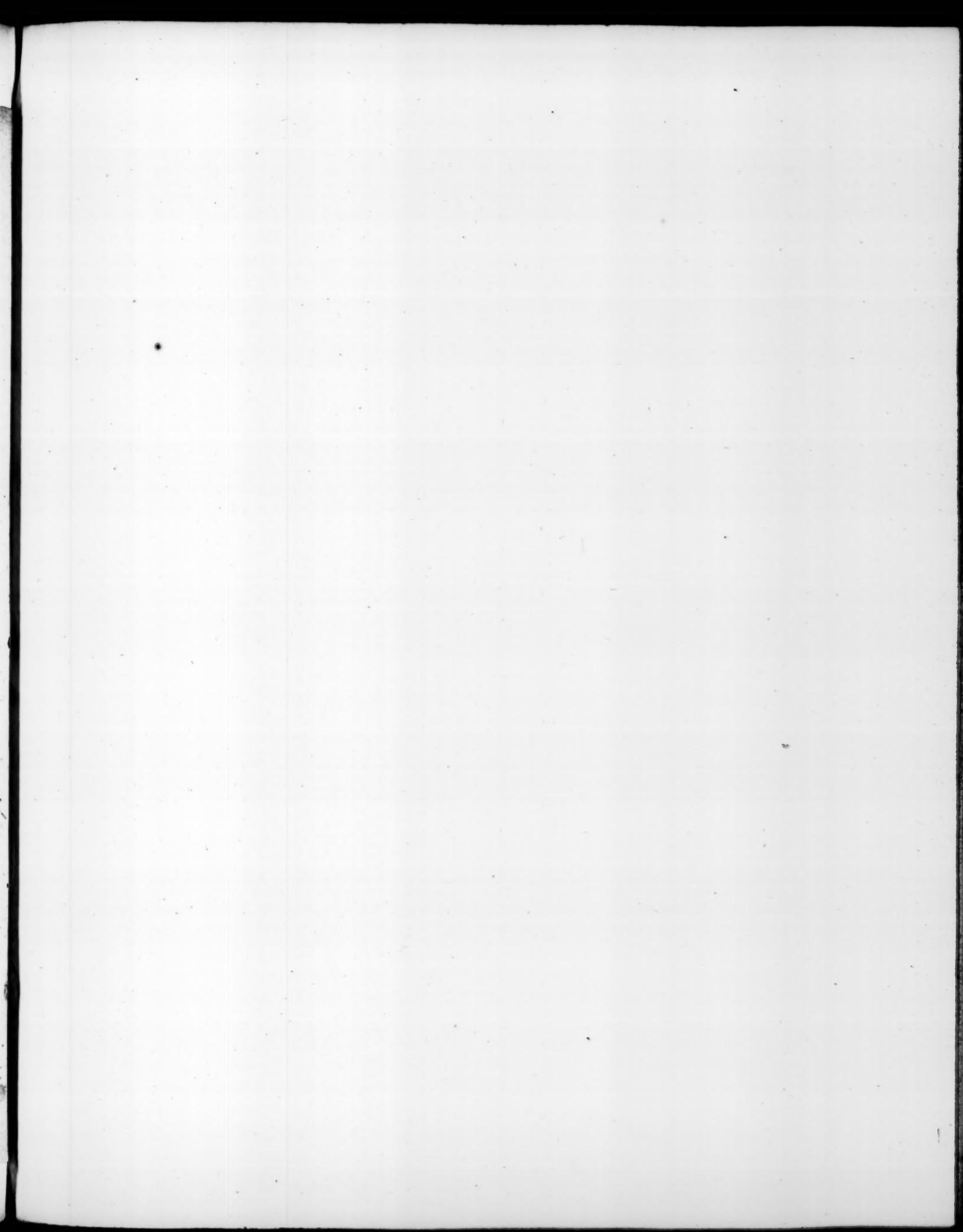
King. Madam, I find your no Petitioner;
My People would not treat me in this sort;
Tho' 'twere to gain a part of their Design:
But to the Guise they deal their faithleis Praife
As fast, as you your Flattery to me;
Tho' for what end I cannot guess, except
You come, like them, to mock at my Misfortunes.

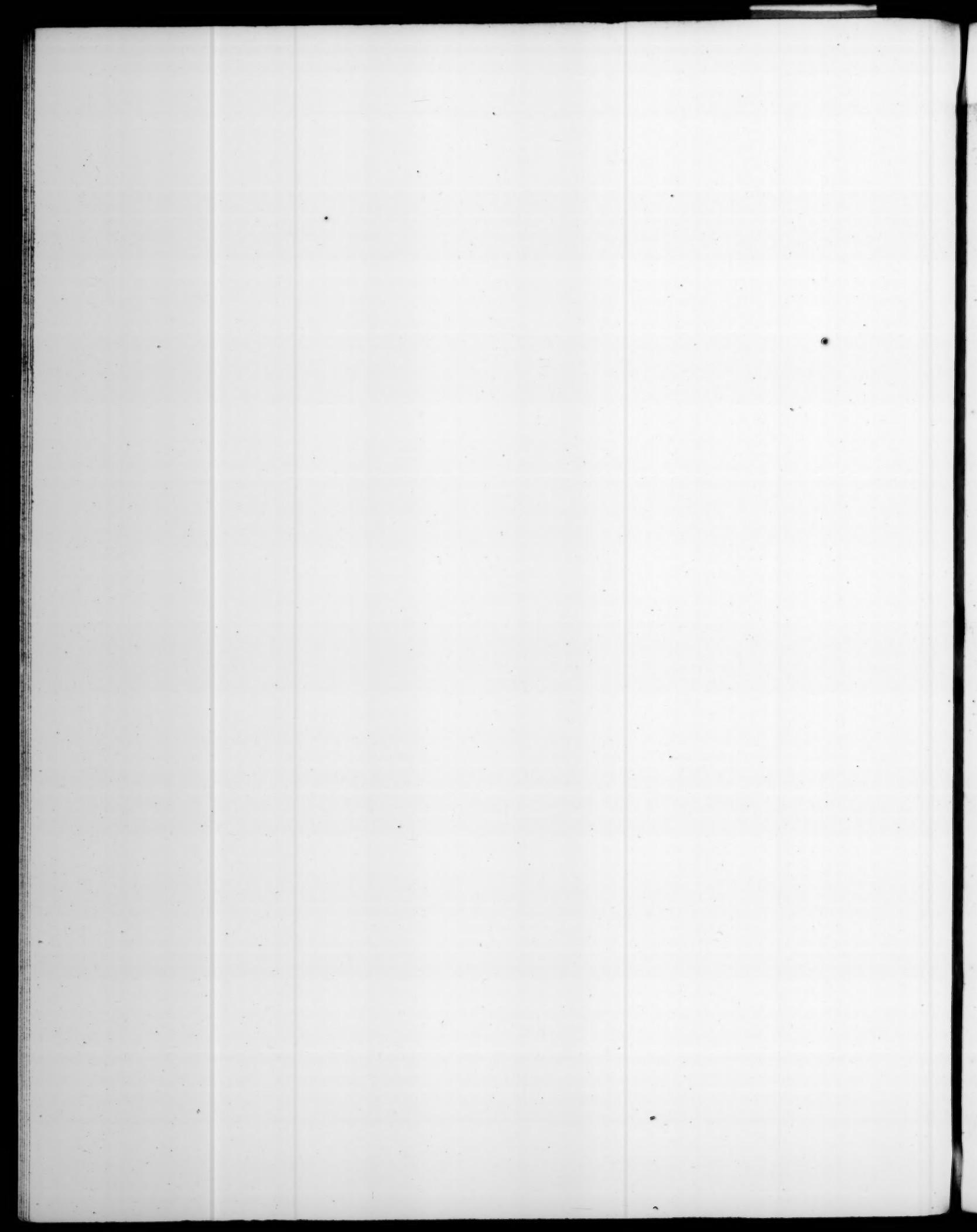
Mar. Forgive you, Heav'n! that thought: no, mighty Monarch,
The Love of all the Good, and Wonder of the Great;
I swear, by Heaven, my Heart adores, and loves you.

King. O, Madam, n're.

Mar. Nay, were you, Sir, unthron'd
By this Seditions Rout that dare despise you;

Blast





Blast all my days, ye Powers, torment my Nights;
Nay, let the Misery invade my Sex,
That cou'd not for the Royal Cause like me,
Throw all their Luxury before your Feet,
And follow you like Pilgrims through the World.

Grill. Sound Wind and Limb, fore-God a gallant Girl.

[*A side.*]

King. What shall I answer to thee, O thou Balm
To heal a broken, yet a Kingly Heart,
For, so I swear I will be to my Last:
Come to my Arms, and be thy *Harry's Angel*,
Shine through my Cares, and make my Crown fit easie.

Mar. O never, Sir.

King. What said you, *Marmoutiere*?
Why dost thou turn thy Beauties into Frowns?

Mar. You know, Sir, 'tis impossible, no more.

King. No more—and with that stern resolv'd behaviour.
By Heaven, were I a dying, and the Priest
Shou'd urge my last Confession, I'd cry out,
Oh *Marmoutiere*, and yet thou say'ft, no more.

Mar. 'Tis well, Sir, I have lost my aim, farewell.

King. Come back, O stay, my Life flows after you.

Mar. No, Sir, I find I am a trouble to you,
You will not hear my Suit.

King. You cannot go,
You shannot—O your suit, I kneel, grant it,
I beg you take whatever you demand.

Mar. Then, Sir, thus low, or prostrate, if you please,
Let me intreat for *Guise*.

King. Ha, Madam, what!
For *Guise*! for *Guise*! that stubborn arrogant Rebel,
That laughs at proffer'd Mercy, flights his Pardon,
Mocks Royal Grace, and plots upon my Life:
Ha! and do you protect him? then the World
Is sworn to *Henry's Death*: does Beauty too,
And Innocence it self, conspire against me?
Then let me tamely yield my Glories up,
Which once I vow'd with my drawn Sword to wear
To my last drop of Blood? Come, *Guise*, come *Cardinal*,
All you lov'd Traytors, come—I strip to meet you;
Sheath all your Daggers in Curst *Henry's Heart*.

Mar. This I expected, but when you have heard
How far I would intreat your Majesty,
Perhaps you'll be more Calm.

King. See, I'm hush'd;
Speak then, how far, Madam, wou'd you Command?

Mar. Not to proceed to last Extremities,
Before the Wound is desperate, think alone,

For no man Judges like your Majesty,
 Take your own Methods, all the heads of France
 Cannot so well advise you, as your self :
 Therefore resume, my Lord, your Godlike temper,
 Yet do not bear more than a Monarch should :
 Believe it, Sir, the more your Majesty
 Draws back your Arm, the more of Fate it carries.

King. Thou Genius of my State, thou perfect model
 Of Heaven it self, an abstract of the Angels,
 Forgive the late disturbance of my Soul,
 I'm clear by Nature, as a Rockless Stream,
 But they dig through the Gravel of my Heart ;
 Therefore let me conjure you do not go ;
 'Tis said the *Guise* will come in spight of me ;
 Suppose it possible, and stay to advise me.

Mar. I will, but on your Royal Word, no more.

King. I will be easie
 To my last gasp, as your own Virgin Thoughts,
 And never dare to breathe my passion more ;
 Yet you'll allow me now and then to Sigh
 As we discourse, and Court you with my Eyes.

Enter Alphonso.

Why do you wave your hand,
 And warn me hence ?
 So looks the poor Condemn'd,
 When Justice beck'ns, there's no hope of Pardon.
 Sternly, like you, the Judge his Victim eyes,
 And thus, like me, the Wretch despairing dies.

[*Exit with Alph.*

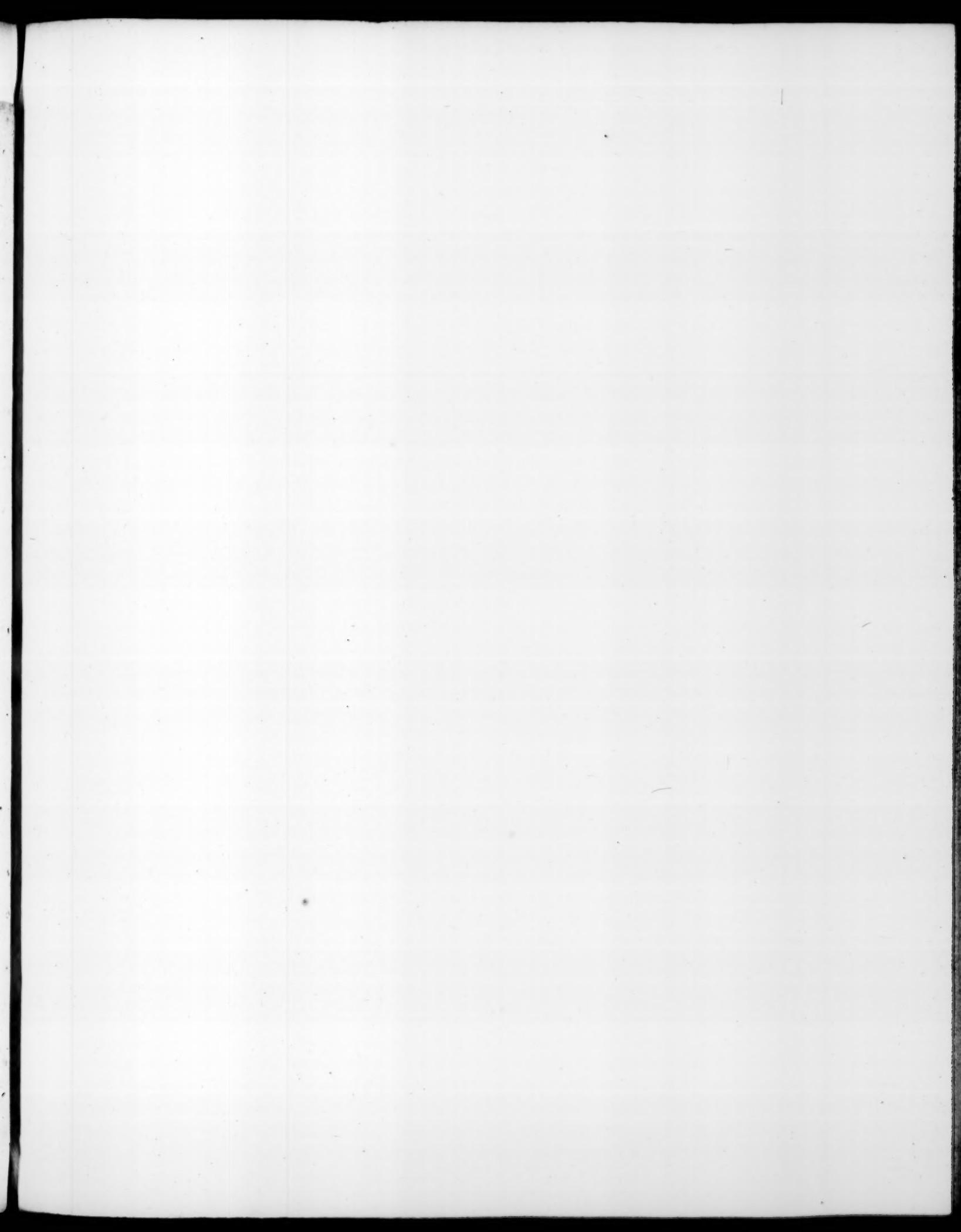
Enter Grillon.

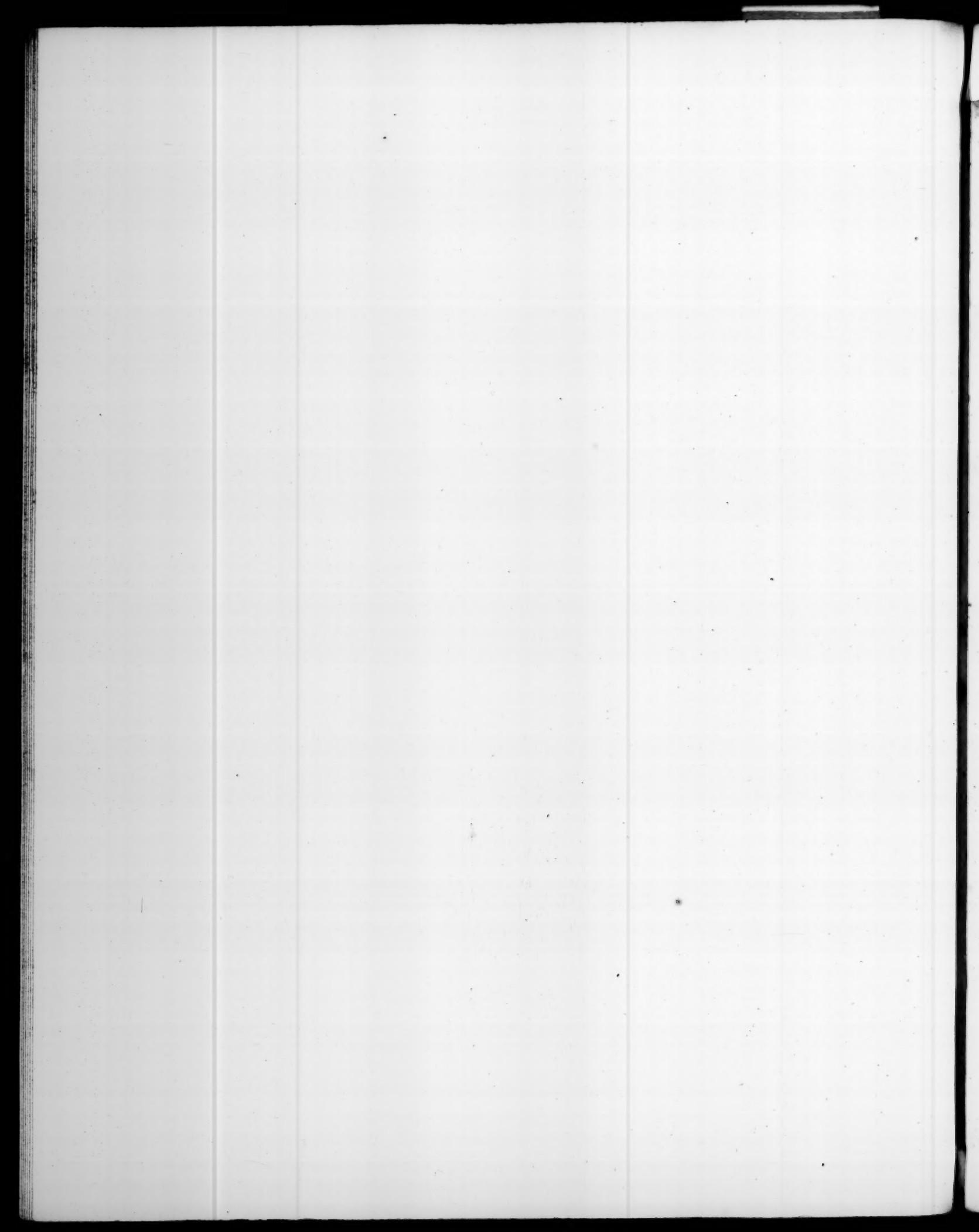
Grill. O Rare, rare Creature, by the Power that made me :
 Wer't possible we cou'd be damn'd again,
 By some new Eve, such Virtue might relieve us ;
 O I cou'd clasp thee, but that my Arms are rough,
 Till all thy Sweets were broke with my Embraces,
 And kiss thy Beauties to a dissolution.

Mar. Ah Father, Uncle, Brother, all the Kin,
 The precious Blood that's left me in the World,
 Believe, dear Sir, whate're my actions seem,
 I will not lose my Virtue for a Throne.

Grill. Why, I will Carve thee out a Throne my self ;
 I'll hew down all the Common wealths in Christendom,
 And seat thee on their Necks, as high as Heaven.

Enter





The Duke of GUISE.

37

Enter Abbot Delbene.

Abb. Colonel, your Ear.

Mar. By these whispering Councils,
My Soul presages that the *Guise* is coming :
If he dares come, were I a Man, a King,
I'd sacrifice him in the City's fight.

O Heavens ! what was't I said ? Were I a Man,
I know not that, but as I am a Virgin,
If I wou'd offer thee, too lovely *Guise*,
It shou'd be kneeling to the Throne for mercy.
Ha ! then thou lov'it, that thou art thus concern'd,
Down, rising mischief down, or I will kill thee,
Even in thy Cause, and strangle new born pity :
Yet, if he were not married ! ha, what then ?
His Charms prevail ; no, let the Rebel dye.
I faint beneath this strong oppression here,
Reason and Love rend my divided Soul,
Heav'n be the Judge, and still let Virtue Conquer ;
Love to his Tune my jarring Heart wou'd bring,
But Reason over-winds and Cracks the String.

[Exit.

Abb. The King dispatches Order upon Order,
With positive Command to stop his coming.
Yet there is notice given to the City ;
Besides *Bellieure* brought but a half account,
How that the *Guise* reply'd he would obey
His Majesty in all, yet if he might
Have leave to justify himself before him,
He doubted not his Cause.

Grill. The Ax, the Ax,
Rebellion's pamper'd to a Plurisie,
And it must bleed.

[Shout within.

Abbot. Hark, what a shout was there !
I'lle to the King, it may be 'tis reported
On purpose thus.
Let there be Truth or Lies

In this mad Fame, I'lle bring you instant word.

[Exit Abbot.

Manet Grillon : Enter *Guise*, Cardinal, Mayen, Malicorn,
Attendants, &c. Shouts again.

Grill. Death, and thou Devil, *Malicorn*, is that
Thy Master ?

Guise. Yes, *Grillon*, 'tis the *Guise*,
One that wou'd Court you for a Friend.

Grill. A Friend,

Traytor,

Traytor, thou mean'st, and so I bid thee welcome ;
But since thou art so insolent, thy blood
Be on thy Head, and fall by me unpitied.

Guise. The bruises of his Loyalty have craz'd him. [Shouts louder.]

[Exit.]

Spirit within Sings.

Malicorn, Malicorn, Malicorn, ho !
If the Guise resolves to go,
I charge, I warn thee let him know,
Perhaps his head may lye too low.

Guise. Why, *Malicorn* ?

Mal. [starting.] Sir, do not see the King.

Guise. I will.

Mal. 'Tis dangerous.

Guise. Therefore I will see him,
And so report my danger to the People.
Halt to your Judgment, let him, if he dare ;
But more, more, more, why, *Malicorn*, again ?
I thought a look with us had been a Language ;
I'll talk my mind on any point but this
By Glances ; ha, not yet, thou makest me blush
At thy delay ; why, Man, 'tis more than Life,
Ambition, or a Crown.

Mal. What, *Marmoutiere* !

Guise. Ay, there a Generals Heart beat like a Drum,
Quick, quick, my Reins, my Back, and Head and Breast,
Ake, as I'd been a Horse-back forty hours.

Mal. She has seen the King.

Guise. I thought she might. A trick upon me, well.

Mal. Passion o' both fides.

Guise. His thou meanest.

Mal. On hers.

Down on her Knees.

Guise. And up again, no matter.

Mal. Now all in Tears, now smiling, sad at parting.

Guise. Dissembl'd, for she told me this before,
'Twas all put on that I might hear and rave.

Mal. And so, to make sure work on't, by Consent
Of *Grillon*, who is made their Bawd.

Guise. Away.

Mal. She's lodg'd at Court.

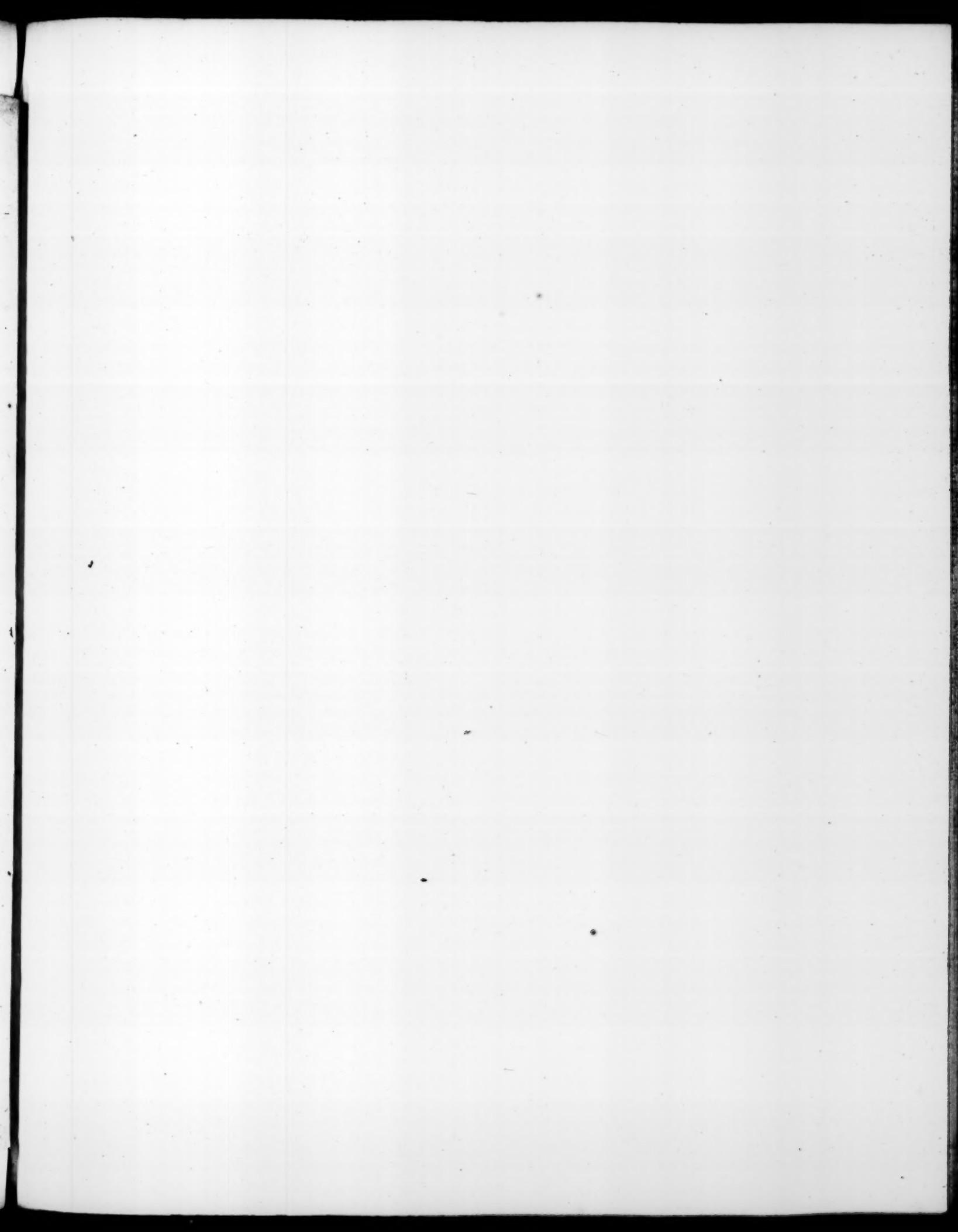
Guise. 'Tis false, they do belye her.

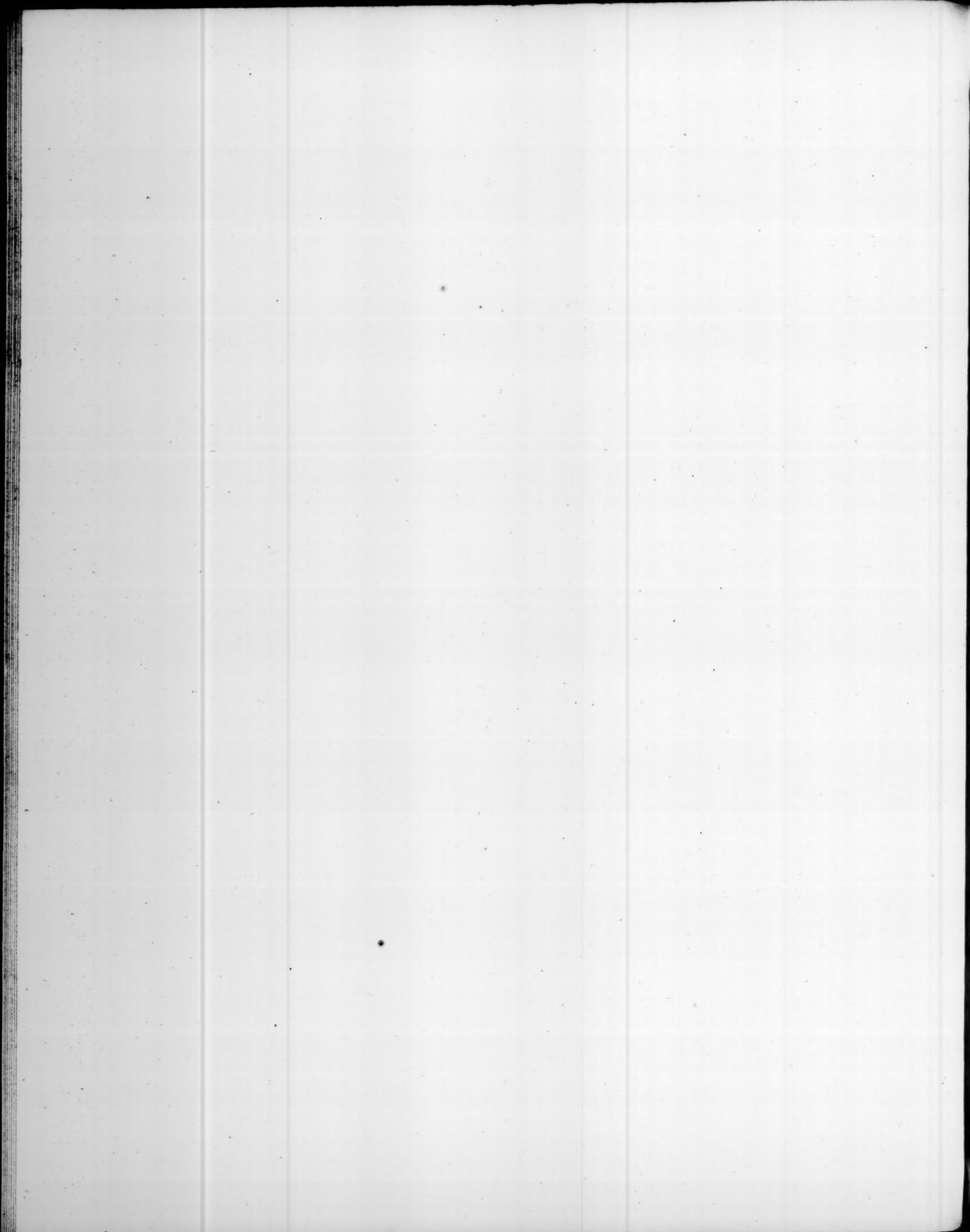
Mal. Bur, Sir, I saw the Apartment.

Guise. What, at Court ?

Mal. At Court, and near the King, 'tis true by Heaven.

I never





I never play'd you foul, why should you doubt me?

Guise. I wou'd thou hadst, e're thus unmann'd my Heart,
Blood, Battles, Fire, and Death, I run, I run.
With this last blow, he drives me like a Coward ;
Nay, let me never win a Field again,
If with the thought of these irregular Vapours,
The blood han't burst my Lips.

Card. Peace, Brother.

Guise. By Heaven, I took thee for my Souls Physician,
And dost thou vomit me with this loath'd peace ?
'Tis contradiction ; no, my peaceful Brother,
I'll meet him now, tho' Fire, arm'd Cherubins
Shou'd cross my way, O Jealousie of Love !
Greater than Fame ; thou eldest of the passions,
Or rather, all in one, I here invoke thee,
Where e're thou'rt Thron'd in Air, in Earth, or Hell,
Wing me to my Revenge, to Blood, and Ruin.

Card. Have you no temper ?

Guise. Pray, Sir, give me leave,
A moments thought ; ha, but I sweat and tremble,
My Brain runs this and that way, twill not fix
On ought but vengeance, *Malicorn* ; call the People,

[*Shouts within.*]

But hark, they shout again, I'll on and meet 'em,
Nay, head 'em to his Palace as my Guards ;
Yet more, on such exalted Causes born,
I'll wait him in his Cabinet alone,
And look him pale, while in his Courts without,
The People shout him dead with their alarms,
And make his Mistress tremble in his Arms..

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E the Third.

Enter King and Council.

[*Shouts without.*]

King. What mean these Shouts ?

Abb. I told your Majesty,
The Sheriffs have puff'd the Populace with hopes
Of their Deliverer.

[*Shouts again.*]

King. Hark, there rung a Peal
Like Thunder ; fee, *Alphonso*, what's the Cause.

Enter Grillon.

Grill. My Lord, the *Guise* is come.

King.

The Duke of GUISE.

King. Is't possible ! ha, *Grillon*, said'st thou, come ?

Grill. Why droops the Royal Majesty ? O Sir —

King. O Villain, Slave, wert thou my late born Heir,
Giv'n me by Heav'n, ev'n when I lay a dying ;
But peace, thou festring thought, and hide thy wound ;
Where is he ?

Grill. With her Majesty, your Mother ;
She has tak'n Chair, and he walks bowing by her,
With thirty thousand Rebels at his Heels.

King. What's to be done ? No pall upon my Spirit ;
But he that loves me best, and dares the most
On this nice point of Empire, let him speak.

Alph. I would advise you, Sir, to call him in,
And kill him instantly upon the Spot.

Abb. I like *Alphonso*'s Counsel, short, sure Work,
Cut off the Head, and let the Body walk.

Enter Queen-Mother.

Q. M. Sir, the *Guise* waits.

King. He enters on his Fate.

Q. M. Not so, forbear, the City's up in Arms ;
Nor doubt, if in their heat you cut him off,
That they will spare the Royal Majesty.
Once, Sir, let me advise, and rule your Fury.

King. You shall, I'll see him, and I'll spare him now.

Q. M. What will you say ?

King. I know not ;

Colonel *Grillon*, call the Archers in,
Double your Guard, and strictly charge the *Swits*
Stand to their Arms, receive him as a Traitor.
My Heart has set thee down, O *Guise*, in Blood,
Blood, Mother, Blood, ne're to be blotted out.

[Exit Grill.]

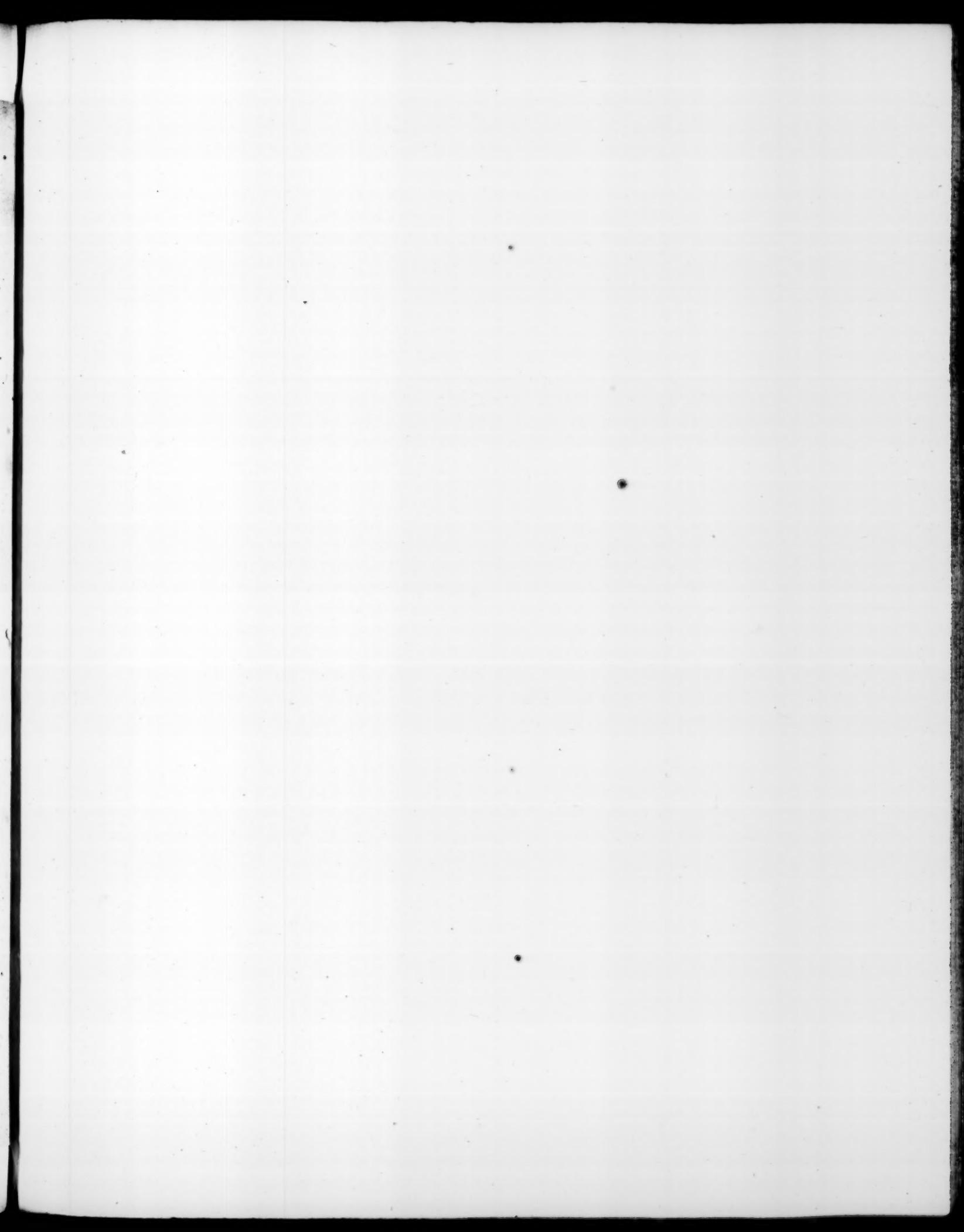
Q. M. Yet you'l relent, when this hot fit is over.

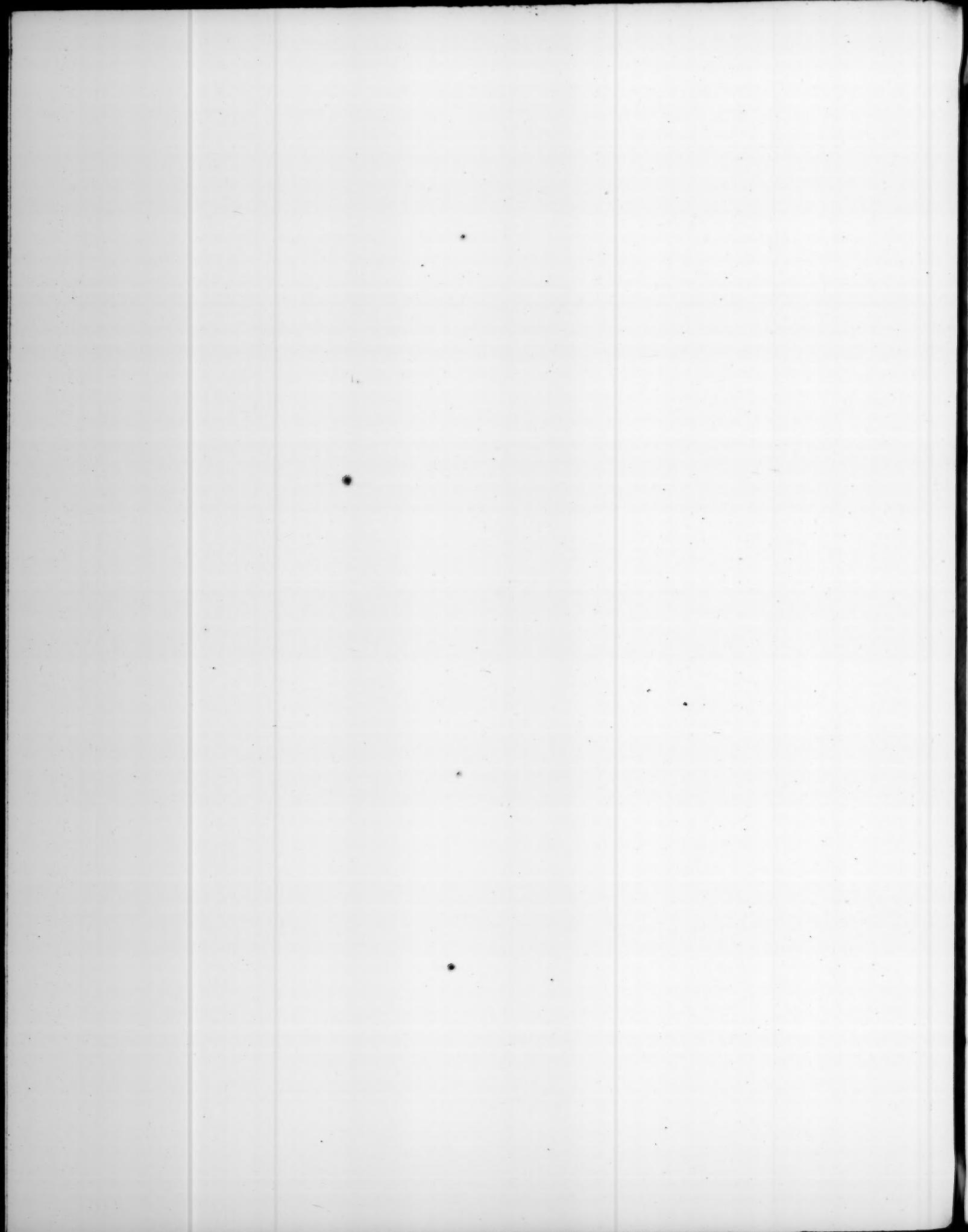
King. If I forgive him, may I ne're be forgiv'n ;
No, if I tamely bear such insolence ;
What aet of Treason will the Villains stop at ?
Seize me, they've sworn, Imprison me's the next,
Perhaps Arraign me, and then doom me dead ;
But e're I suffer that, fall all together,
Or rather, on slaughter'd Heaps erect
Thy Throne, and then proclaim it for Example,
I'm born a Monarch ; which implies alone
To wield the Scepter, and depend on none.

[Exeunt.]

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT.





A C T IV.

S C E N E The Louvre.

A Chair of State plac'd; the King appears sitting in it; a Table by him, on which he leans; Attendants on each side of them: amongst the rest, Abbot, Grillon, and Bellieure. The Queen-Mother enters led by the Duke of Guise, who makes his approach with three Reverences to the King's Chair; after the third, the King rises, and coming forward, speaks.

King. I Sent you word you should not come.

Guise. Sir that I came—

King. Why, that you came I see.

Once more I sent you word, you should not come.

Guise. Not come to throw my self with all submission,
Beneath your Royal Feet, to put my Cause
And Person in the Hands of Sovereign Justice!

King. Now 'tis with all submission, that's the Preface,
Yet still you came against my strict Command,
You disobey'd me, Duke, with all submission.

Guise. Sir, it was the last necessity that drove me
To clear my self of Calumnies, and Slanders,
Much urg'd, but never prov'd against my Innocence;
Yet had I known it was your express Command,
I shou'd not have approach'd.

King. 'Twas as express, as words could signifie;
Stand forth Bellieure, it shall be prov'd you knew it,
Stand forth, and to this false Mans Face declare
Your Message, word for word.

Bell. Sir, thus it was, I met him on the way,
And plain as I could speak, I gave your Orders,
Just in these following Words—

King. Enough, I know you told him;
But he has us'd me long to be contemn'd,
And I can still be patient, and forgive.

Guise. And I can ask forgiveness when I err;
But let my Gracious Master, please to know
The true intent of my mis-constru'd Faith.
Should I not come to vindicate my Fame,
From wrong Constructions? And—

King. Come, Duke, you were not wrong'd your Conscience knows,
You were not wrong'd, were you not plainly told,
That if you dar'd to set your Foot in Paris,

The Duke of GUISE.

You shon'd be held the cause of all Commotions,
That shou'd from thence ensue, and yet you came.

Guise. Sir, will you please with patience but to hear me?

King. I will, and wou'd be glad, my Lord of *Guise*,
To clear you to my self.

Guise. I had been told
There were in agitation here at Court,
Things of the highest note against Religion,
Against the common Properties of Subjects,
And Lives of honest well affected men;
I therefore judg'd. —

King. Then you it seems are judge
Betwixt the Prince and People, Judge for them,
And Champion against me?

Guise. I fear'd it might be represented so,
And came resolv'd. —

King. To head the factious Crowd.

Guise. To clear my Innocence.

King. The means for that,
Had been your absence from this hot-brain'd Town —
Where you, not I, are King —
I feel my Blood kindling within my Veins,
The Genius of the Throne knocks at my Heart,
Come what may come, he dies.

Q. M. stopping the King. What mean you, Sir,
You tremble and look pale, for Heavens sake think,
'Tis your own Life you venture, if you kill him.

King. Had I ten thousand Lives, I'le venture all.
Give me way, Madam.

Q. M. Not to your destruction.

The whole *Parisian* Herd is at your Gates;
A Crow'ds a Name too small, they are a Nation,
Numberless, arm'd, enrag'd, one Soul informs 'em.

King. And that one Soul's the *Guise*, I'le rend it out,
And damn the Rabble all at once in him.

Guise. (*aside*) My Fate is now i'th' Ballance, Fool within,
I thank thee for thy foresight.

Q. M. Your Guards oppose 'em.

King. Why not? a Multitudes a Bulky Coward.

Q. M. By Heaven there are not Limbs in all your Guards,
For every one a Morsel.

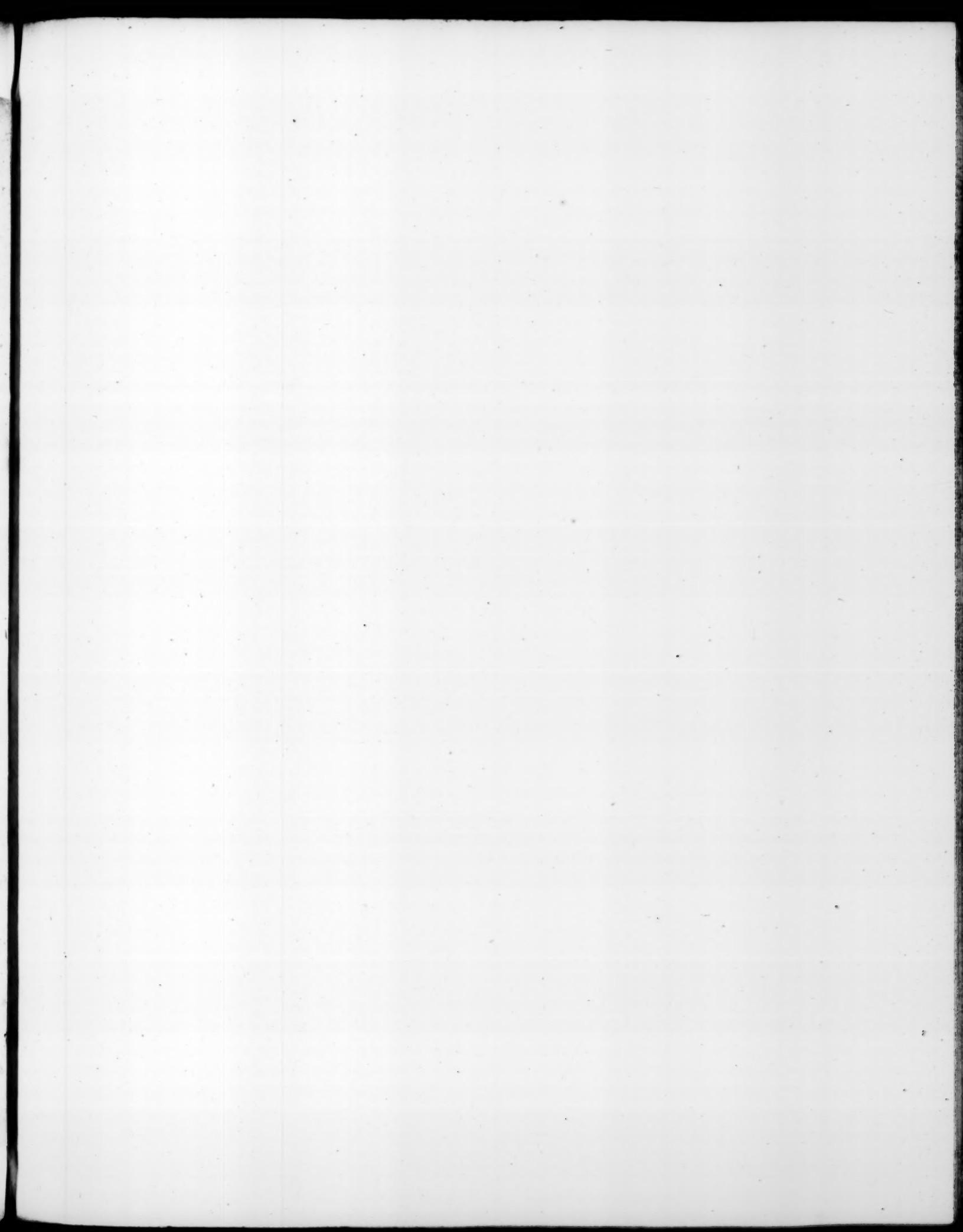
King. *Cæsar* quell'd 'em,
But with a Look and Word.

Q. M. So *Galba* thought.

King. But *Galba* was not *Cæsar*.

Guise. I must not give 'em time for Resolution.

[*Aside.*
My



8

My Journey, Sir, has discompos'd my Health.
I humbly beg your leave-I may retire,
Till your Commands re-call me to your Service.

[To the King.

[Exit Guise.

Manet King, Queen Mother, Grillon, Abbot.

King. So you have counsell'd well, the Traytor's gone,
To mock the meekness of an injur'd King, [To Queen-Mother.
Why did not you, who gave me part of Life,
Infuse my Father stronger in my Veins?
But when you kept me coop'd within your Womb,
you pall'd his generous Blood with the dull mixture
Of your Italian Food, and milk'd slow Arts
Of Womanish tameness in my Infant mouth,
Why stood I stupid else, and mis'd a blow,
Which Heaven and daring folly made so fair.

Q. M. I still maintain 'twas wisely done to spare him.

Grill. A pox o'this unseasonable wisdom;
He was a Fool to come; if so, then they
Who let him go, were somewhat.

King. The event, th' event will shew us what we were.
For like a blazing Meteor hence he shot,
And drew a sweeping Fiery Train along.
O Paris, Paris, once my Seat of Triumph;
But now the Scene of all thy King's misfortunes,
Ungrateful, Perjured, and Disloyal Town,
Which by my Royal Presence I have warm'd
So long, that now the Serpent hisses out,
And shakes his forked Tongue at Majesty.
While I—

Q. M. While you lose time in idle talk,
And use no means for safety and prevention.

King. What can I do! O Mother, Abbot, Grillon!
All dumb! nay, then 'tis plain, my Cause is desperate.
Such an o'erwhelming Ill makes Grief a Fool,
As if Redress were past.

Grill. I'll go to the next Sheriff,
And beg the first Reversion of a Rope;
Dispatch is all my business, I'll hang for you.

Abbot. 'Tis not so bad, as vainly you surmise;
Some space there is, some little space, some steps
Betwixt our Fate and us; our Foes are powerful,
But yet not Arm'd, nor Martiall'd into Order,
Believe it, Sir, the Guise will not attempt,
'Till he have rowl'd his Snow-ball to a heap.

King. So, then, my Lord, we are a day off from Death,
What shall to morrow do?

Abbor. To morrow, Sir,
If hours between slide not too idle by,
You may be Master of their Destiny,
Who now dispose so loftily of yours.
Not far without the Suburbs there are quarter'd
Three thousand *Swisse*, and two *French* Regiments.

King. Wou'd they were here, and I were at their head.

Q. M. Send Mareschal *Byon* to lead 'em up.

King. It shall be so, by Heaven there's Life in this,
The wrack of Clouds is driving on the Winds,
And shows a break of Sun-shine.
Go, *Grillon*, give my Orders to *Byron*,
And see your Soldiers well dispos'd within,
For safeguard of the *Louvre*.

Q. M. One thing more,
The *Guise* (his bus'ness not yet fully ripe,) Will treat at least for show of Loyalty ;
Let him be met with the same Arts he brings.

King. I know, he'll make exorbitant Demands,
But here your part of me will come in play ;
Th' *Italian* Soul shall teach me how to sooth :
Even *Jove* must flatter with an empty hand,
'Tis time to thunder, when he gripes the Brand.

[*Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Malicorn solus.
A Night SCENE.

Mal. Thus far the Cause of God : But God's or Devil's,
I mean my Master's Cause, and mine succeed :
What shall the *Guise* do next ?

[*A flash of Lightning.*

Enter the Spirit Melanax.

Mal. First seize the King, and after murder him.

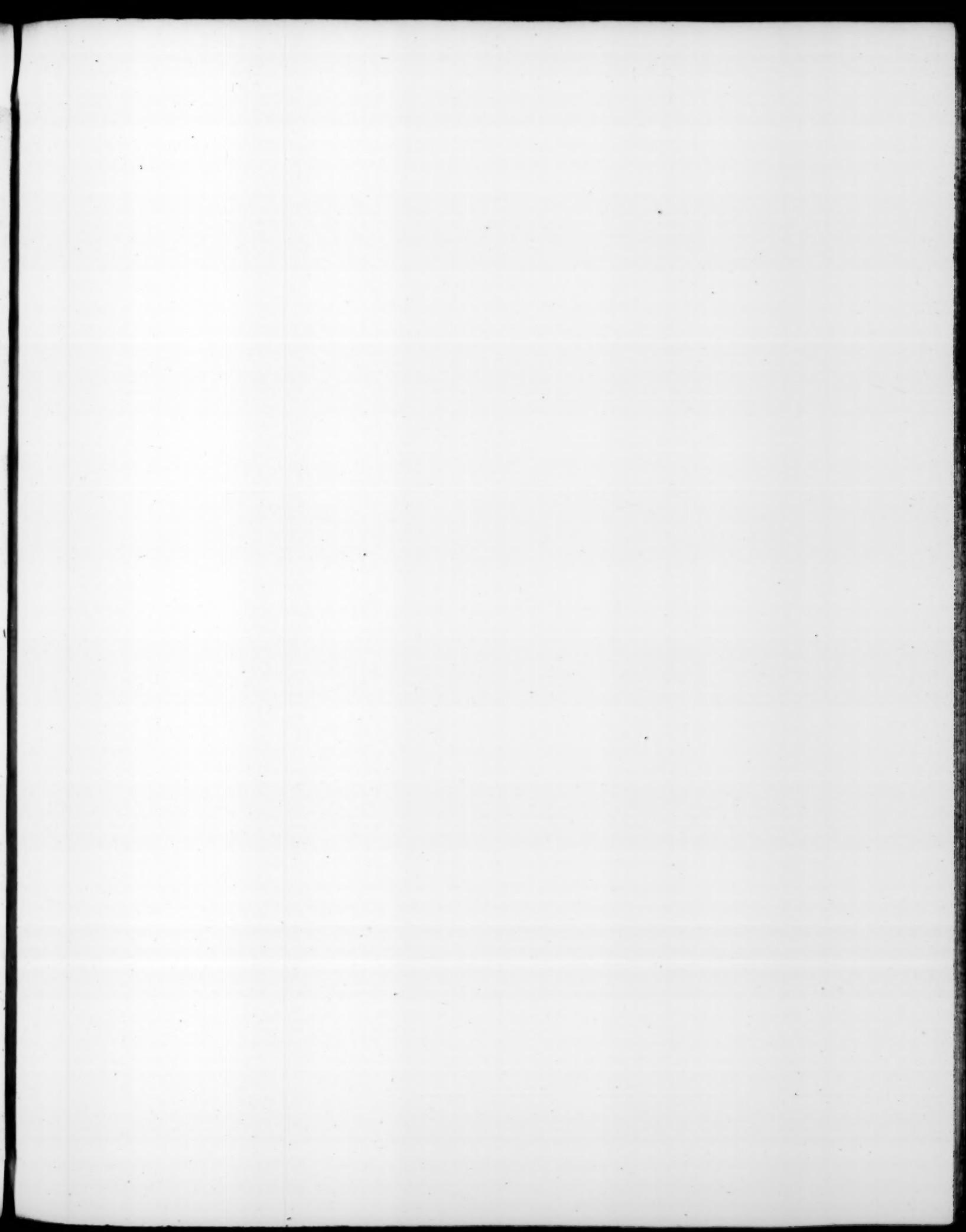
Mal. Officious Fiend, thou com'st uncall'd to Night.

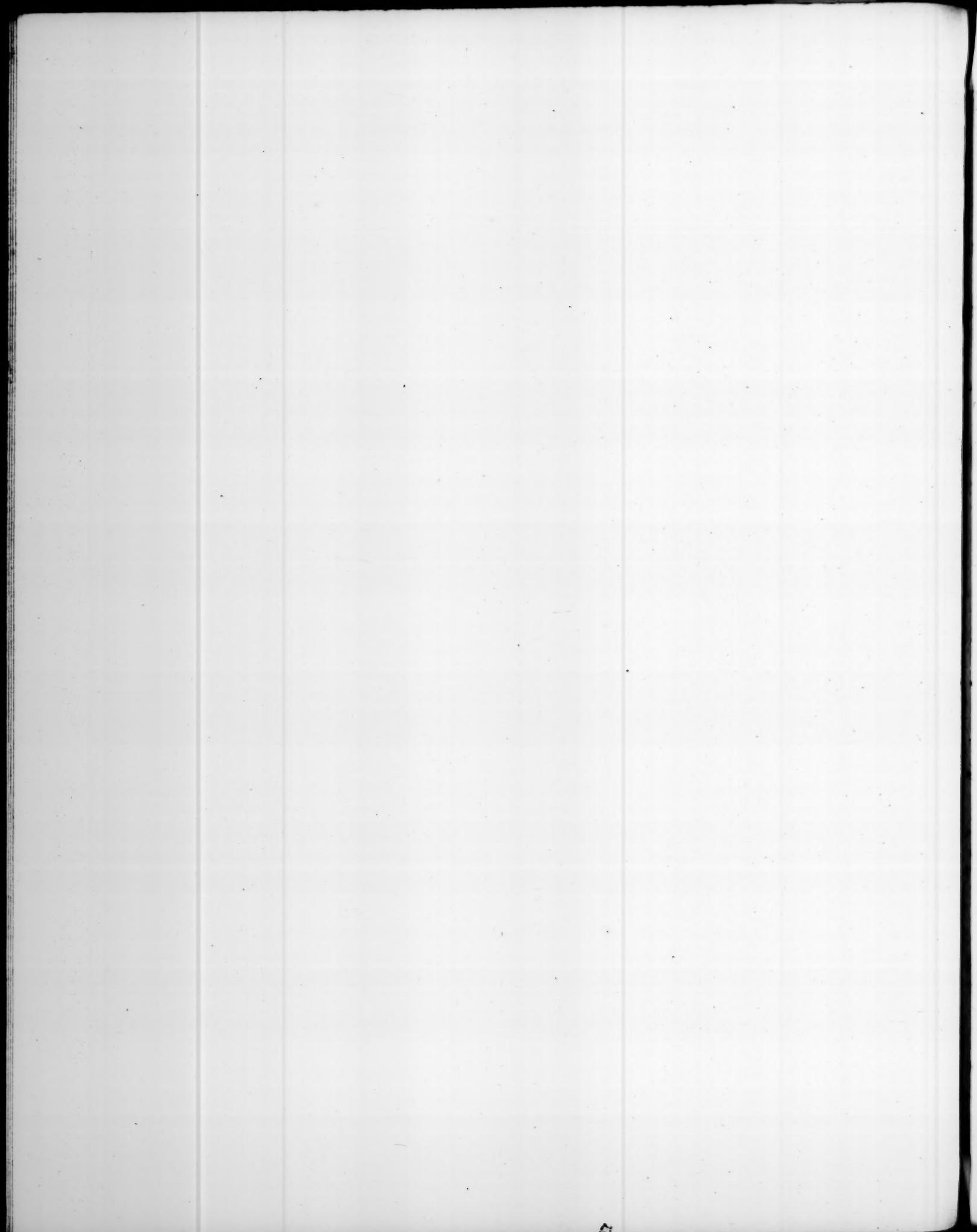
Mal. Always uncall'd, and still at hand for mischief.

Mal. —— But why in this Fanatick Habit, Devil ?
Thou look'st like one that preaches to the Crowd,
Gospel is in thy Face, and outward Garb,
And Treason on thy Tongue.

Mal. Thou hast me right,
Ten thousand Devils more are in this Habit,
Saintship, and Zeal are still our best disguise :
We mix unknown with the hot thoughtless Crowd,
And quoting Scriptures, which too well we know,
With impious Glosses ban the holy Text,
And make it speak Rebellion, Schism and Murder,
So turn the Arms of Heaven against it self.

Mal.





Mal. What makes the Curate of St. Eustace here?

Mel. Thou art mistaken Master, 'tis not he,
But 'tis a zealous, godly, canting Devil,
Who has assum'd the Churchman's lucky shape,
To talk the Crowd to Madness and Rebellion.

Mal. O true Enthusiastick Devil, true;
For lying is thy Nature, even to me:
Didst thou not tell me, If my Lord the *Guise*
Enter'd the Court, his head should then lie low?
That was a lye; he went, and is return'd.

Mel. 'Tis false; I said, perhaps it should lie low.
And, but I chill'd the blood in *Henry's* veins,
And cram'd a thousand ghastly, frightful Thoughts,
Nay, thrust 'em foremost in his lab'ring Brain,
Even so it would have been.

Mal. Thou hast deserv'd me,
And I am thine, dear Devil; what do we next?

Mel. I said, First seize the King.

Mal. Suppose it done:
He's clapt within a Convent, shorn a Saint,
My Master mounts the Throne.

Mel. Not so fast, *Malicorne*;
Thy Master mounts not, till the King be slain.

Mal. Not when depos'd.

Mel. He cannot be depos'd.
He may be kill'd, a violent Fate attends him;
But at his Birth there shone a Regal Star.

Mal. My Master had a stronger.

Mel. No, not a stronger, but more popular.
Their Births were full oppos'd, the *Guise* now strongest;
But if th'ill Influence pass o'er *Harry's* Head,
As in a year it will, *France* ne'er shall boast
A greater King than he; now cut him off,
While yet his Stars are weak.

Mal. Thou talk'st of Stars:
Canst thou not see more deep into Events,
And by a surer way?

Mel. No, *Malicorne*,
The ways of Heaven are broken since our Fall,
Gulph, beyond Gulph, and never to be shot:
Once we cou'd read our mighty Maker's mind,
As in a Chrystal Mirror, see th' Idea's
Of things that always are, as he is always.
Now shut below in this dark Sphere,
By Second Causes dimly we may guess,
And peep far off on Heavens revolving Orbs,
Which cast obscure Reflections from the Throne.

Mal. Then tell me thy Surmises of the future.

Mel. I took the Revolution of the Year,
Just when the Sun was entering the Ram :
Th' ascending Scorpion poyson'd all the Sky,
A sign of deep deceit and treachery.
Full on his Cusp his angry Master fate,
Conjoyn'd with Saturn, baleful both to Man :
Of secret Slaughters, Empires overturn'd,
Strife, Blood, and Massacres expect to hear,
And all th' Events of an ill-omen'd Year.

Mal. Then flourish Hell, and mighty Mischief reign,
Mischief to some, to others must be good ;
But hark, for now tho' 'tis the dead of Night,
When silence broods upon our darkned World,
Methinks I hear a murmuring hollow sound,
Like the deaf Chimes of Bells in Steeples touch'd.

Mel. 'Tis truly guess'd :
But know, 'tis from no nightly Sexton's hand,
There's not a damned Ghost, nor hell-born Fiend,
That can from Limbo scape, but hither flies,
With leather'n Wings they beat the dusky Skies.
To sacred Churches all in Swarms repair,
Some crowd the Spires, but most the hallow'd Bells,
And softly Toll for Sou' departing Knells,
Each Chime thou hear'st, a future death foretells.
Now there they perch to have'em in their Eyes,
Till all go loaded to the Neather Skies.

Mal. To morrow then.

Mel. To morrow let it be :
Or thou deceiv'st those hungry, gaping Fiends,
And Beelzebub will rage.

Mal. Why Beelzebub ? hast thou not often said,
That Lucifer's your King ?

Mel. I told thee true :

But Lucifer, as he who foremost fell,
So now lies lowest in th' Abyss of Hell.
Chain'd till the dreadful Doom, in place of whom
Sits Beelzebub, Vicegerent of the dam'd,
Who listning downward hears his roaring Lord,
And executes his purpose, but no more,
The morning creeps behind your Eastern hill;
And now the Guard is mine, to drive the Elves
And foolish Fairies from their Moon-light Play,
And lash the Lidders from the sight of day.

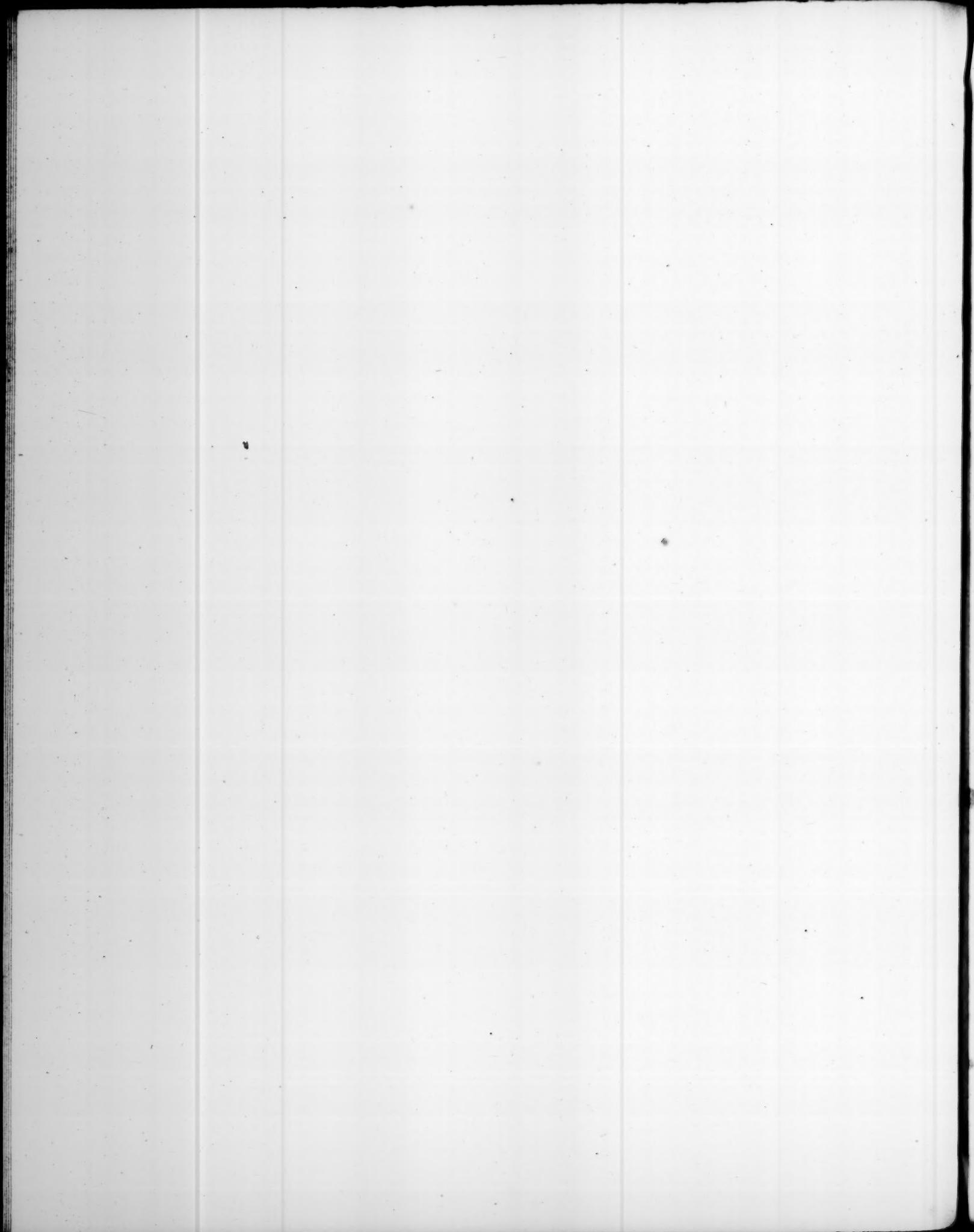
[*Descend.*

Enter Guise, Mayenne, Cardinal, and Archbifhop.

May. Sullen, methinks, and slow the mōrning breaks,

As.

- souls



The Duke of GUISE.

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As if the Sun were listless to appear, -
And dark designs hung heavy on the day.

Guise. Y'are an old Man too soon, y'are superstitious,
I'll trust my Stars, I know 'em now by proof,
The Genius of the King bends under mine,
Inviron'd with his Guards, he durst not touch me ;
But aw'd and craven'd as he had been spell'd,
Would have pronounc'd, Go kill the *Guise*, and durst not.

Card. We have him in our power, coopt in his Court,
Who leads the first Attack? Now by yond Heaven —
That blushes at my Scarlet Robes, I'll d'off
This Womanish Attire of Godly Peace,
And cry, Lie there, Lord Cardinal of *Guise*.

Guise. As much too hot, as *Mayenne* coo cool,
But 'tis the manlier fault o'th' two.

Bishop. Have you not heard the King, preventing day,
Receiv'd the Guards into the City Gates,
The jolly *Swisses* marching to their Fifes.
The Crowd stood gaping, heartless, and amaz'd,
Shrunk to their Shops, and left the passage free.

Guise. I would it should be so, 'twas a good horror,
First let 'em fear for Rapes, and ransack Houses ;
That very fright when I appear to head 'em,
Will harden their soft City Courages:
Cold Burghers must be struck, and struck like Flints,
Ere their hid Fire will sparkle.

Bishop. I am glad the King has introduc'd these Guards.

Card. Your Reason.

Bishop. They are too few for us to fear,
Our numbers in old martial Men are more,
The City not cast in, but the pretence
That hither they are brought to bridle *Paris*,
Will make this rising pass for just defence.

May. Suppose the City should not rise.

Guise. Suppose as well the Sun should never rise:
He may not rise, for Heaven may play a trick ;
But he has risen from *Adam's* time to ours.
Is nothing to be left to Noble Hazard ?
No Venture made, but all dull certainty ;
By Heaven I'll tug with *Harry* for a Crown,
Rather then have it on tame terms of yielding.
I scorn to poach for Power.

Enter a Servant, who whispers *Guise*.

A Lady, say'st thou, Young, and Beautiful,
Brought in a Chair?

Conduct

Conduct her in—

[Exit Serv.

Card. You wou'd be left alone—

Guise. I wou'd: Retire.

Re-enter Servant with Marmoutier, and Exit.

Starting { Is't possible, I dare not trust my Eyes :
back. } You are not *Marmoutier*!

Mar. What am I then ?

Guise. Why any thing but she :

What should the Mistress of a King do here ?

Mar. Find him, who wou'd be Master of a King.

Guise. I sent not for you, Madam.

Mar. I think my Lord the King sent not for you..

Guise. Do you not fear your Visit will be known ?

Mar. Fear is for guilty Men, Rebels, and Traytors ;
Where-e'er I go, my Virtue is my Guard.

Guise. What Devil has sent thee here to plague my Soul ?

O that I cou'd detest thee now as much

As ever I have lov'd, nay, even as much

As yet in spite of all thy Crimes I love :

But 'tis a Love so mixt with dark Despair,

The Smoke and Soot smother the rising Flame,

And make my Soul a Furnace : Woman, Woman,

What can I call thee more, if Devil 'twere less,

Sure thine's a Race was never got by *Adam*,

But *Eve* play'd false, engend'ring with the Serpent,

Her own part worse than his.

Mar. Then they got Traytors.

Guise. Yes, Angel-Traytors, fit to shine in Palaces,

Fork'd into ills, and split into deceits ;

Two in their very frame ; 'twas well, 'twas well,

I saw not thee at Court, thou Basilisk ;

For if I had, those Eyes, without his Guards,

Had done the Tyrant's work.

Mar. Why then, it seems,

I was not false in all ; I told you, *Guise*,

If you left *Paris*, I would go to Court :

You see I kept my Promise.

Guise. Still thy Sex :

Once true in all thy life, and that for mischief.

Mar. Have I said I lov'd you ?

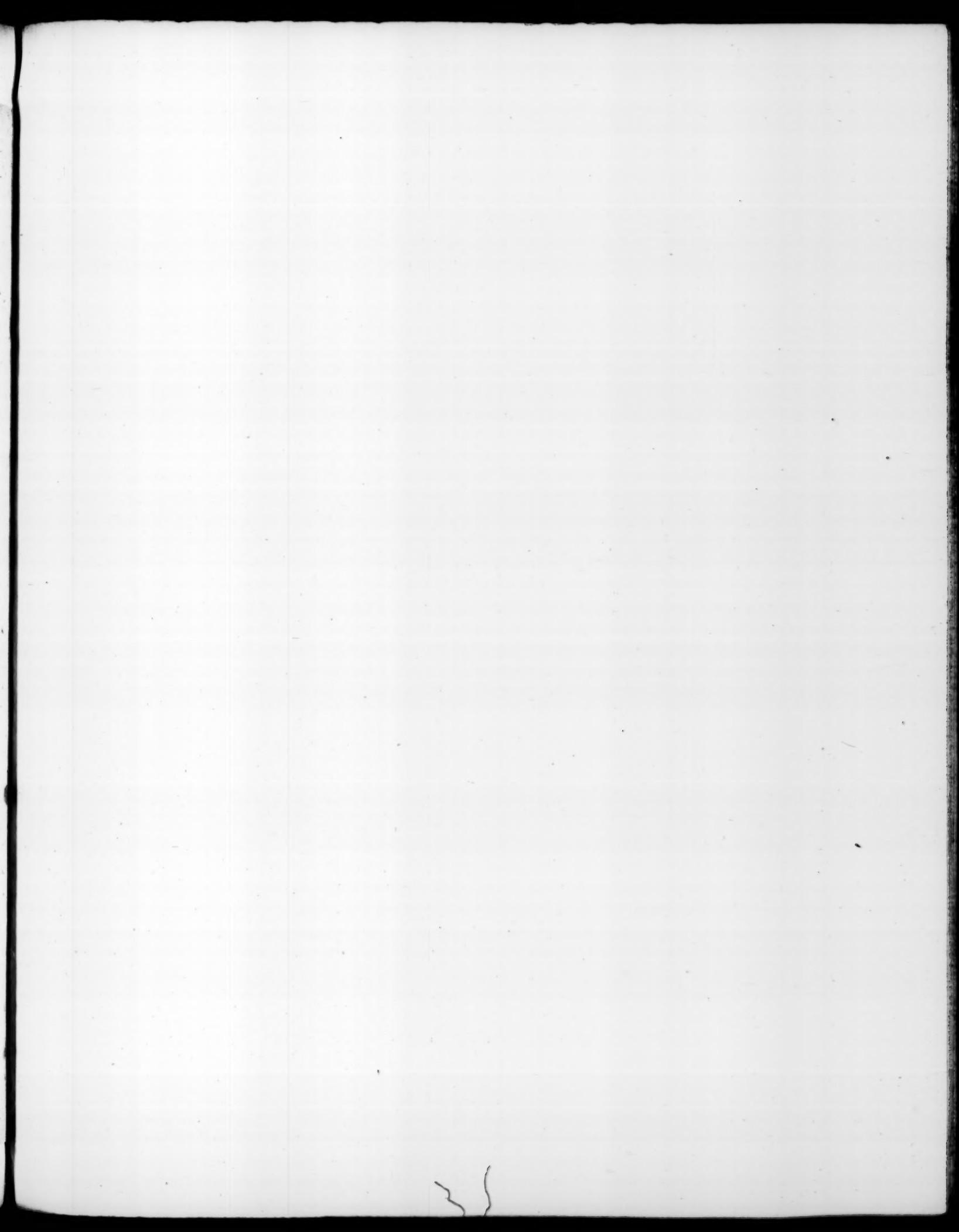
Guise. Stab on, Stab,

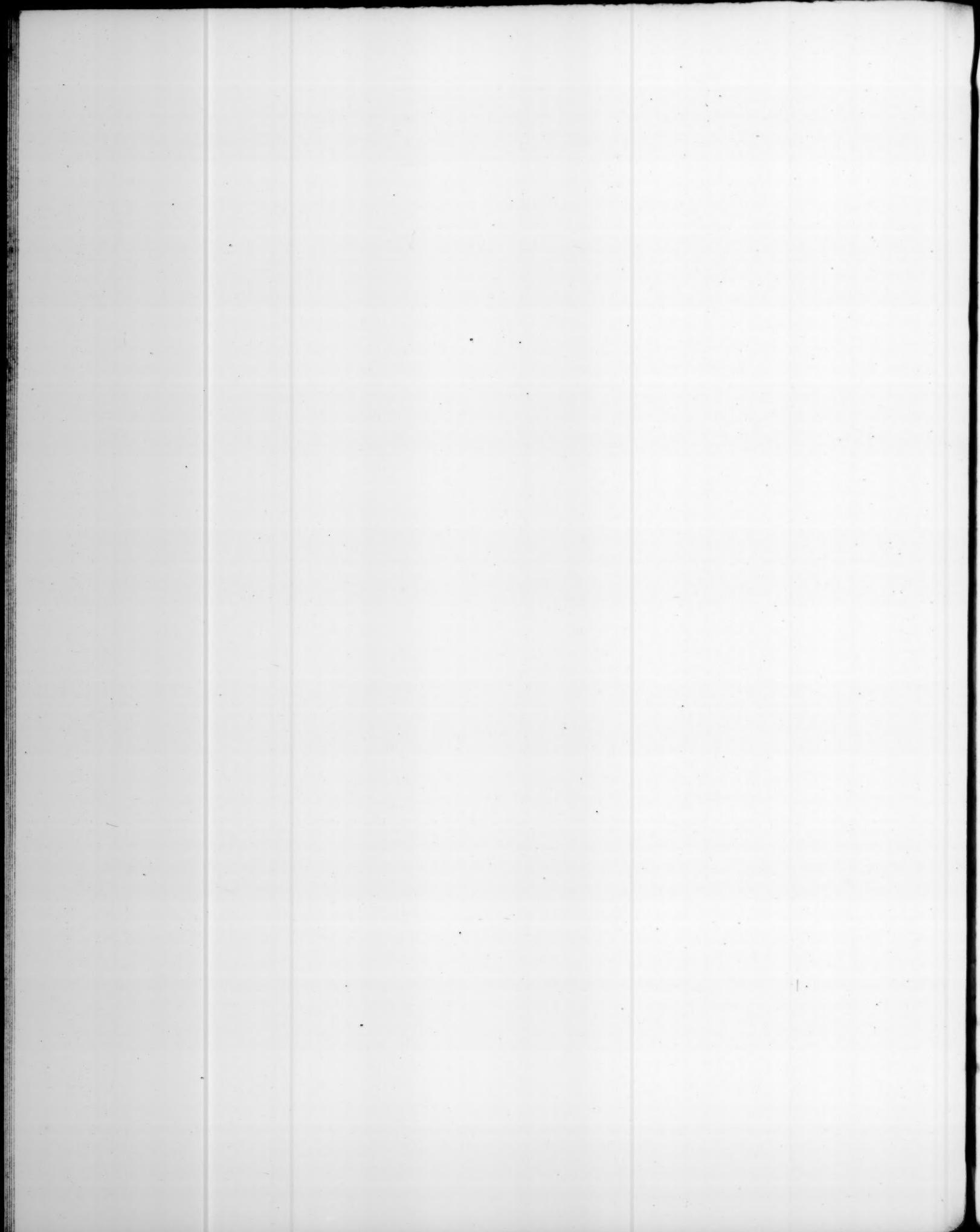
Tis plain you love the King.

Mar. Nor him, nor you,

In that unlawful way you seem to mean.

My Eyes had once so far betray'd my Heart,





As to distinguish you from common Men,
What e'er you said, or did, was Charming all.

Guise. But yet, it seems, you found a King more Charming.

Mar. I do not say more Charming, but more Noble,
More truly Royal, more a King in Soul,
Than you are now in wishes.

Guise. May be so:

But Love has oil'd your Tongue to run so glib,
Curse on your Eloquence.

Mar. Curse not that Eloquence, that sav'd your Life:
For when your wild Ambition, which defy'd
A Royal Mandat, hurried you to Town;
When over-weaning Pride of Popular Power,
Had thrust you headlong in the *Louvre* Toils,
Then had you dy'd: For know, my haughty Lord,
Had I not been, offended Majesty
Had doom'd you to the death you well deserv'd.

Guise. Then was't not *Henry's* fear preserv'd my Life?

Mar. You know him better, or you ought to know him;
He's born to give you fear, not to receive it.

Guise. Say this again, but add you gave not up
Your Honour as the Ransom of my Life;
For if you did, 'twere better I had dy'd.

Mar. And so it were.

Guise. Why said you, So it were?
For tho' 'tis true, methinks 'tis much unkind.

Mar. My Lord, we are not now to talk of kindness;
If you acknowledge I have sav'd your Life;
Be grateful in return, and do an act
Your Honour, though unaskt by me, requires.

Guise. By Heav'n and you, whom next to Heaven I love,
(If I said more, I fear I should not lie,)
I'll do what e'er my Honour will permit.

Mar. Go throw your self at *Henry's* Royal Feet,
And rise not, 'till approv'd a Loyal Subject.

Guise. A Dutious Loyal Subject I was ever.

Mar. I'll put it short, my Lord, depart from *Paris*.

Guise. I cannot leave
My Countrey, Friends, Religion, all at stake;
Be wise, and be before-hand with your Fortune;
Prevent the turn, forsake the ruin'd Court;
Stay here, and make a merit of your Love.

Mar. No, I'll return, and perish in those Ruines;
I find thee now, ambitious, faithless *Guise*,
Farewel the basest, and the last of Men.

Guise. Stay — or — O Heav'n! I'll force you: Stay —

Mar. I do believe

So ill of you, so villainously ill,
That if you durst you would :
Honour you've little, Honesty you've less ;
But Conscience you have none.
Yet there's a thing call'd Fame, and Men's Esteem,
Preserves me from your force; once more farewell :
Look on me *Guise*, thou seest me now the last,
Tho' Treason urge not Thunder on thy head,
This one departing Glance shall flash thee dead.

[Exit.]

Guise. Ha, said she true? have I so little Honour ?
Why then a Prize so easie, and so fair,
Had never scap'd my Gripe ; but mine she is,
For that's set down as sure as *Harry's* Fall :
But my Ambition that she calls my Crime :
False, false, by Fate, my Right was born with me,
And Heaven confest it in my very frame ;
The Fires that would have form'd ten thousand Angels,
Were cram'd together for my single Soul.

Enter Malicorne.

Mal. My Lord, you trifle precious hours away,
The Heavens look gaudily upon your greatness,
And the crown'd moments court you as they fly ;
Brisack and fierce *Aumale* have pent the *Swiffe*,
And folded 'em like Sheep in holy ground,
Where now with order'd Pikes, and Colours furl'd,
They wait the word that dooms 'em all to dye :
Come forth and bless the Triumph of the day.

Guise. So slight a Victory requir'd not me :
I but fate still, and Nodded like a God
My World into Creation, now tis time
To walk abroad, and carelesly survey
How the dull Matter does the form obey.

[Exit with Malicorne.]

Enter Citizens, and Melanax in his Fanatick Habit
at the head of 'em

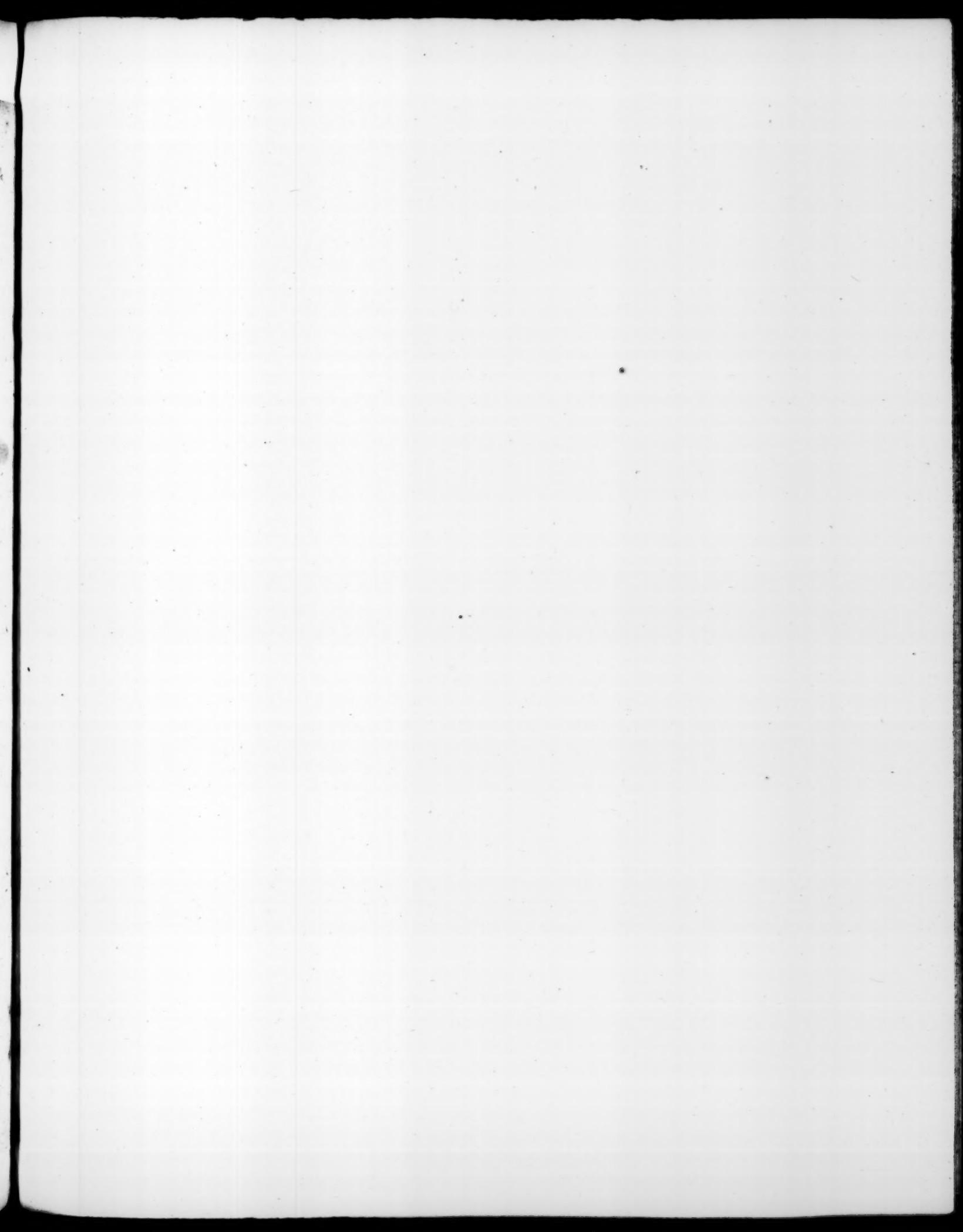
Mel. Hold, hold a little, Fellow Citizens, and you Gentlemen of the Rabble, a word of Godly Exhortation to strengthen your hands, ere you give the Onset.

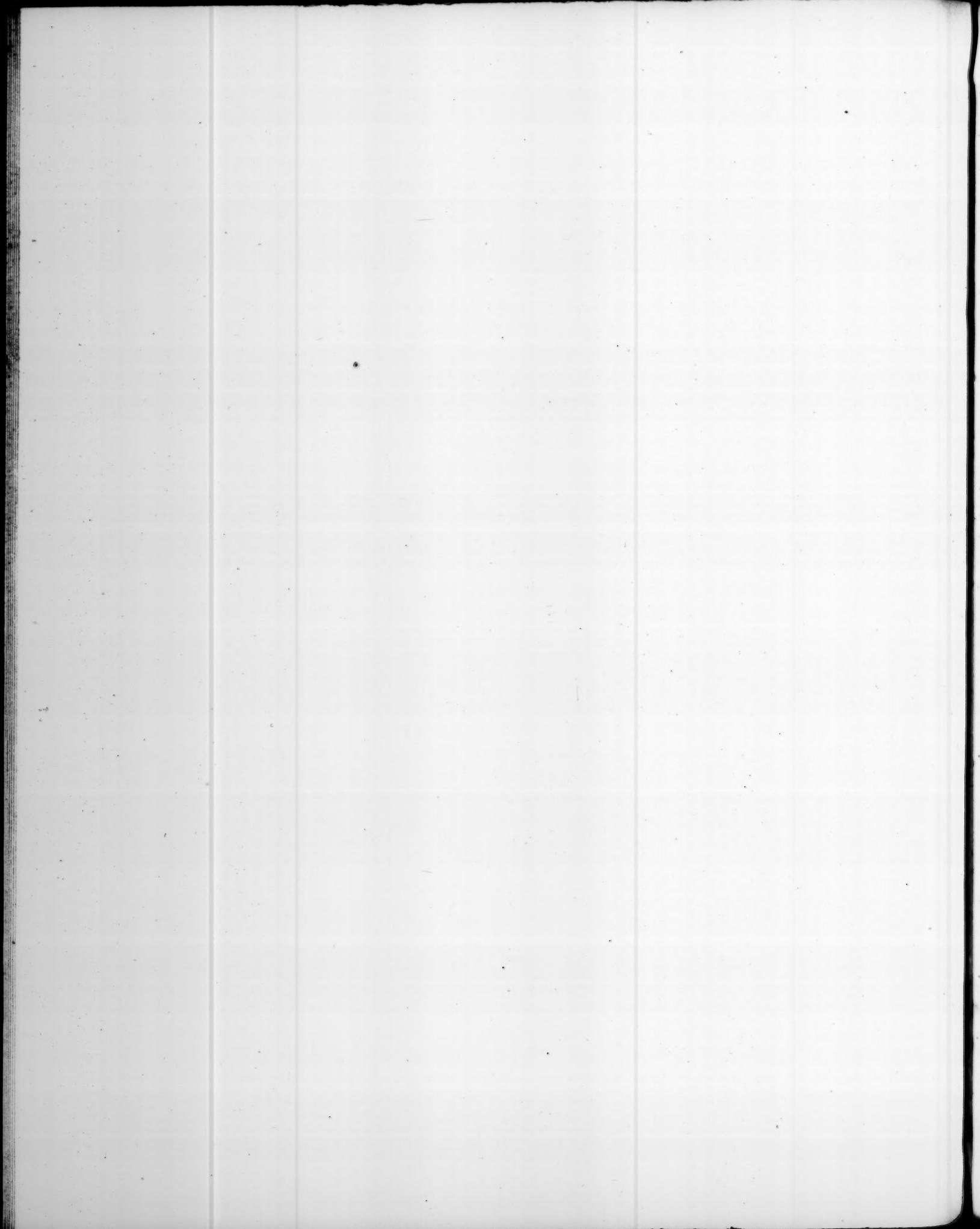
1 *Cit.* Is this a time to make Sermons? I wou'd not hear the Devil now tho' he should come in God's name to Preach Peace to us.

2 *Cit.* Look you, Gentlemen, Sermons are not to be despis'd, We have all profited by godly Sermons that promote Sedition, Let the Precious Man Hold forth.

Omnis. Let him Hold forth, let him Hold forth.

Mel.





The Duke of GUISE.

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Mel. To promote Sedition is my Business: It has been so before any of you were born, and will be so when you are all dead and damn'd; I have led on the Rabble in all Ages.

1 Cit. That's a Lye, and a loud one. He has led the Rabble both Old and Young, that's all Ages: A heavenly sweet Man, I warrant him, I have seen him somewhere in a Pulpit.

Mel. I sown Rebellion every where.

1 Cit. How every where? That's another Lye: How far have you travell'd, Friend?

Mel. Over all the World.

1 Cit. Now that's a Rapper.

2 Cit. I say, No: For, look you Gentlemen, if he has been a Traveller, he certainly says true, for he may lye by Authority.

Mel. That the Rabble may depose their Prince, Has in all Times, and in all Countries, been accounted Lawful.

1 Cit. That's the first true Syllable he has utter'd: But as how, and whereby, and when may they depose him?

Mel. Whenever they have more Power to Depose, than he has to Oppose, and this they may do upon the least Occasion.

1 Cit. Sirrah, you mince the Matter; you should say, we may do it upon no Occasion, for the less the better.

Mel. aside. Here's a Rogue now will out-shoot the Devil in his own Bow.

2 Cit. Some Occasion, in my mind, were not amiss: For, look you Gentlemen, if we have no Occasion, then whereby we have no Occasion to depose him; and therefore either Religion or Liberty, I stick to those Occasions: For when they are gone, Good-night to Godliness, and Freedom.

Mel. When the most are of one Side, as that's our Case, we are always in the Right; for they that are in Power will ever be the Judges: So that if we say, White is Black, poor White must lose the Cause, and put on Mourning; for White is but a Single Syllable, and we are a whole Sentence: Therefore go on boldly, and lay on resolutely, for your Solemn League and Covenant, and if here be any squeamish Conscience who fears to fight against the King, though I that have known you Citizens these Thousand Years, suspect not any, let such understand, That his Majesty's Politick Capacity is to be distinguish'd from his Natural; and though you murder him in one, you may preserve him in the other, and so much for this time, because the Enemy is at hand.

2 Cit. Looking out.

Look you, Gentlemen, 'tis Grillon the fierce Colonel, He that devours our Wives, and ravishes our Children.

1 Cit. He looks so Grum, I don't care to have to do with him, Wou'd I were safe in my Shop behind the Counter.

2 Cit. And wou'd I were under my Wives Petticoats, Look you, Gentlemen

Mel. You, Neighbour, behind your Compter Yesterday, paid a Bill

of Exchange in Glass Louisdors ; and you, Friend, that cry, Look you Gentlemen, this very Morning was under another Womans Petticoats, and not your Wives.

Mel. How the Devil does he know this?

Mel. Therefore fight lustily for the Cause of Heaven, and to make even Tallies for your Sins, which that you may do with a better Conscience, I absolve you both, and all the rest of you : Now go on merrily, for those that escape shall avoid killing ; and those who do not escape, I will provide for in another World.

[Cry within on the other Side of the Stage, Vive le Roy, Vive le Roy.

Enter Grillon, and his Party.

Gril. Come on, Fellow-Soldiers, Committones, that's my Word, as 'twas Julius Casar's of Pagan Memory ; 'fore God I am no Speech-maker, but there are the Rogues, and here's Bilbo, that's a Word and a Blow, we must either cut their Throats, or they cut ours, that's pure Necessity for your comfort : Now if any Man can be so unkind to his own Body, for I meddle not with your Souls, as to stand still like a good Christian, and offer his Weeson to a Butcher's Whittle, I say no more, but that he may be sav'd, and that's the best can come on him.

[Cry on both Sides, Vive le Roy, Vive Guise. The Fight.

Mel. Hey for the Duke of Guise and Property, up with Religion and the Cause; and down with those Arbitrary Rogues there :

Stand to't you Associated Cuckolds.

[Citizens go back.

O Rogues, O Cowards, Damn these half-strain'd Shop-keepers, Got between Gentlemen and City-Wives, how Naturally they quake, and run away from their own Fathers, Twenty Souls a Penny were a dear Bargain of 'em.

[They all run off, Meianax with them, the 1. and 2 Cit. taken.

Gril. Possess your selves of the Place, Manbert,
And hang me up those Two Rogues for an Example.

1 Cit. O spare me, sweet Colonel, I am but a young Beginner, and new set up.

Gril. I'll be your Customer, and set you up a little better, Sirrah,
Go hang him at the next Sign-post :
What have you to say for your self, Scoundrel ?
Why were you a Rebel ?

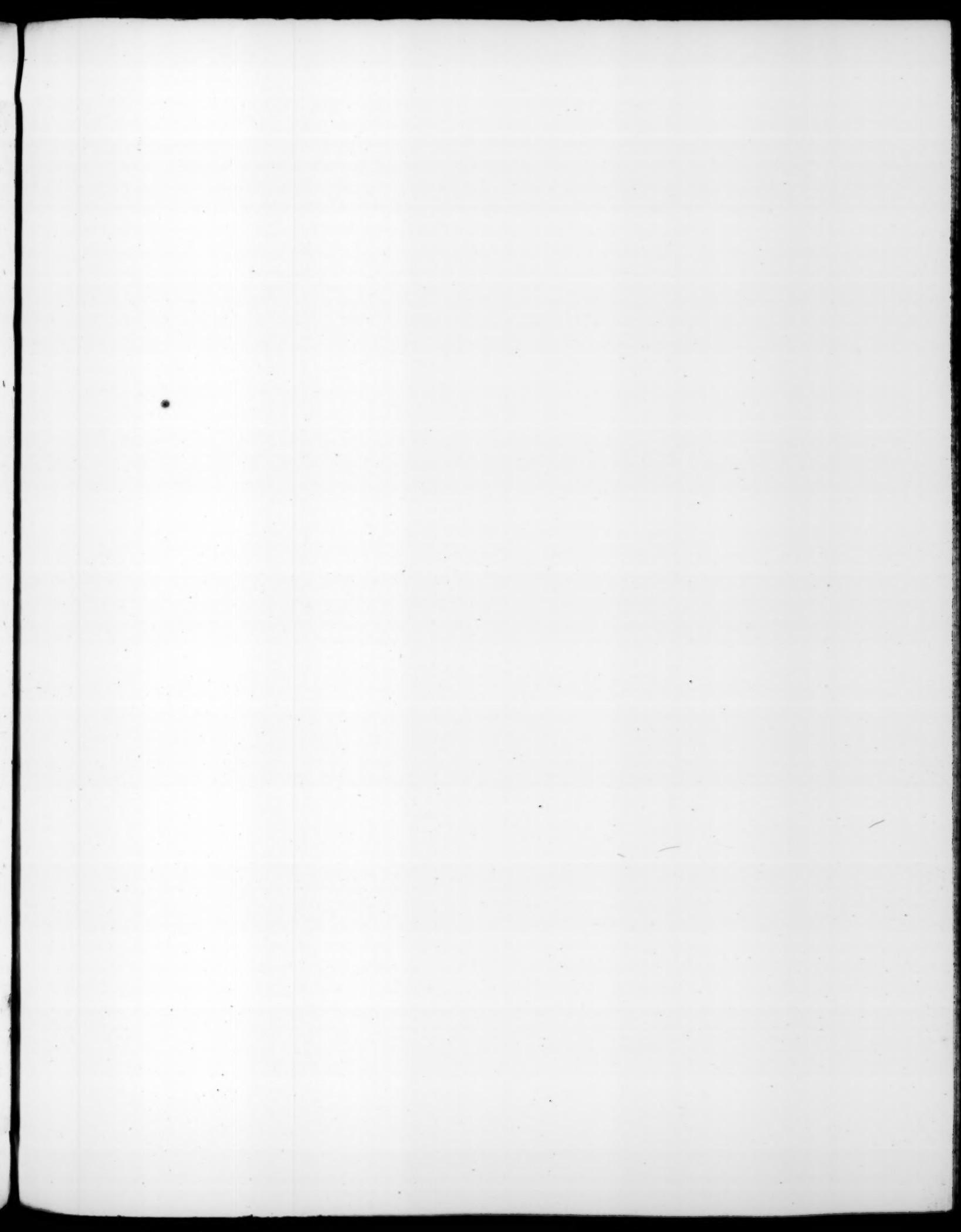
Cit. Look you, Colonel, 'twas out of no ill meaning to the Government, all that I did, was pure Obedience to my Wife.

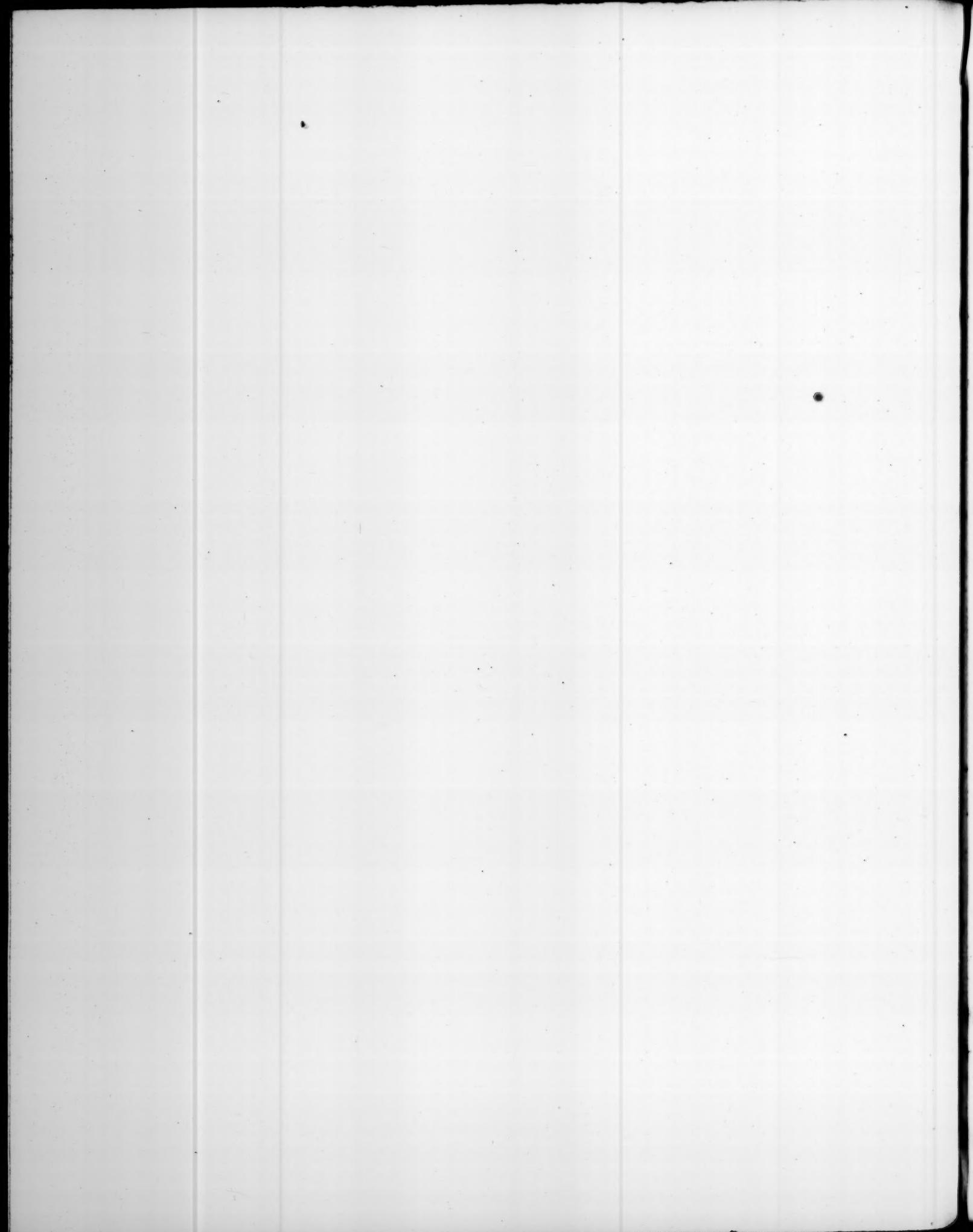
Gril. Nay, if thou haft a Wife that wears the Breeches,
Thou shalt be condemn'd to live :
Get thee home for a Hen-peckt Traytor —
What, are we encaptiv'd ? Nay then, Faces this way ;
We'll sell our Skins to the fairest Chapman.

[Enter Aumale and Soldiers on the one Side, Citizens on the other, Grillon and his Party are disarm'd.

1 Cit. Bear away that bloody-minded Colonel,

And





And hang him up at the next Sign-post :

Nay, when I am in Power, I can make Examples too.

Omnis. Tear him piece-meal, tear him piece-meal. [Pull and hale him.]

Gril. Rogues, Villains, Rebels, Traytors, Cuckolds ;

'Swounds what do you make of a Man ? Do you think

Legs and Arms are strung upon a Wire, like a Jointed-Baby ?

Carry me off quickly, you were best, and hang me decently, according to my first Sentence.

2 Cit. Look you, Colonel, you are too bulky to be carried off all at once, a Leg or an Arm is one Man's Burden :

Give me a little Finger for a Sample of him, whereby

I'll carry it for a Token to my Sovereign Lady.

Gril. 'Tis too little, in all Conscience, for her ;

Take a bigger Token, Cuckold. *Et tu Brute* whom I sav'd,

O the Conscience of a Shop-keeper !

2 Cit. Look you, Colonel, for your saving me, I thank you heartily, whereby that Debt is paid ; but for your speaking Treason against my anointed Wife, that's a new Reckoning between us.

[Enter Guise with a General's Staff in his Hand, Mayenne, Cardinal, Archbishop, Malicorn, and Attendant.

Omnis. Vive Guise.

Guise bowing, and Bare-headed.

I thank you Country-men, the Hand of Heaven

In all our Safeties has appear'd this Day,

Stand on your Guard, and double every Watch,

But stain your Triumph with no Christian Blood,

French we are all, and Brothers of a Land.

Card. What mean you, Brother, by this Godly talk ?

Of sparing Christian Blood, why these are Dogs ;

Now by the Sword that cut off *Malchus* Ear,

Meer Dogs that neither can be sav'd nor damn'd.

Archbishop. Where have you learnt to spare inveterate Foes ?

Guise. You know the Book.

Archbishop. And can expound it too :

But Christjan Faith was in the Nonage then,

And Roman Heathens lorded o'er the World,

What madness were it for the Weak and Few,

To fight against the Many and the Strong :

Grillon must dye, so must the Tyrant's Guards,

Lest gathering head again, they make more work.

Mal. My Lord, the People must be flesh'd in Blood,

To teach 'em the true Relish, dip 'em with you —

Or they'll perhaps repent.

Guise. You are Fools, to kill 'em were to shew I fear'd 'em ;

The Court disarm'd, disheartned, and besieg'd,

Are all as much within my Power, as if

I grip'd 'em in my Fist.

The Duke of GUISE.

Mary. 'Tis rightly judg'd:
And let me add, who heads a Popular Cause,
Must prosecute that Cause by Popular Ways:
So whether you are merciful or no,
You must affect to be

Guise. Dismiss those Prisoners, *Grillon*, you are free,
I do not ask your Love, be still my Foe.

Grill. I will be so: But let me tell you, *Guise*,
As this was greatly done, 'twas proudly too;
I'll give you back your Life when next we meet,
Till then I am your Debtor.

Guise. That's still Dooms-day. [Grillon and his Exeunt one way,
Haste, Brother, draw out Fifteen thousand Men, Rabbie the other.
Surround the Louvre, lest the Prey should 'scape,
I know the King will send to treat,
We'll set the Dice on him in high Demands,
No less than all his Offices of Trust,
He shall be par'd, and canton'd out, and clipt,
So long he shall not pass.

Cards. What do we talk
Of paring, clipping, and such tedious Work,
Like those that hang their Noses o'er a Potion, and Qualm, and Keck,
and take it down by Sips.

Archbishop. Best make advantage of this Popular Rage,
Let in th'o'erwhelming Tyde on Harry's Head.
Is that promiscuous Fury who shall know
Among a Thousand Swords who kill'd the King.

M. I. O my dear Lord, upon this only Day
Depends the Series of your following Fate:
Think your good Genius has asfum'd my Shape
In this prophetick Doom.

Guise. Peace croaking Raven,
I'll seize him first, then make him a led Monarch;
I'll be de declar'd Lieutenant General
Amidst the Three Estates that represent
The glorious, full, majestick Face of France,
Which in his own despight the King shall call:
So let him Reign my Tenant during Life,
His Brother of Navarre shut out for ever,
Branded with Heresy, and barr'd from Sway,
That when Valois consum'd in Ashes lies,
The Phœnix Race of Charlemain may rise.

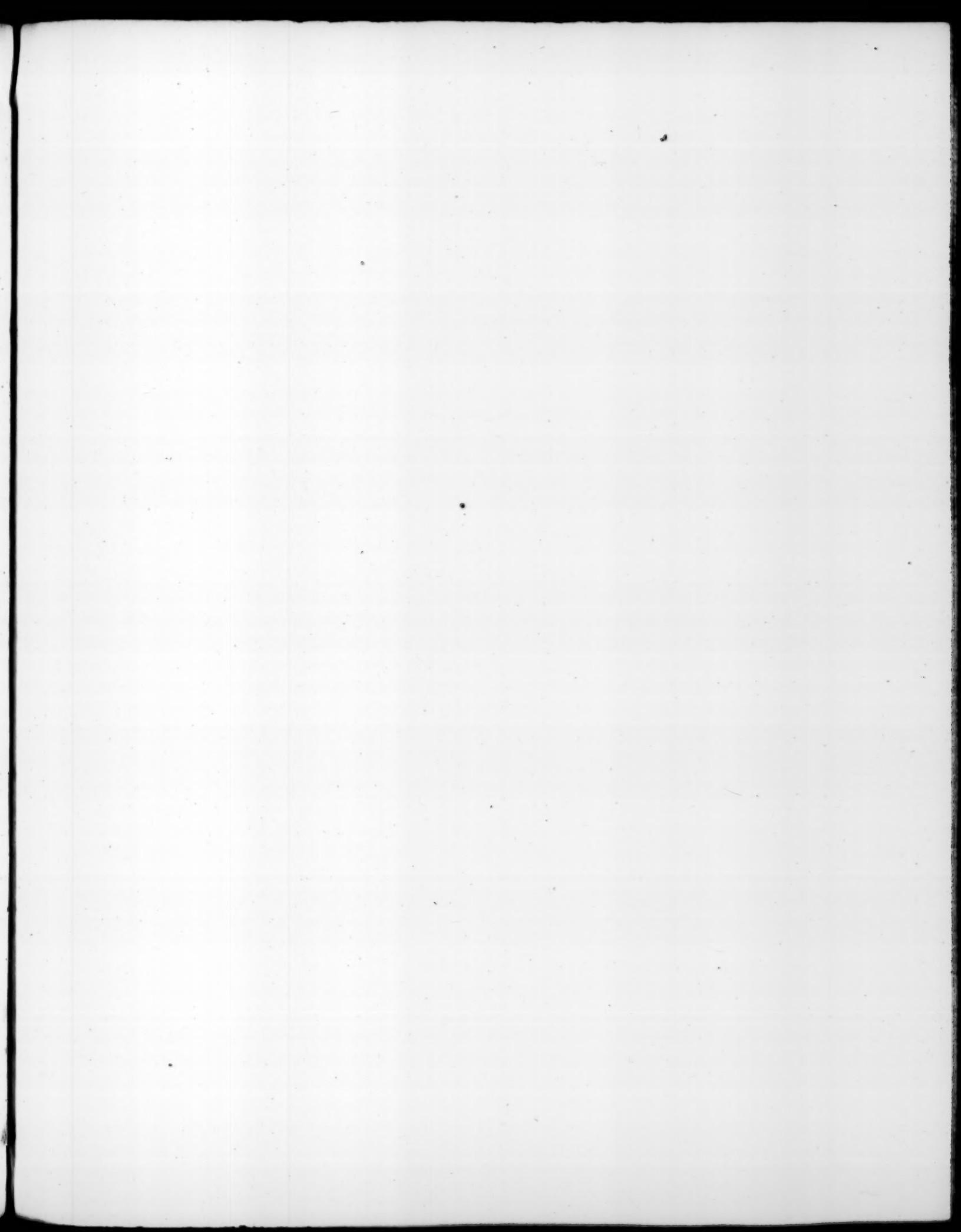
[Exeunt,

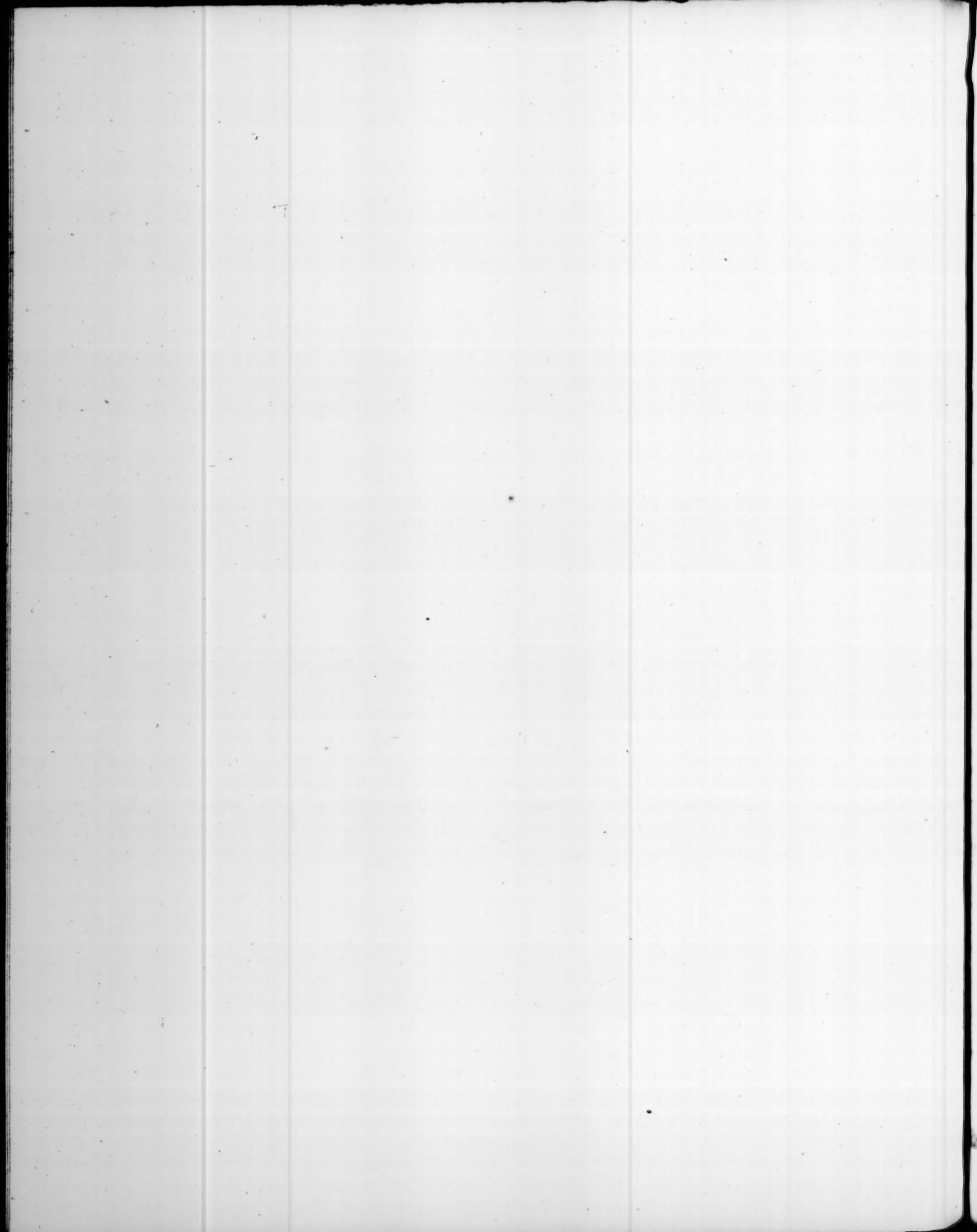
S C E N E, The LOUVRE.

Enter King, Queen-Mother, Abbot, Grillon.

King. Dismist with such Contempt?

Grill.





Gril. Yes, Faith, we past like beaten Romans underneath the Fork.

King. Give me my Arms.

Gril. For what?

King. I'll lead you on.

Gril. You are a true Lion, but my Men are Sheep ;
If you run first, I'll swear they'll follow you.

King. What all turn'd Cowards ? Not a Man in France
Dares set his Foot by mine, and perish by me.

Gril. Troth I can't find 'em much inclin'd to perishing.

King. What can be left in danger, but to dare ?
No matter for my Arms, I'll go bare-fac'd,
And seize the first bold Rebel that I meet.

Abbor. There's something of Divinity in Kings
That sits between their Eyes, and guards their Life.

Gril. True, Abbot, but the Mischief is, you Church-men
Can see that something further than the Crowd ;
These Musquet Bullets have not read much Logick,
Nor are they given to make your nice Distinctions :

[One enters, and gives the Queen a Note, she reads—

One of 'em possibly may hit the King
In some one part of him that's not Divine,
And so the mortal part of his Majesty wou'd draw
The Divinity of it into another World, sweet Abbot.

Q. Mother. 'Tis equal madness to go out or stay,
The Reverence due to Kings is all transfer'd
To haughty Guise, and when new Gods are made,
The old must quit the Temple, you must fly.

King. Death, had I Wings, yet I would scorn to fly.

Gril. Wings, or no Wings, is not the Question :
If you won't fly for't, you must ride for't,
And that comes much to one.

King. Forsake my Regal Town.

Q. Mother. Forsake a Bedlam :
This Note informs me, Fifteen thousand Men
Are marching to enclose the Louvre round.

Abbor. The Business then admits no more dispute,
You, Madam, must be pleas'd to find the Guise,
Seem easy, fearful, yielding, what you will,
But still prolong the Treaty all you can,
To gain the King more time for his Escape.

Q. Mother. I'll undertake it — Nay, no thanks, my Son,
My Blessing shall be given in your Deliverance,
That once perform'd, their Web is all unravel'd,
And Guise is to begin his Work again.

King. I go this Minute.

[Exit Q. Mother.

Enter

Enter Marmoutier.

Nay then, another Minute must be given.
O how I Blush, that thou shouldest see thy King
Do this low Act that lessens all his Fame :
Death, must a Rebel force me from my Love !
If it must be —

Mar. It must not, cannot be.

Gril. No, nor shall not Wench, as long as my Soul wears a Body.

King. Secure in that, I'll trust thee; Shall I trust thee ?

For Conquerors have Charms, and Women Frailty :
Farewel, Thou may'st behold me King agen,
My Soul's not yet depos'd, why then Farewel,

I'll say't as comfortably as I can :
But O curs'd *Guise*, for pressing on my Time,
And cutting off Ten thousand more Adieus.

Mar. The Moments that retard your Flight are Traytors,
Make haste my Royal Master to be safe,
And save me with you, for I'll share your Fate.

King. Wilt thou go too ?

Then I am reconcil'd to Heaven again :
O welcome thou good Angel of my Way,
Thou Pledge and Omen of my safe Return ;
Not *Greece*, nor hostile *Juno* cou'd destroy
The Hero that abandon'd burning *Troy*,
He 'scap'd the Dangers of the dreadful Night,
When loaded with his Gods he took his Flight.

[*Exeunt King, leading her.*

A C T V.

S C E N E, *The Castle of Bloise,*

Enter Grillon, Alphonso Corso.

Gril. WE'come, Colonel, welcome to *Bloise*.

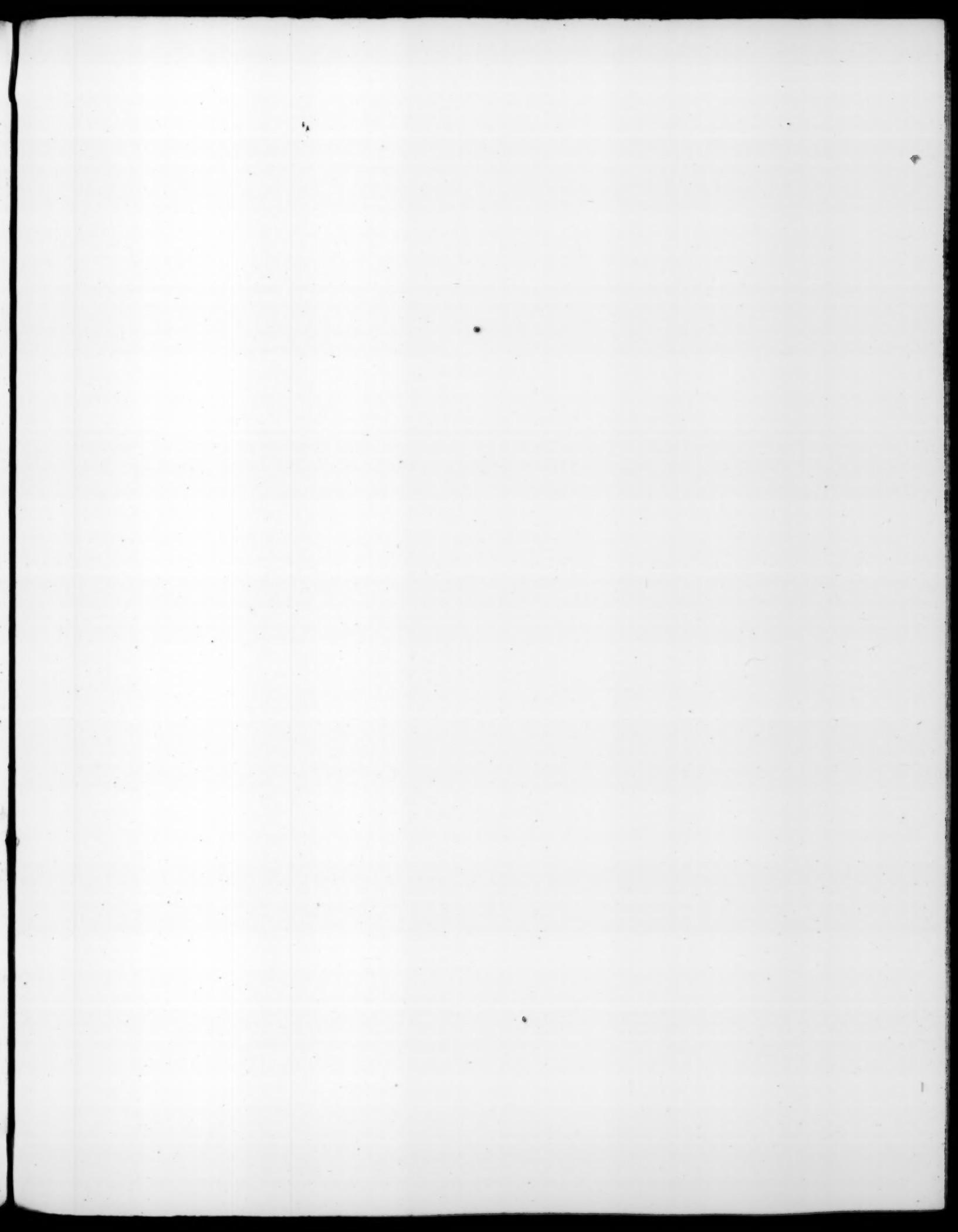
Alph. Since last we parted at the Barricadoes,
The World's turn'd upside down.

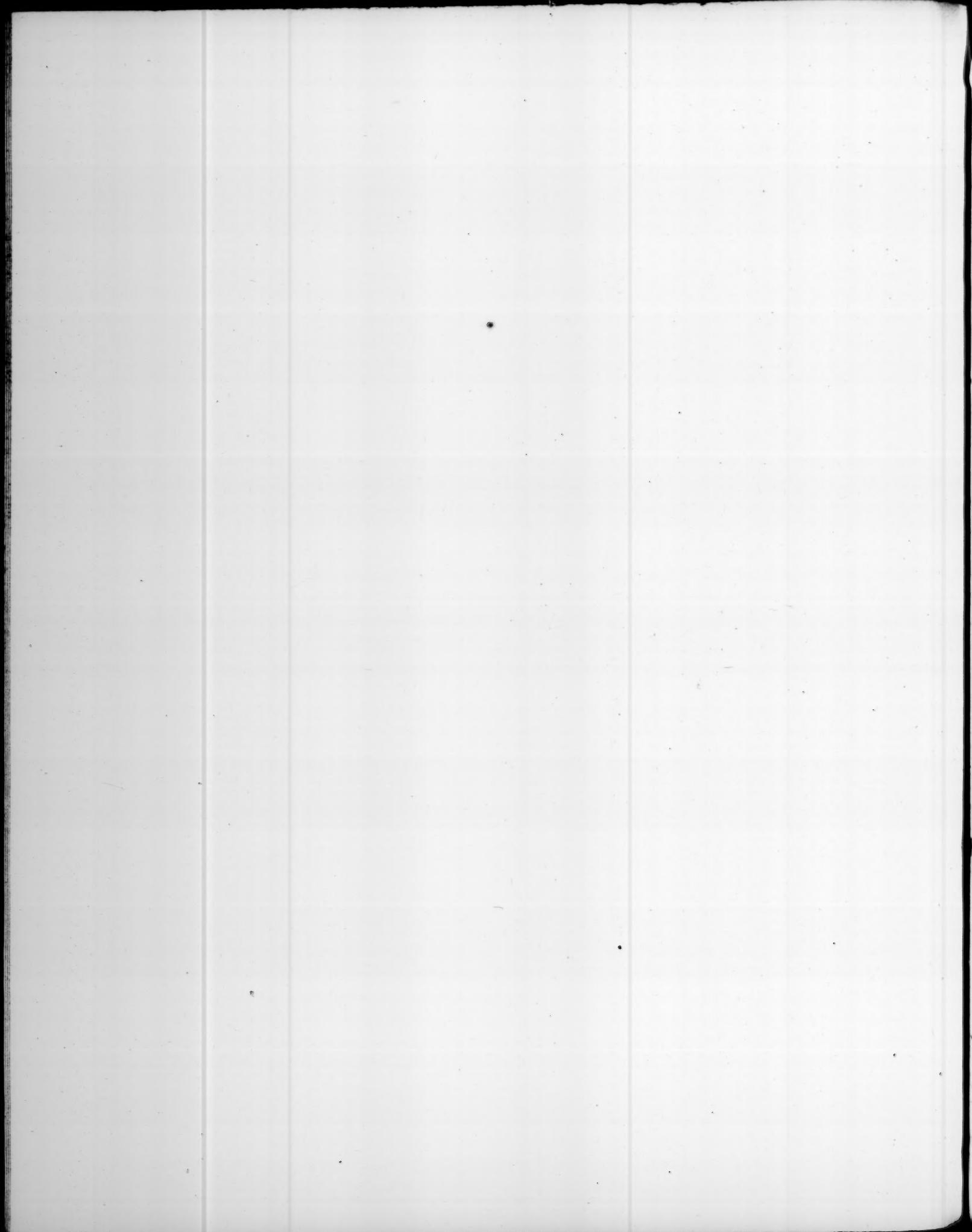
Gril. No, Faith, 'tis better, now 'tis downside up ;
Our part o'th' Wheel is rising, though but slowly.

Alph. Who lookt for an Assembly of the States ?

Gril. When the King was escaped from *Paris*, and got out of the
Toyles, 'twas time for the *Guise* to take 'em down, and pitch others :
That is, to treat for the Calling of a Parliament, where being sure of
the Major part, he might get by Law, what he had missed by Force.

Alph.





Alph. But why should the King assemble the States to satisfy the *Guise* after so many Affronts?

Gril. For the same reason that a Man in a Duel says, he has received Satisfaction when he is first wounded, and afterwards disarm'd.

Alph. But why this Parliament at *Blois*, and not at *Paris*?

Gril. Because no Barricado's have been made at *Blois*: This *Blois* is a very little Town, and the King can draw it after him.

But *Paris* is a damn'd unweildy Bulk, and when the Preachers draw against the King, a Parson in a Pulpit is a devilish Fore-horse.

Besides, I found in that Insurrection, what dangerous Beasts these Townsmen are; I tell you, Colonel, a Man had better deal with Ten of their Wives, than with One zealous Citizen:

O your inspir'd Cuckold is most implacable.

Alph. Is there any seeming Kindness between the King, and the Duke of *Guise*?

Gril. Yes, most wonderful: They are as dear to one another, as an old Usurer, and a rich young Heir upon a Mortgage. The King is very Loyal to the *Guise*, and the *Guise* is very Gracious to the King: Then the Cardinal of *Guise*, and the Archbishop of *Lyons*, are the Two Pendants, that are always hanging at the Royal Ear: They ease His Majesty of all the Spiritual Business, and the *Guise* of all the Temporal; so that the King is certainly the happiest Prince in *Christendom*, without any Care upon him: So yielding up every Thing to his Loyal Subjects, that he's infallibly in the way of being the Greatest, and most Glorious King in all the World.

Alph. Yet I have heard, he made a sharp reflecting Speech upon their Party at the opening of the Parliament, admonish'd Men of their Duties, pardon'd what was past, but seem'd to threaten Vengeance if they persisted for the future.

Gril. Yes, and then they all took the Sacrament together: He promising to unite himself to them, and they to obey him, according to the Laws; yet the very next Morning they went on, in pursuance of their old Commonwealth Designs, as violently as ever.

Alph. Now I am dull enough to think they have broken their Oath.

Gril. Ay but you are but One private Man, and they are the Three States; and if they Vote that they have not broken their Oaths, Who is to be Judge?

Alph. There's One above.

Gril. I hope you mean in Heaven, or else you are a bolder Man than I am in Parliament time; but here comes the Master, and my Niece.

Alph. Heaven preserve him, if a Man may pray for him without Treason.

Gril. O yes, you may pray for him; the Preachers of the *Guise*'s Side do that most formally: Nay, you may be suffer'd civilly to drjnk his Health, be of the Court, and keep a Place of Profit under him: For, in short, 'tis a judg'd Case of Conscience, to make your best of the King, and to side against him.

Enter King and Marmoutier.

King. *Grillon,* be near me,
There's something for my Service to be done,
Your Orders will be sudden, now withdraw.

Gril. aside.] Well, I dare trust my Niece, even though she comes of
my own Family; but if she Cuckolds my good Opinion of her Honesty,
there's a whole Sex fall'n under a General Rule without one Exception.

[*Exeunt Gril. and Alph.*]

Mar. You bid my Uncle wait you.

King. Yes.

Mar. This Hour.

King. I think it was.

Mar. Something of moment hangs upon this Hour.

King. Not more on this, than on the next and next,
My Time is all ta'en up on Usury;
I never am before-hand with my Hours,
But every one has work before it comes.

Mar. There's something for my Service to be done,
Those were your Words.

King. And you desire their meaning.

Mar. I dare not ask, and yet perhaps may guess.

King. 'Tis searching there where Heaven can only pry,
Not Man, who knows not Man but by surmise,
Nor Devils, nor Angels of a purer Mold,
Can trace the winding Labyrinths of Thought,
I tell thee, *Marmoutier*, I never speak
Not when alone, for fear some Fiend should hear,
And blab my Secrets out.

Mar. You hate the *Guise*.

King. True, I did hate him.

Mar. And you hate him still.

King. I am reconcil'd.

Mar. Your Spirit is too high,
Great Souls forgive not Injuries, till time
Has put their Enemies into their Power,
That they may shew Forgiveness is their own;
For else 'tis fear to punish that forgives:
The Coward, not the King.

King. He has submitted.

Mar. In show, for in effect he still insults.

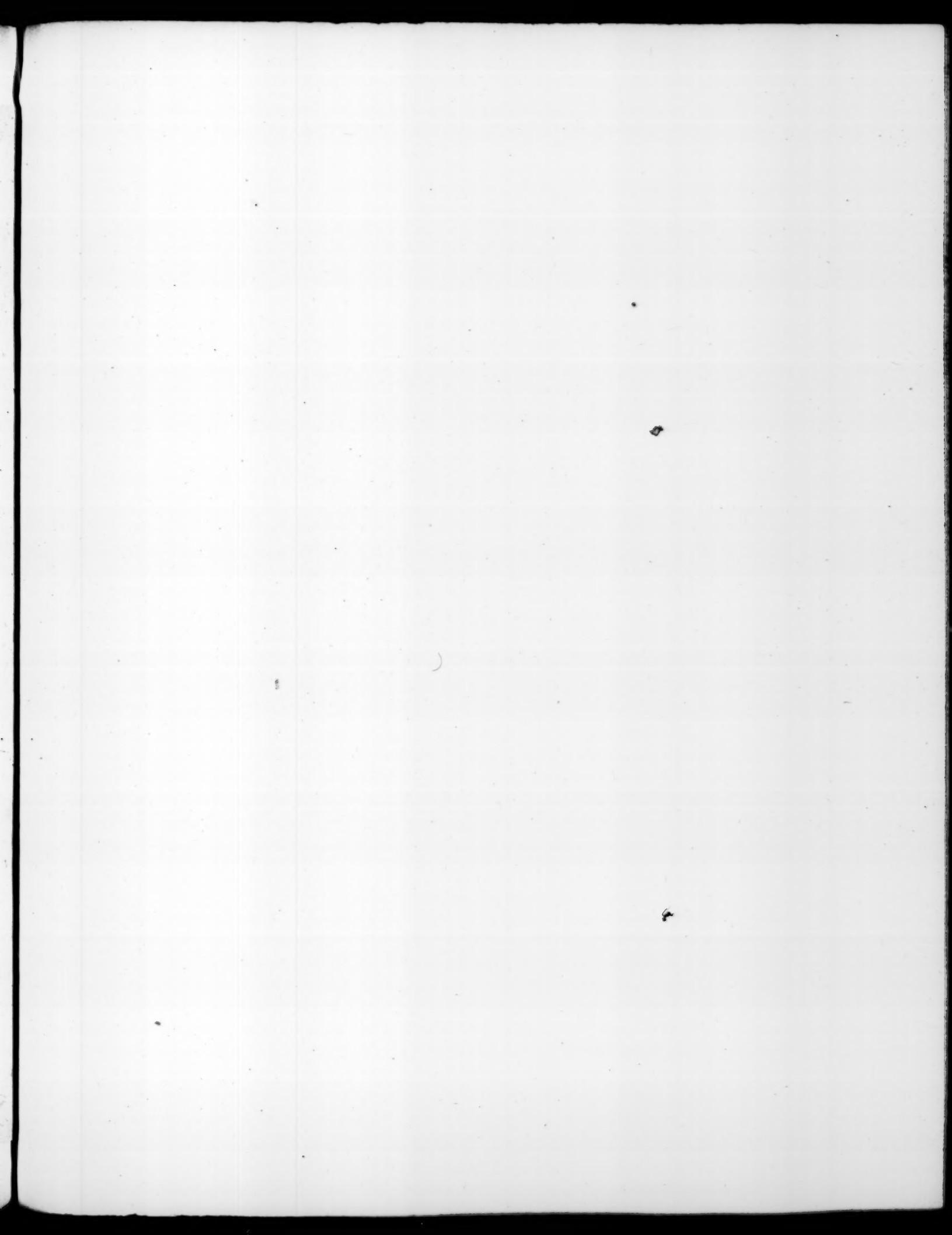
King. Well, Kings must bear sometimes.

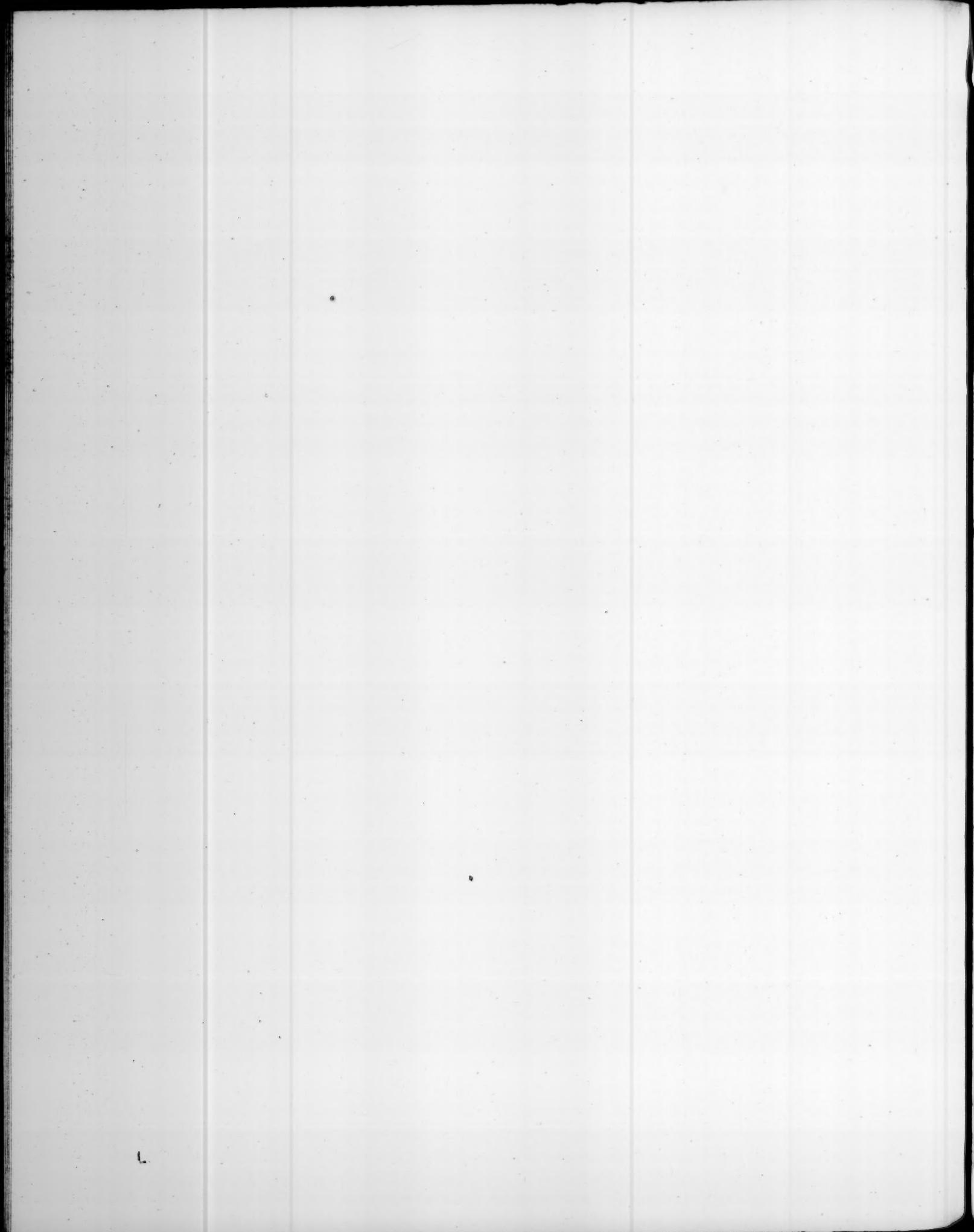
Mar. They must, till they can shake their burden off,
And that's, I think, your aim.

King. Mistaken still:

All Favours, all Preferments, pass through them,
I'm pliant, and they mould me as they please.

Mar.





Mar. These are your Arts to make 'em more secure,
Just so your Brother us'd the Admiral.
Brothers may think, and act like Brothers too.

King. What said you, ha! what mean you, Marmouier?

Mar. Nay, what mean you? That start betray'd you, Sir.

King. This is no Vigil of St. Bartholomew.

Nor is Blois Paris.

Mar. 'Tis an open Town.

King. What then?

Mar. Where you are strongest.

King. Well, what then?

Mar. No more, but you have Power, and are provok'd.

King. O! Thou hast set thy Foot upon a Snake,
Get quickly off, or it will sting thee dead.

Mar. Can I unknow it?

King. No, but keep it secret.

Mar. Think, Sir, your thoughts are still as much your own,
As when you kept the Key of your own Breast:
But since you let me in, I find it fill'd
With Death and Horror; you would murder Guise.

King. Murder! what Murder! use a softer word,
And call it Sovereign Justice.

Mar. Wou'd I cou'd:

But Justice bears the Godlike shape of Law,
And Law requires Defence, an equal Plea
Betwix th' Offender, and the Righteous Judge.

King. Yes, when th' Offender can be judg'd by Laws,
But when his Greatness overturns the Scales,
Then Kings are Justice in the last Appeal:
And forc'd by strong Necessity may strike,
In which indeed they assert the Publick Good,
And like sworn Surgeons, lop the gangreen'd Limb:
Unpleasant wholsom work.

Mar. If this be needful.

King. Ha, didst not thou thy self in fathoming
The depth of my designs, drop there the Plummets?
Didst thou not say Affronts, so Great, so Publick,
I never could forgive?

Mar. I did; but yet—

King. What means, But yet? 'Tis Evidence so full,
If the last Trumpet sounded in my Ears,
Undaunted I should meet the Saints half way:
And in the Face of Heaven maintain the Fact.

Mar. Maintain it then to Heaven, but not to me:
Do you love me?

King. Can you doubt it?

Mar. Yes, I can doubt it, if you can deny:

Love begs once more this great Offender's life,
 Can you forgive the Man you justly hate,
 That hazards both your Life and Crown to spare him ?
 One whom you may suspect I more than pity,
 (For I wou'd have you see that what I ask,
 I know is wond'rous difficult to grant)
 Can you be thus extravagantly good?

King. What then ? For I begin to fear my firmness :
 And doubt the soft destruction of your tongue.

Mar. Then in return, I swear to Heaven, and you,
 To give you all the preference of my Soul :
 No Rebel Rival to distract you there,
 Let him but live, that he may be my Convert.

[*King walks a while, then wipes his eyes, and speaks.*

King. You've Conquer'd, all that's past shall be forgiv'n,
 My lavish Love has made a lavish Grant:
 But know this Act of Grace shall be my last.
 Let him repent, yes, let him well repent,
 Let him desist, and tempt Revenge no farther :
 For by yond Heaven that's conscious of his Crimes,
 I will no more by Mercy be betray'd.

[*Deputies appearing at the Door.*

The Deputies are ent'ring, You must leave me :
 Thus Tyrant Business all my hours usurps,
 And makes me live for others.

Mar. Now Heav'n reward you with a prosperous Reign,
 And grant you never may be good in vain.

[*Exit.*

[*Enter Deputies of the Three States, Cardinal of Guise, and
 Archbishop of Lyons, at the Head of 'em.*

King. Well, my good Lords, what Matters of Importance.
 Employ'd the States this Morning ?

Archb. One high Point
 Was warmly canvass'd in the Commons House,
 And will be soon resolv'd.

King. What was't ?

Card. Succession.

King. That's one high Point indeed, but not to be
 So warmly canvass'd, or so soon resolv'd.

Card. Things necessary must sometimes be sudden.

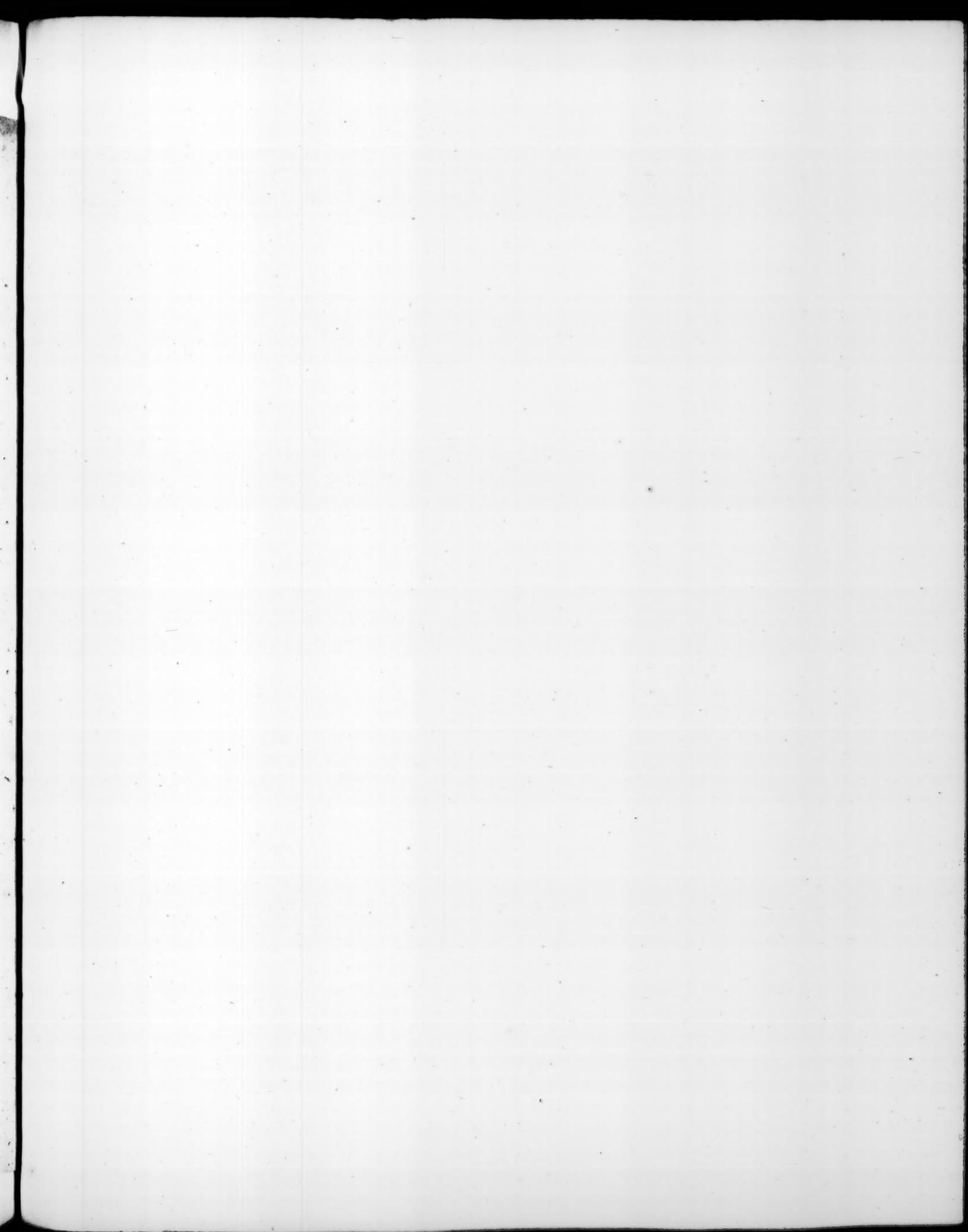
King. No sudden danger threatens you, my Lord.

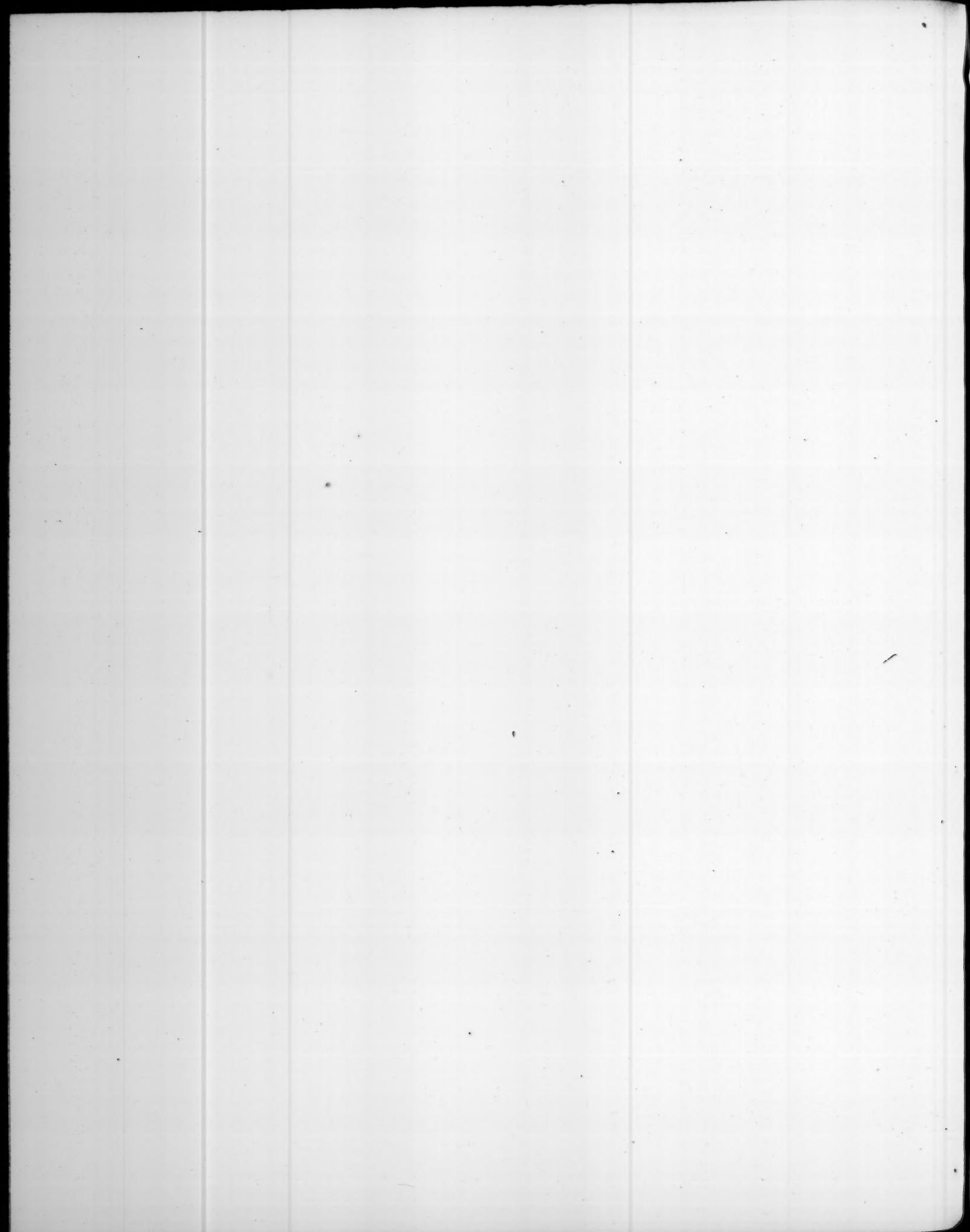
Archb. What may be sud den, must be counted so ;
 We hope, and wish Your Life : But Yours, and ours,
 Are in the hand of Heaven.

King. My Lord, They are :
 Yet in a Natural way I may live long,
 If Heaven and You my Loyal Subjects please.

Archb. But since good Princes, like your Majesty,

Take





The Duke of GUISE.

51

Take care of dangers merely possible,
Which may concern their Subjects whose they are,
And for whom Kings are made.

King. Yes, we for them,
And they for us, the Benefits are mutual,
And so the Ties are too.

Card. To cut things short,
The Commons will decree to exclude Navar.
From the Succession of the Realm of France.

King. Decree, my Lord! What one Estate decree,
Where then are the other two, and what am I?
The Government is cast up somewhat short,
The Clergy and Nobility cashier'd,
Five hundred popular Figures on a Row,
And I my self that am, or should be King,
An o'ergrown Cypher set before the Sum:
What Reasons urge our Sovereigns for th'Exclusion?

Archb. He stands suspected, Sir, of Heresie.

King. Has he been call'd to make his just defence?

Card. That needs not, for 'tis known.

King. To whom?

Card. The Commons.

King. What is't those Gods the Commons do not know?
But Heresie you Church-men teach us Vulgar,
Supposes obstinate and still persisting
In Errors prov'd, long Admonitions made,
And all rejected; has this Course been us'd?

Archb. We grant it has not, but —

King. Nay, give me leave,
I urge from your own grant it has not been:
If then in proces of a petty Sum,
Both Parties having not been fully heard,
No Sentence can be giv'n:
Much less in the Succession of a Crown,
Which after my decease, by Right Inherent,
Devolves upon my Brother of Navarre.

Card. The Right of Souls is still to be preferr'd;
Religion must not suffer for a Claim.

King. If Kings may be excluded, or depos'd,
Whene'er you cry Religion to the Crowd,
That Doctrine makes Rebellion Orthodox,
And Subjects must be Traytors to be sav'd.

Archb. Then Heresy's entail'd upon the Throne.

King. You would entail Confusion, Wars and Slaughters:
Those ills are certain, what you name Contingent.
I know my Brother's Nature, 'tis sincere,
Above deceit, no crookedness of thought,

Says, what he means, and what he says, performs :
 Brave, but not rash ; successful, but not proud.
 So much acknowledging, that he's uneasy, -
 Till every petty service be o'er-paid.

- Archb. Some say revengeful.

King. Some then libel him :
 But that's what both of us have learnt to bear.
 He can forgive, but you disdain forgiveness :
 Your Chiefs are they no Libel must profane :
 Honour's a Sacred thing in all but Kings ;
 But when your Rhimes assassinate our Fame,
 You hug your nauseous, blund'ring Ballad-wits,
 And pay 'em as if Nonsense were a merit,
 If it can mean but Treason.

Archb. Sir, we have many Arguments to urge —

King. And I have more to answer, let 'em know
 My Royal Brother of Navarre shall stand
 Secure by Right, by Merit, and my Love.
 God, and good men will never fail his Cause,
 And all the bad shall be constrain'd by Laws.

Archb. Since gentle meanes t'exclude Navarre are vain,
 To morrow in the States 'twill be propos'd,
 To make the Duke of Guise Lieutenant General,
 Which power most graciously confirm'd by you,
 Will stop this headlong Torrent of Succession,
 That bears Religion, Laws, and all before it :
 In hope you'll not oppose what must be done,
 We wish you, Sir, a long and prosp'r'ous Reign.

[Exeunt Omnes, but the King.]

King. To morrow Guise is made Lieutenant General,
 Why then to morrow I no more am King ;
 'Tis time to push my slack'd vengeance home,
 To be a King, or not to be at all,
 The Vow that manacled my Rage is loos'd,
 Even Heaven is wearied with repeated Crimes,
 Till lightning flashes round to guard the Throne,
 And the curb'd Thunder grumbles to be gone.

[Enter Grillon to him.]

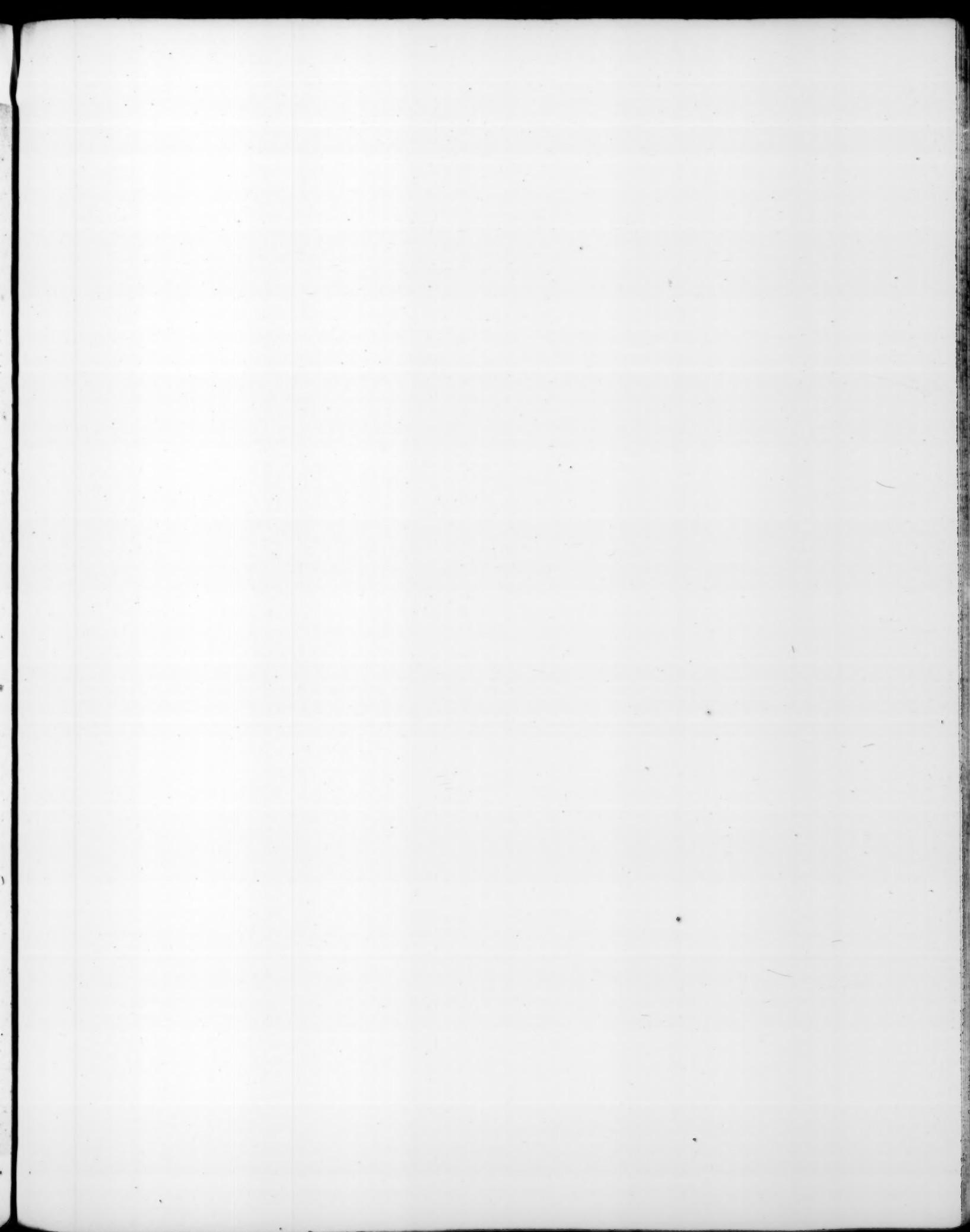
Grill. 'Tis just the pointed hour you bid me wait.

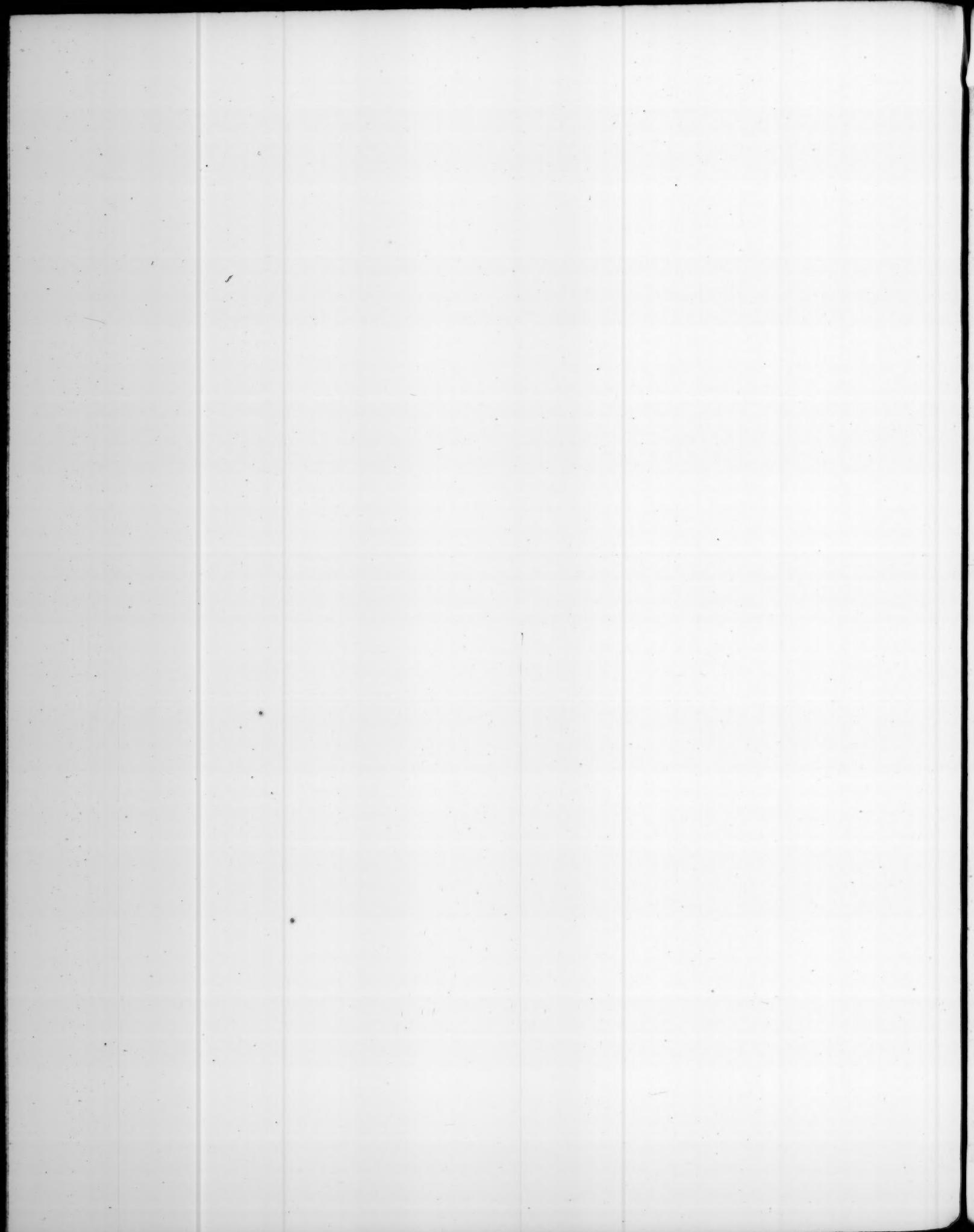
King. So just, as if thou wert inspir'd to come ;
 As if the Guardian Angel of my Throne,
 Who had o'er slept himself so many Years,
 Just now was rouz'd, and brought thee to my rescue.

Grill. I hear the Guise will be Lieutenant General.

King. And canst thou suffer it.

Grill. Nay, if you will suffer it, then will may I.
 If Kings will be so civil to their Subjects, to give up all things tamely,
they





they first turn Rebels to themselves, and that's a fair example for their Friends ; 'Slife Sir, 'tis a dangerous matter to be Loyal on the wrong side, to serve my Prince, in spite of him ; if you'll be a Royalist yourself, there are Millions of honest Men will fight for you ; but if you w'on not, there are few will hang for you.

King. No more : I am resolv'd.

The course of things can be with-held no longer

From breaking forth to their appointed end :

My vengeance ripen'd in the womb of time,

Presses for birth, and longs to be disclos'd.

Grillon the Guise is doom'd — to sudden death :

The Sword must end him ; Has not thine an Edge ?

Grill. Yes, and a Point too ; I'll challenge him :

King. — I bid thee kill him.

[Walking.]

Grill. — So I mean to do.

King. — Without thy hazard.

Grill. Now I understand you, I shou'd murder him :

I am your Soldier, Sir, but not your Hangman.

King. — Dost thou not hate him ?

Grill. — Yes.

King. Hast thou not said,

That he deserves it ?

Grill. Yes, but how have I

Deserved to do a Murder ?

King. 'Tis no Murder :

'Tis Sovereign Justice urged from Self Defence.

Grill. 'Tis all confess, and yet I dare not do't.

King. Go, thou art a Coward.

Grill. You are my King.

King. Thou say'st thou dar'st not kill him.

Grill. Were I a Coward, I had been a Villain,

And then I durst ha' don't.

King. Thou hast done worse in thy long course of Arms,

Hast thou ne'er kill'd a Man ?

Grill. Yes when a Man wou'd have kill'd me.

King. Hast thou not plunder'd from the helpless Poor ?

Snatch'd from the sweeting Labourer his Food ?

Grill. Sir, I have eaten and drunk in my own defence,

When I was hungry and thirsty.

I have plunder'd,

When you have not paid me —

I have been content with a Farmer's Daughter,

When a better Whore was not to be had.

As for Cutting off a Traytor, I'll execute him lawfully.

In my own Function, when I meet him in the Field ;

But for your Chamber-practice, that's not my Talent.

King. Is my Revenge Unjust, or Tyrannous ?

Heaven knows, I love not Blood.

Grill. No, for your Mercy is your only Vice.

You may dispatch a Rebel lawfully,
But the mischîef is, that Rebel
Has given me my Life at the Barricadoes,
And till I have return'd his Bribe,
I am not upon even Terms with him.

King. Give me thy hand, I love thee not the worse ;
Make much of Honour, 'tis a Soldier's Conscience,
Thou shall not do this Act, thou'rt e'en too good ;
But keep my Secret, for that's Conscience too.

Grill. When I disclose it, think I am a Coward.

King. No more of that, I know thou art not one :
Call *Lognac* hither straight, and St. *Malin* ;
Bid *Larchant* find some unsuspected means
To keep Guards doubled at the Council-door,
That none pass in or out, but those I call :
The rest I'll think on further, so farewell.

Grill. Heaven blefs your Majesty !
Tho' I'll not kill him for you, I'd defend you when he's kill'd,
For the honest part of the Jobb let me alone.

[*Exeunt severally.*

The Scene opens, and discovers Men and Women at a Banquet,
Malicorn standing by.

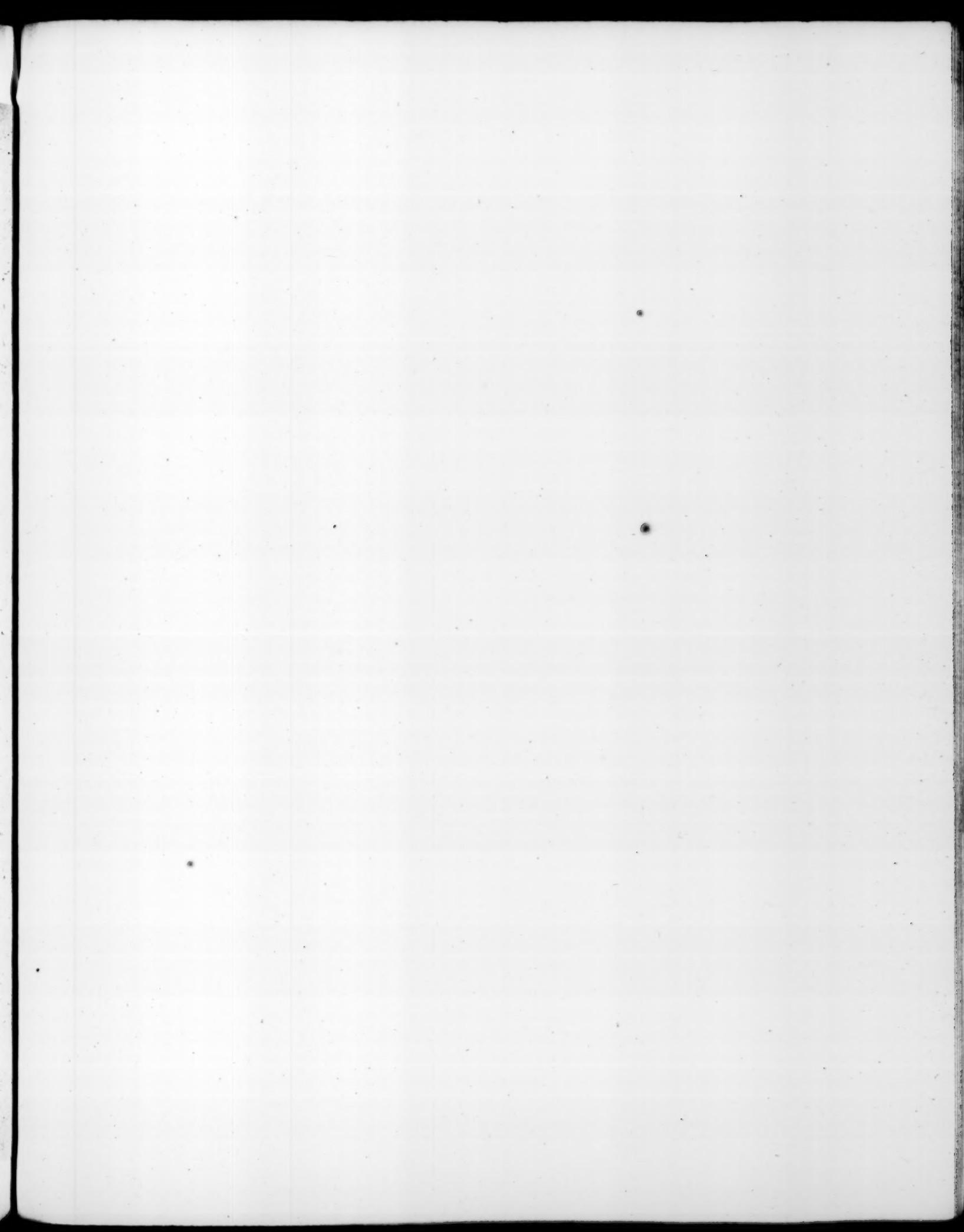
Mal. This is the Solemn Aunual Feast I keep,
As this day Twelve Years on this very hour
I sign'd the Contract for my Soul with Hell ;
I barter'd it for Honours, Wealth, and Pleasure,
Three things which mortal Men do covet most.
And, Faith, I over-sold it to the Fiend :
What, One and twenty Years, Nine yet to come,
How can a Soul be worth so much to Devils ?
O how I hug my self, to out-wit these Fools of Hell !
And yet a sudden damp, I know not why,
Has seiz'd my Spirits, and like a heavy weight
Hangs on their active springs, I want a Song
To rouze me, my blood freezes : Musick there ?

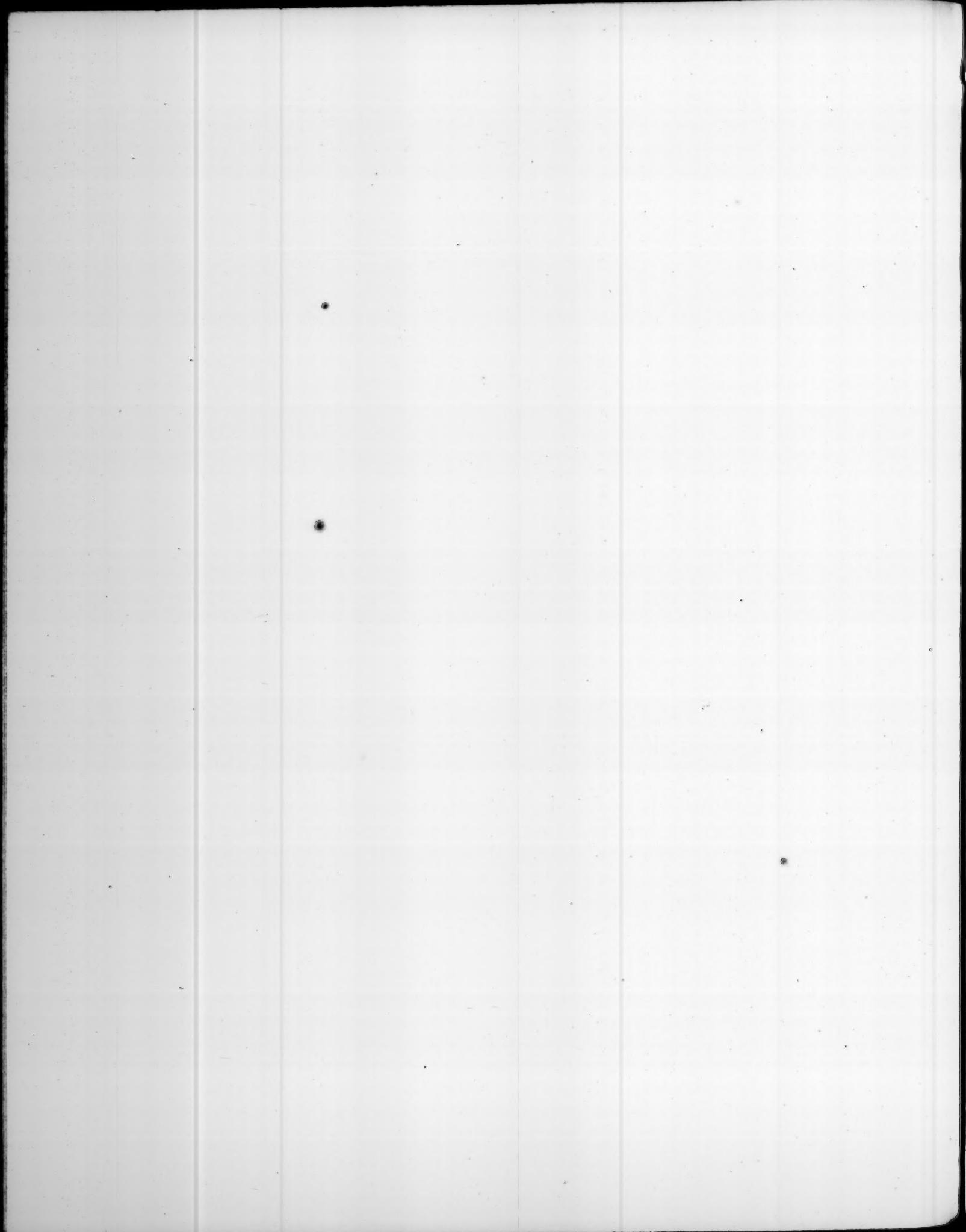
A SONG and Dance.

Shepherdess. Tell me, Thirls, tell your Anguish,
Why you Sigh, and why you Languish,
When the Nymph whom you Adore,
Grants the Blessing of Possessing,
What can Love and I do more ?

Shepherd. Think it's Love beyond all measure,
Makes me faint away with pleasure ;

Strength





The Duke of GUISE.

35

Strength of Cordial may destroy,
And the Blessing of possessing
Kills me with excess of Joy.

Shepherdess. Thirsis, how can I believe you ?
But confess, and I'll forgive you ;
Men are false, and so are you ;
Never Nature fram'd a Creature
To enjoy, and yet be true.

Shepherd. Mine's a Flame beyond expiring,
Still possessing, still desiring.
Fit for Love's Imperial Crown ;
Ever shining, and refining,
Still the more 'tis melted down.

[Loud knocking at the door.]

Enter Servant.

What Noise is that ?

Serv. An ill-look'd surly Man,
With a hoarse Voice, says he must speak with you.

Mal. Tell him I dedicate this day to pleasure,
I neither have, nor will have Business with him.
What louder yet, what sawcy Slave is this ?

[Exit Serv.]

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. He says you have, and must have Business with him,
Come out, or he'll come in, and spoil your Mirth.

Mal. I wo'n not.

Serv. Sir, I dare not tell him so. [Knocks again more fiercely.]
My hair stands up in Bristles when I see him :
The Dogs run into Corners ; the Spade-Bitch
Bayes at his back, and howls.

Mal. Bid him enter, and go off thy self. [Exit Serv.]
[Scene closes upon the Company.]

Enter Melanax, an Hour-glass in his hand almost empty.

How dar'st thou interrupt my softer hours ?
By Heaven I'll ramm thee in some knotted Oak,
Where thou shalt sigh and groan to whistling Winds
Upon the lonely Plain :
Or I'll confine thee deep in the Red Sea grov'ling on the Sands,
Ten thousand Billows rowling o'er thy head.

Mal. Hoh, hoh, hoh.

Mal. Laugh'st thou, malicious Fiend ?
I'll ope my Book of bloody Characters,
Shall rumple up thy tender airy Limbs,
Like Parchment on a flame.

Mel. Thou canst not do't,
Behold this Hour-glass.

Mal.

Mal. Well, and what of that?

Mal. See'st thou these ebbing Sands?

They run for thee, and when their Race is run,
Thy Lungs the Bellows of thy mortal breath,
Shall sink for ever down and heave no more.

Mal. What, resty Fiend?

Nine Years thou hast to serve.

Mal. Not full Nine Minutes.

Mal. Thou ly't, look on thy Bond, and view the date.

Mal. Then wilt thou stand to that without Appeal?

Mal. I will so, help me Heaven.

Mal. So take thee Hell.

[*Gives him the Bond.*]

There, Fool, behold, who lies, the Devil or thou?

Mal. Ha! One and twenty Years are shrunk to twelve,
Do my Eyes dazzle?

Mal. No, they see too true:

They dazl'd once, I cast a Mist before 'em,
So what was figur'd Twelve, to thy dull sight

Appear'd full Twenty one.

Mal. There's Equity in Heaven for this, a Cheat.

Mal. Fool, thou hast quitted thy Appeal to Heaven,
To stand to this.

Mal. Then I am lost for ever.

Mal. Thou art.

Mal. O why was I not warn'd before?

Mal. Yes to repent, and then thou hadst cheated me.

Mal. Add but a day, but half a day, an hour:
For sixty Minutes I'll forgive nine Years.

Mal. No not a Moments thought beyond my time:
Dispatch, 'tis much below me to attend
For one poor single Fare.

Mal. So pitiless?

But yet I command thee, and I will:
I love the Guise even with my latest breath
Beyond my Soul, and my lost hopes of Heaven;
I charge thee by my short-liv'd power, disclose
What Fate attends my Master.

Mal. If he goes

To Council when he next is call'd, he dyes.

Mal. Who waits?

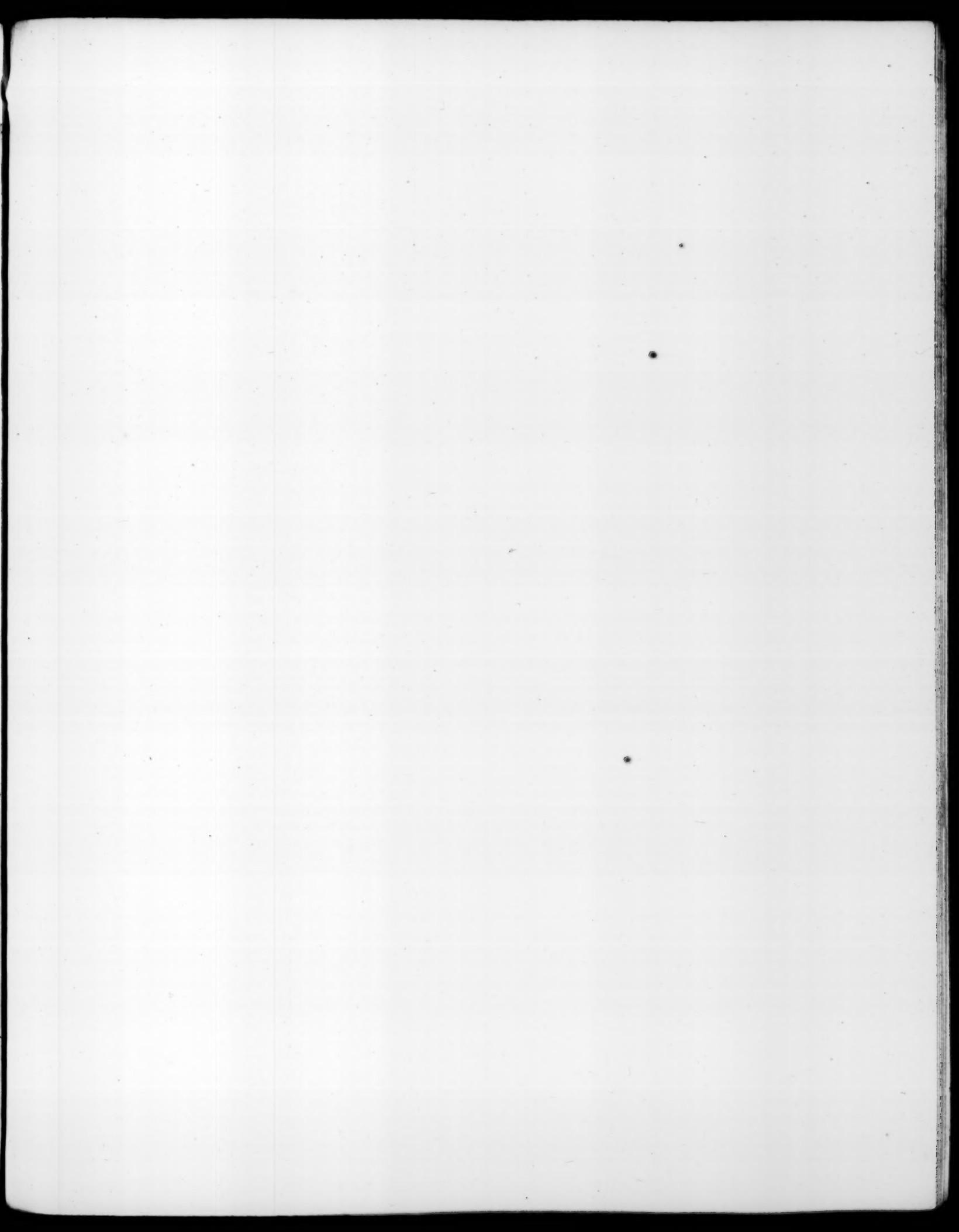
Enter Servant.

Go, give my Lord my last adieu,
Say I shall never see his Eyes again:
But if he goes when next he's call'd to Council,
Bid him believe my latest breath he dyes.
The Sands run yet, O do not shake the Glass:
I shall be thine too soon, cou'd I repent,

Exit Serv.

[*Devil shakes the Glass.*

Heav'n's





Heaven's not confin'd to Moments, Mercy, Mercy.

Mel. I see thy Prayers disperst into the Winds,
And Heav'n has puft 'em by :

I was an Angel once of foremost Rank,
Stood next the shining Throne, and wink'd but half,
So almost gaz'd I Glory in the Face
That I could bear it, and star'd farther in,
'Twas but a moments Pride, and yet I fell,
For ever fell ; but Man, base Earth-born Man,
Sins past a Sum, and might be pardon'd more :
And yet 'tis just, for we were perfect Light,
And saw our Crimes, Man in his Body's Mire,
Half-soul, Half-clod, sinks blindfold into Sin,
Betray'd by Frauds without, and Lusts within.

Mel. Then I have hope.

Mel. Not so, I preach'd on purpose
To make thee lose this Moment of thy Prayer,
Thy Sand creeps low, Despair, Despair, Despair:

Mel. Where am I now ? Upon the brink of Life,
The Gulph before me, Devils to push me on,
And Heaven behind me closing all its Doors.
A Thousand Years for ev'ry Hour I've past,
O cou'd I 'scape so Cheap ! But Ever, Ever,
Still to begin an endless round of Woes,
To be renew'd for Pains, and last for Hell ?
Yet can Pains last, when Bodies cannot last ?
Can earthy Substance endless Flames endure ?
Or when one Body wears, and flits away,
Do Souls thrust forth another Crust of Clay ?
To fence and guard their tender Forms from Fire —
I feel my Heart-strings rend, I'm here, I'm gone :
Thus Men too careless of their future State,
Dispute, know nothing, and believe too late.

[A Flash of Lightning, they sink together.]

Duke of Guise, Cardinal, Aumale.

Card. A dreadful Message from a dying Man,
A Prophecy indeed !

For Souls just quitting Earth, peep into Heaven,
Make swift Acquaintance, with their Kindred Forms,
And Partners of immortal Secrets grow.

Aum. 'Tis good to lean on the securer Side :
When Life depends, the mighty Stake is such,
Fools fear too little, and they dare too much.

Enter Archbishop.

Guise. You have prevail'd, I will not go to Council,
I have provok'd my Sovereign past a Pardon,
It but remains to doubt if he dare kill me :

I

Then

Than if he dares but to be just, I die,
'Tis too much odds against me, I'll depart,
And finish Greatness at some safer time.

Archb. By Heaven 'tis Harry's Plot to fright you hence,
That, Coward-like, you might forsake your Friends.

Guise. The Devil foretold it dying *Malicorne*.

Archb. Yes, some Court-Devil, no doubt.
If you depart, consider, good my Lord,
You are the Master-spring that move our Fabrick,
Which once remov'd, our Motion is no more.
Without your Presence, which buoys up our Hearts,
The League will sink beneath a Royal Name :
Th'inevitable Yoke prepar'd for Kings,
Will soon be shaken off; things done, repeal'd;
And things undone, past future Means to do.

Card. I know not, I begin to taste his Reasons.

Archb. Nay, were the Danger certain of your stay,
An Act so mean would lose you all your Friends,
And leave you single to the Tyrant's Rage :
Then better 'tis to hazard Life alone,
Than Life, and Friends, and Reputation too.

Guise. Since more I am confirm'd, I'll stand the shock :
Where e'er he dares to call, I dare to go.
My Friends are many, faithful and united,
He will not venture on so rash a Deed ;
And now I wonder I should fear that Force,
Which I have us'd to Conquer and Contemn.

Enter Marmoutier.

Archb. Your Tempter comes, perhaps, to turn the Scale,
And warn you not to go.

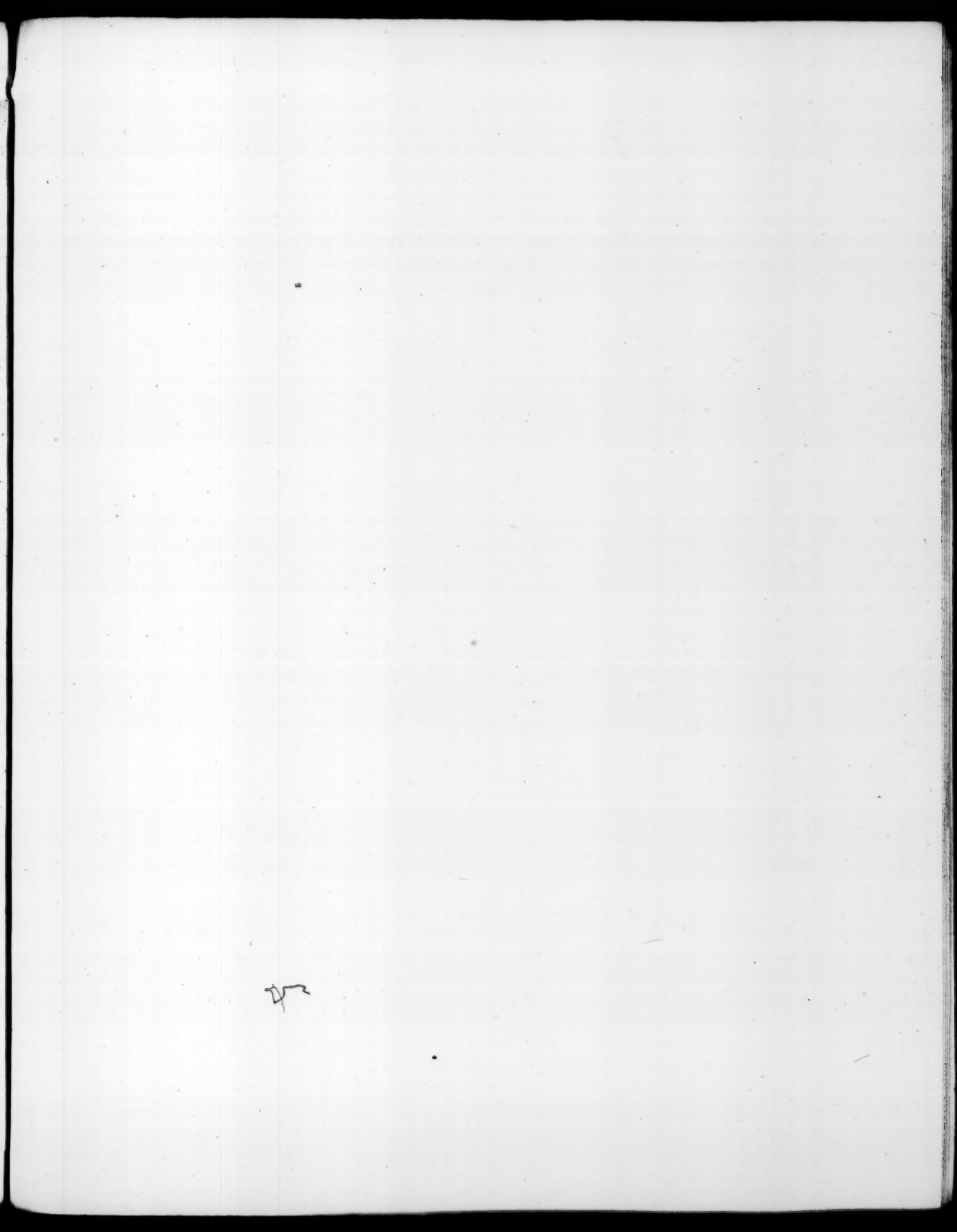
Guise. O fear her not,
I will be there. [Exeunt *Archbishop and Cardinal*.
What can she mean, Repent ?
Or is it cast betwixt the King and her
To sound me ? Come what will, it warms my Heart
With secret Joy, which these my ominous Statesmen
Left dead with me ; Ha ! she turns away.

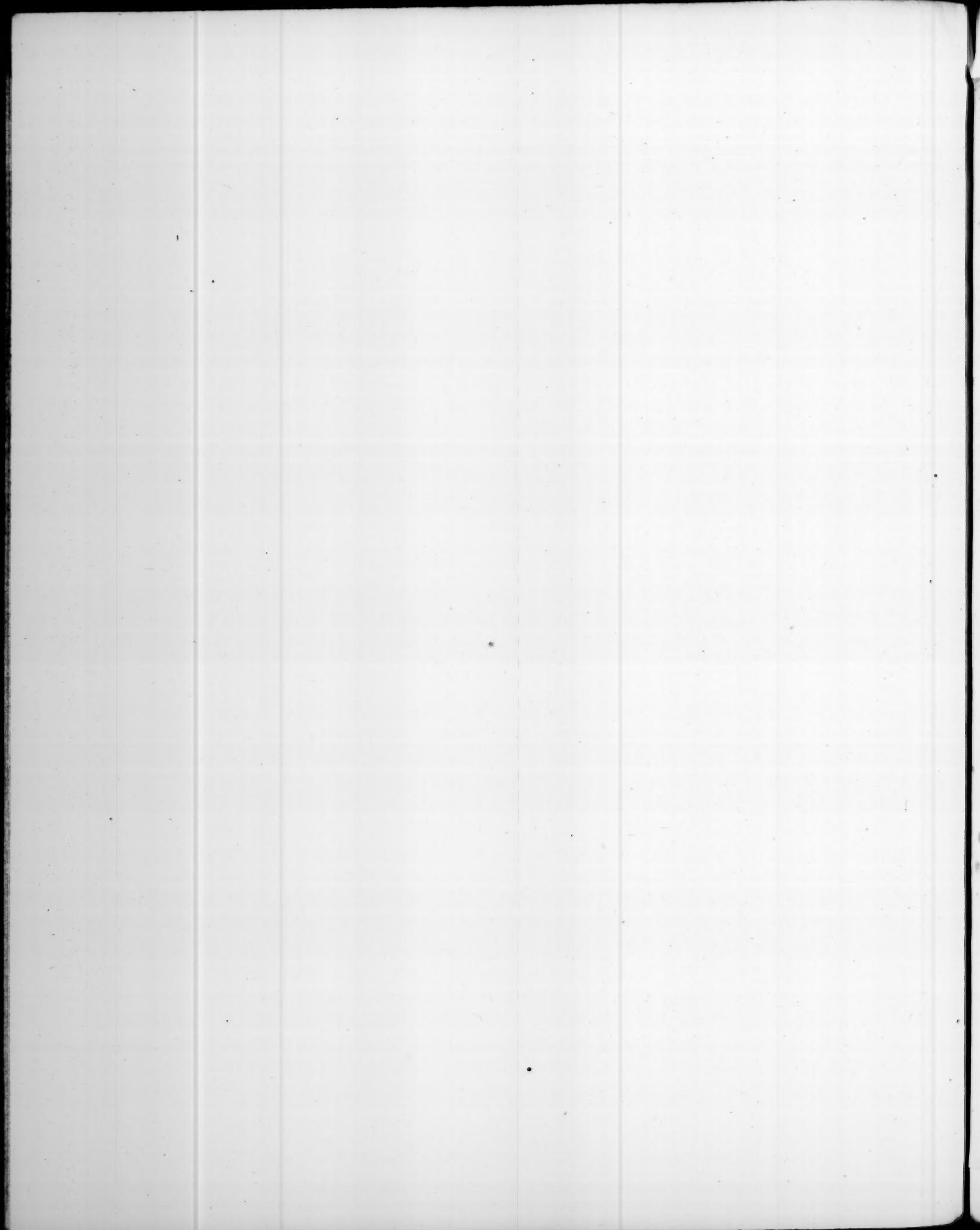
Mar. Do you not wonder at this Visit, Sir ?

Guise. No, Madam, I at last have gain'd the Point
Of mightiest Minds to wonder now at nothing.

Mar. —— Believe me, *Guise*, 'twere gallantly resolv'd,
If you cou'd carry't on the inside too,
Why came that Sigh uncall'd ? For Love of me
Partly perhaps, but more for thirst of Glory,
Which now again dilates it self in Smiles,
As if you scorn'd that I should know your purpose.

Guise. I Change, 'tis true, because I Love you still ;





Love you, O Heav'n, ev'n in my own despight,
I tell you all even at that very moment,
I know you strait betray me to the King.

Mar. O Guise, I never did ; but, Sir, I come
To tell you, I must never see you more.

Guise. The King's at Blois, and you have reason for't,
Therefore what am I to expect from pity ?
From yours, I mean, when you behold me slain.

Mar. First answer me, and then I'll speak my heart,
Have you, O Guise, since your last Solemn Oaths,
Stood firm to what you swore ? Be plain, my Lord,
Or run it o'er a while, because agen
I tell you I must never see you more.

Guise. Never ! She's set on by the King to sift me,
Why by that Nerv a then, all I have sworn
Is true, as that the King designs to end me.

Mar. Keep your Obedience, by the Saints you live.

Guise. Then mark, 'tis judg'd by Heads grown white in Council,
This very Day he means to cut me off.

Mar. By Heaven then you'r forsworn, you've broke your Vows.

Guise. —— By you the Justice of the Earth I have not.

Mar. By you Dissembler of the World you have,
I know the King.

Guise. —— I do believe you, Madam,

Mar. —— I have try'd you both.

Guise. —— Not me, the King you mean.

Mar. —— Do these o'erboiling Answers suit the *Guise*,
But go to Council, Sir, there shew your truth,
If you are innocent you're safe, but O
If I shou'd chance to see you stretcht along,
Your Love, O *Guise*, and your Ambition gone
That venerable Aspect pale with death.
I must conclude you merited your end.

Guise. —— You must, you will, and smile upon my Murder.

Mar. Therefore if you are conscious of a Breach,
Confess it to me, lead me to the King,
He has promis'd me to conquer his Revenge,
And place you next him ; therefore if you're right,
Make me not fear it by Assverations :
But speak your heart, and O resolve me truly.

Guise. —— Madam, I ha'thought, and trust you with my Soul ;
You saw but now my parting with my Brother,
The Prelate too of Lyons, 'twas debated
Warmly against me that I should go on.

Mar. —— Did I not tell you, Sir ?

Guise. —— True, but in spight
Of those Imperial Arguments they urg'd;

I was not to be work'd from second thought ;
There we broke off ; And, mark me, if I live,
You are the Saint that makes a Convert of me.

Mar. Go then, O Heaven ! Why must I still suspect you ?
Why heaves my Heart ? And why o'erflow my Eyes ?
Yet if you live, O *Guise*, there, there's the Cause,
I never sha'l converse, nor see you more.

Guise. O say not so, far once again I'll see you,
Were you this very Night to lodge with Angels,
Yet say not Never ; for I hope by Virtue
To merit Heaven, and wed you late in Glory.

Mar. This Night, my Lord, I'm a Recluse for ever.

Guise. Ha ! Stay till Morning Tapers are too dim ;
Stay till the Sun rises to salute you ;
Stay till I lead you to that dismal Den
Of Virgins, buried quick, and stay for Ever.

Mar. Alas ! Your Suit is vain, for I have vow'd it :
Nor was there any other way to clear
Th' imputed Stains of my suspected Honour.

Guise. Hear me a Word, one Sigh, one Tear at parting,
And one last Look ; for, O my earthly Saint,
I see your Face pale, as the Cherubims.
At *Adam's* Fall.

Mar. O Heaven I now confess,
My Heart bleeds for thee, *Guise*.

Guise. Why, Madam, why ?

Mar. Because by this Disorder,
And that sad Fate that bodes upon your Brow,
I do believe you love me more than Glory.

Guise. Without an Oath I do, therefore have Mercy,
And think not Death cou'd make me tremble thus :
Be pitiful to those Infirmitie
Which thus Unman me, stay till the Council's o'er ;
If you are pleas'd to grant an Hour or Two
To my last Prayer, I'll thank you as my Saint ;
If you refuse me, Madam, I'll not murmur.

Mar. Alas, my *Guise* ! O Heav'n what did I say ?
But take it, take it, if it be too kind,
Honour may pard'n it, since it is my last.

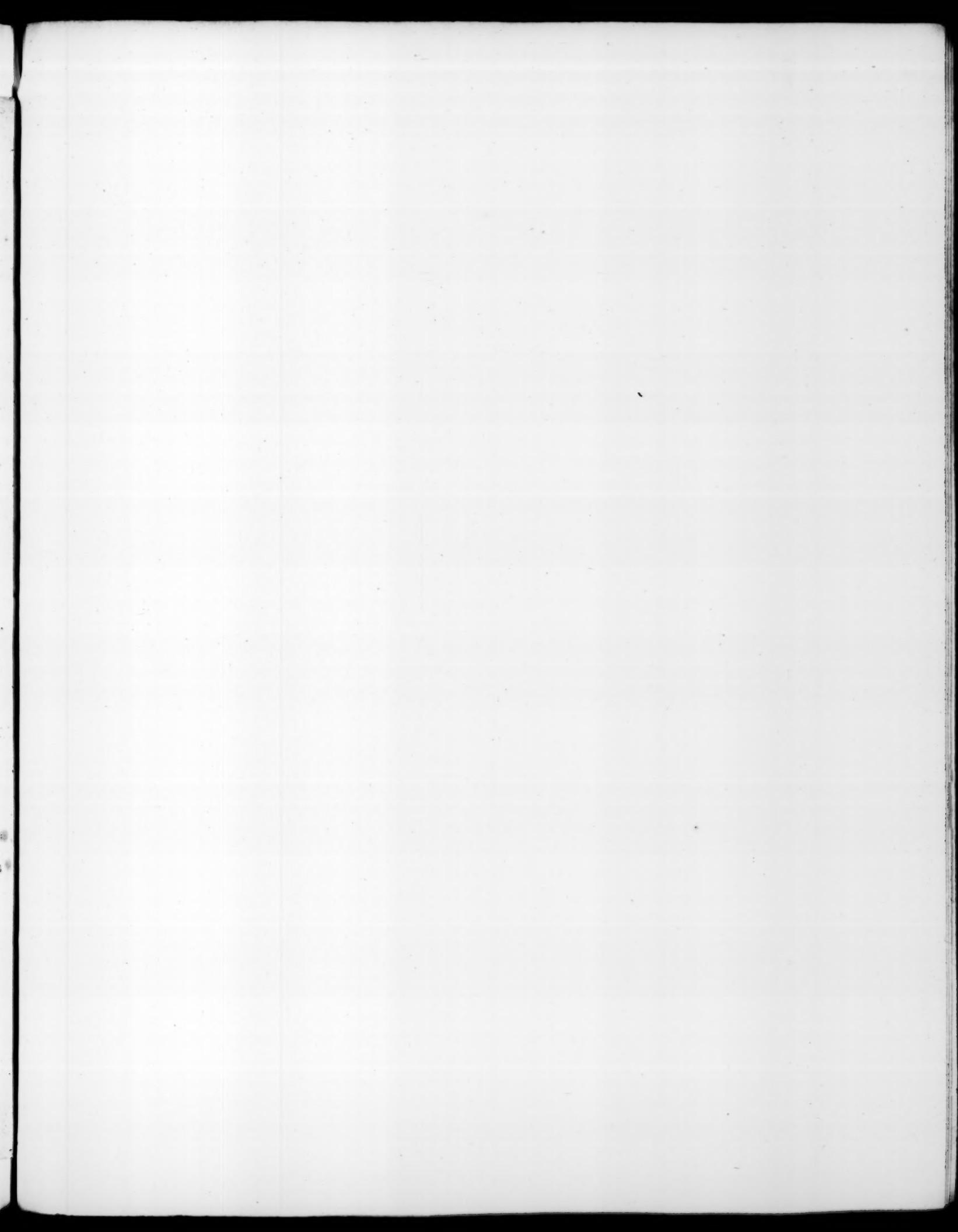
Guise. O let me crawl, Vile as I am, and kiss
Your Sacred Robe. Is't possible, your Hand !
O that it were my last expiring Moment,
For I shall never taste the like again.

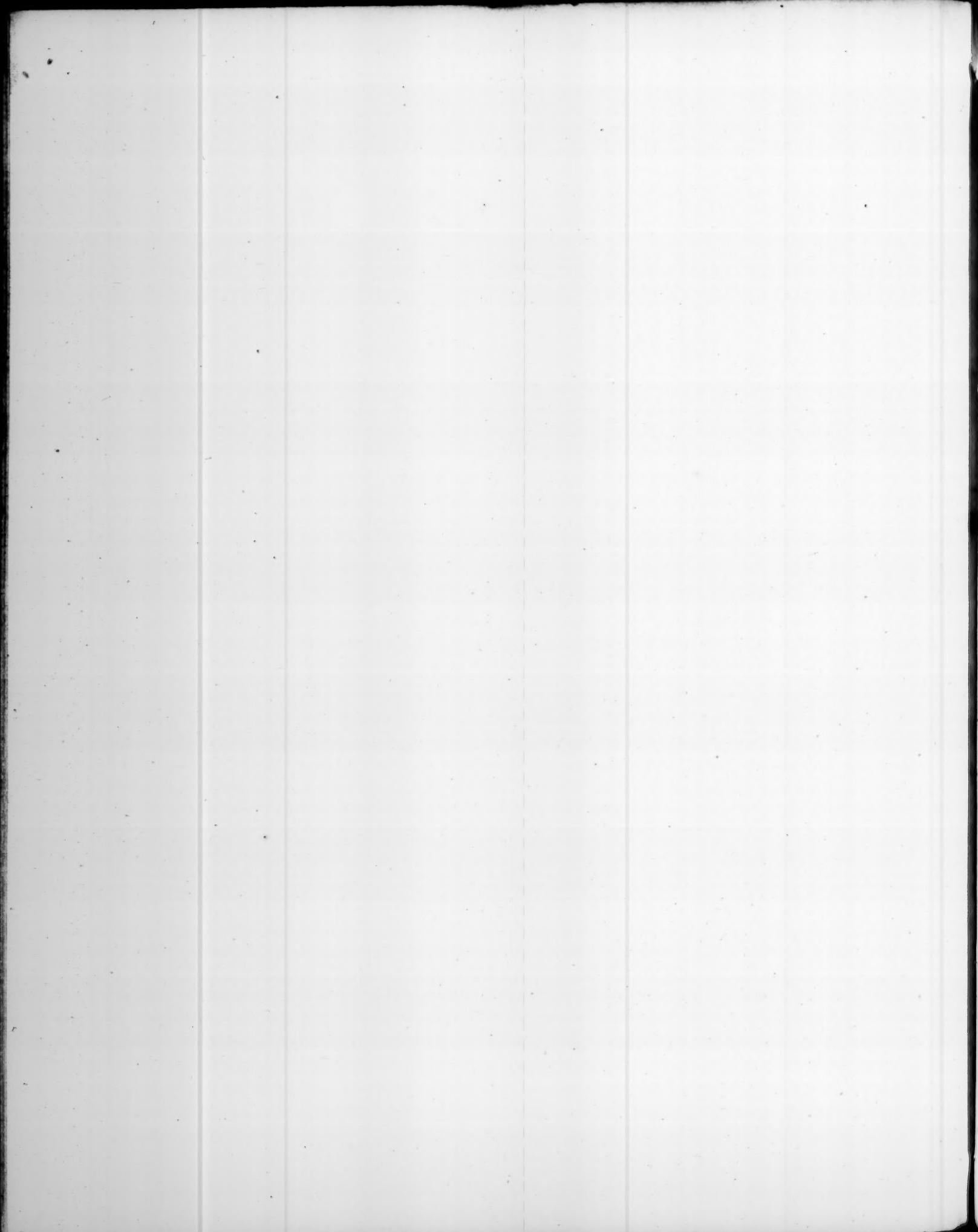
Mar. Farewel, my Proselyte, your better Genius
Watch your Ambition.

Guise. I have none but you,
Must I never see you more ?

[She gives him
her Hand.

Mar.





Mar. I have sworn you must not :
Which thought thus roots me here, melts my resolves,
And makes me loyter when the Angels call me.

[Weeps.]

Guise. O ye Celestial Dewes ! O Paradise !
O Heav'n ! O Joys ! Ne'er to be tasted more.

Mar. Nay, take a little more, cold *Marmoutier*,
The temporate, devoted *Marmoutier*
Is gone, a last Embrace I must bequeath you.

Guise. And O let me return it with another.

Mar. Farewel for ever ; Ah, *Guise*, though now we part,
In the bright Orbs prepar'd us by our Fates,
Our Souls shall meet — Farewel — and *Io's* sing above,
Where no Ambition, nor State-Crime, the happier Spirits prove,
But all are blest, and all enjoy an everlasting Love. [Exit. *Mar.*]

Guise solus.

Guise. Glory, where art thou ? Fame, Revenge, Ambition,
Where are you fled ? There's Ice upon my Nerves :
My Salt, my Mettal, and my Spirit's gone,
Pall'd as a Slave that's Bed-rid with an Ague,
I wish my Flesh were off : What now ! Thou bleed'st !
Three and no more ! What then ? And why what then ?
But just Three Drops ! And why not just Three Drops,
As well as Four or Five, or Five and twenty ? [Enter *Page.*]

Page. My Lord, your Brother and the Archbishop wait you.

Guise. I come down Devil, Ha ! Must I stumble too ?
Away ye Dreams, What if I thunder'd Now ?
Or if a Raven cross'd me in my way,
Or now it comes, because last Night I dreamt
The Council-Hall was hung with Crimson round,
And all the Cicling plaister'd o'er with Black.
No more, blue Fires, and ye dull rowling Lakes,
Fathomless Caves, ye Dungeons of old Night,
Fantoms be gone, if I must dye, I'll fall,
True Politician, and defy you all.

S C E N E II.

The Court before the Council-Hall.

Grillon, Larchant, *Souldiers placed, People crowding.*

Gril. Are your Guards doubl'd, Captain ?

Larch. Sir, They are.

Gril. When the *Guise* comes, remember your Petition,
Make way there for his Eminence ; Give back,
Your Eminence comes late.

Enter Two Cardinals, Counsellors, the Cardinal of Guise,
Archbishop of Lyons, last the Guise.

Guise. Well, Colonel, are we Friends ?

Gril.

Gril. Faith, I think not.

Guise. Give me your Hand.

Gril. No, for that gives a Heart.

Guise. Yet we shall clasp in Heaven.

Gril. By Heaven we shall not,

Unless it be with Gripes.

Guise. True, *Grillon*, still.

Larch. My Lord.

Guise. Ha, Captain, you are well attended,
If I mistake not, Sir, your Number's doubl'd.

Larch. All these have serv'd against the Hereticks,
And therefore beg your Grace you would remember
Their Wounds, and lost Arrears.

Guise. It shall be done.

Agen my Heart, there is a Weight upon thee,
But I will sigh it off, Captain Farewel.

[*Exeunt* Cardinal, Guise, &c.

Gril. Shut the Hall-door, and bar the Castle-gates:
March, March there, Closer yet, Captain, to the Door.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E III. *Council-Hall.*

Guise. I do not like my self to Day.

Archb. ——A Qualm, he dares not.

Card. ——That's one Man's thought, he dares, and that's another.

Enter Grillon.

Guise. O Marmoutier, Ha, never see thee more,
Peace my tumultuous Heart, why jolt my Spirits
In this unequal Circling of my Blood,
I'll stand it while I may, O mighty Nature !
Why this Alarm, why dost thou call me on
To fight, yet rob my Limbs of all their use.

[*Swoons.*

Card. Ha ! He's fall'n, chafe him : He comes agen.

Guise. I beg your Pardons, Vapours, no more.

Gril. Th'Effect

Of last Nights Lechery with some working Whore.

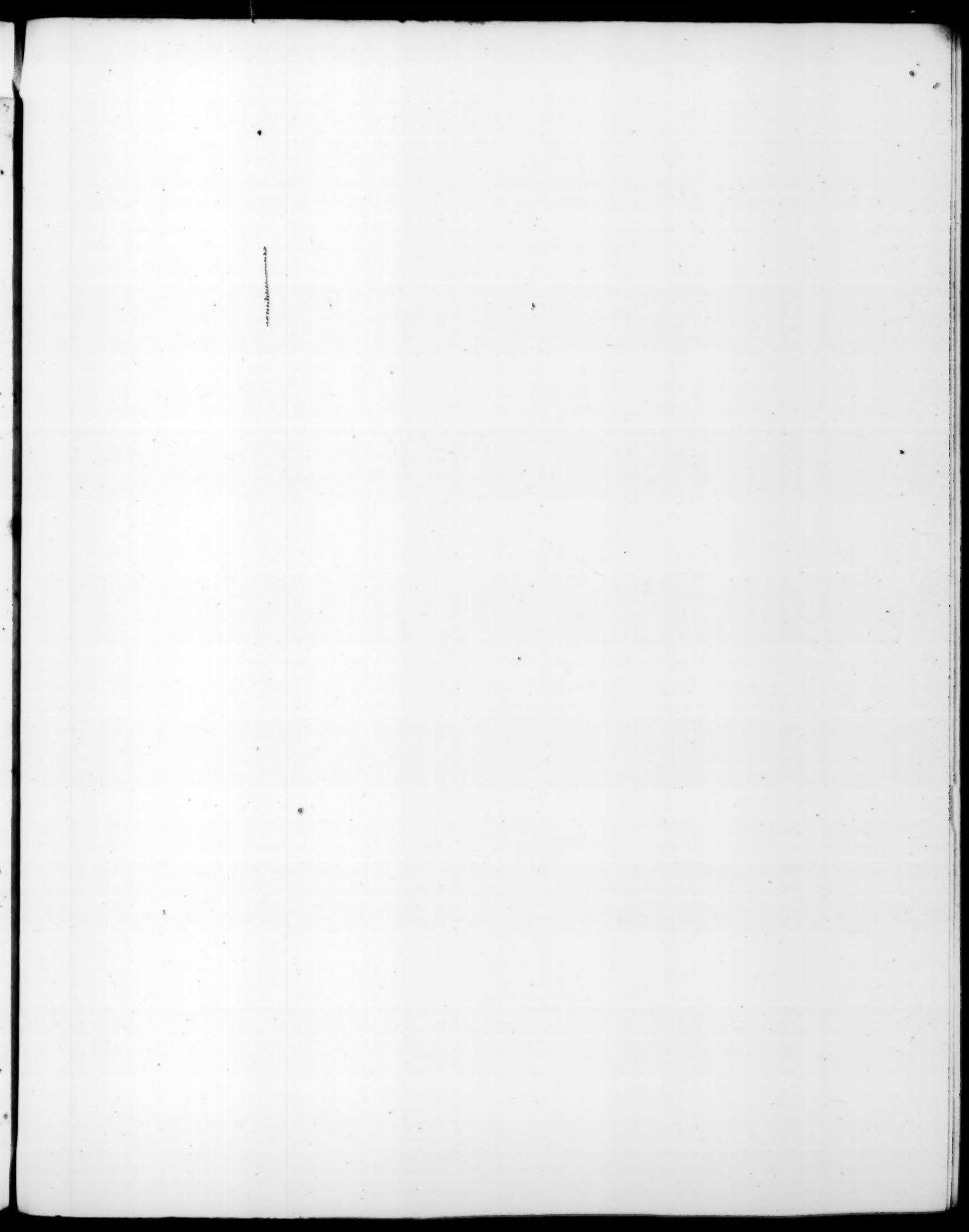
Enter Revol.

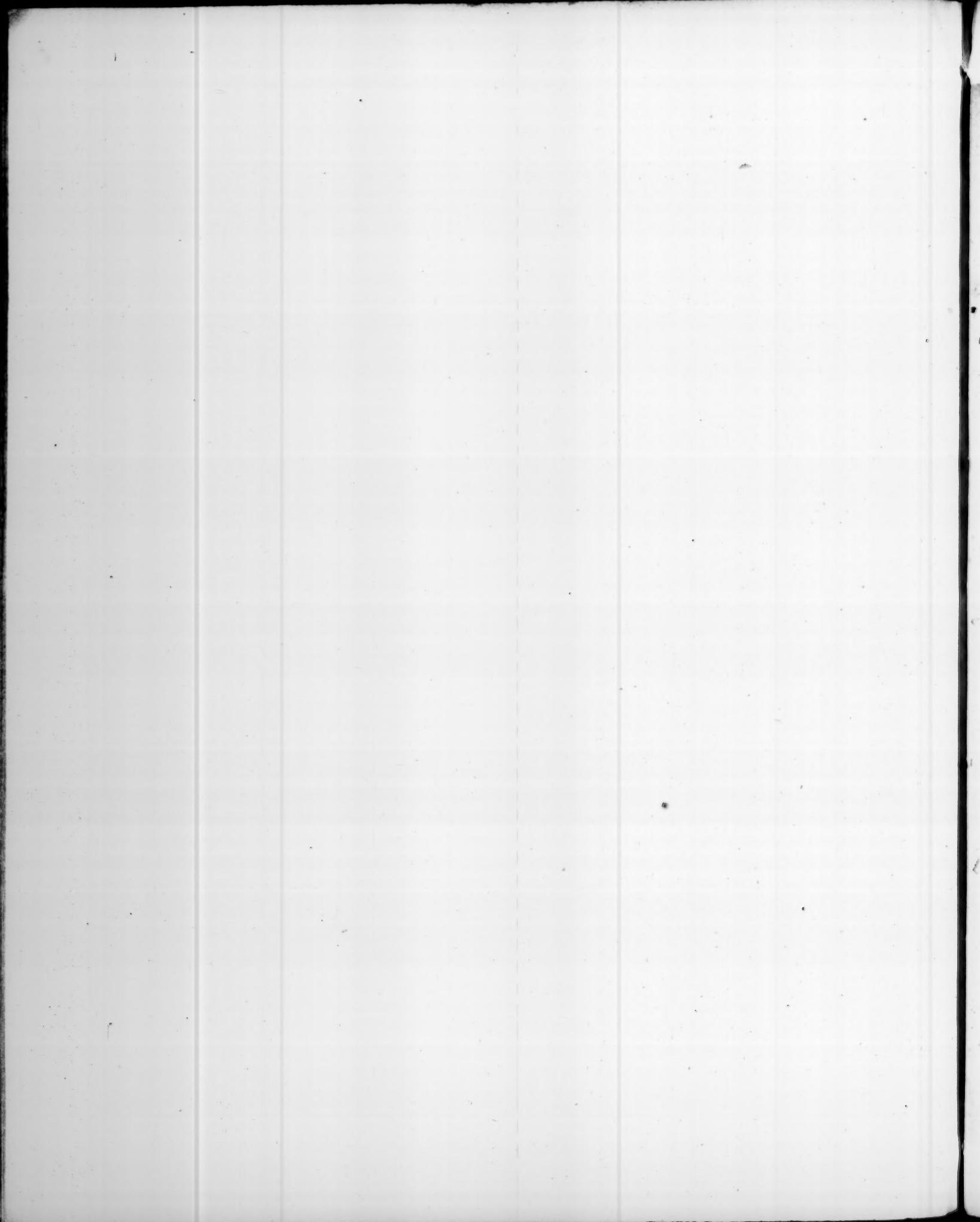
Revol. My Lord of *Guise*, the King would speak with you.

Guise. O Cardinal, O Lyons, but no more,
Yes, one Word more, thou hast a Privilege
To speak with a Recluse, O therefore tell her,
It never thou behold'st me breathe again,

[*To the Cardinal.*

Tell





Tell her I sigh'd it last,— O Marmoutier.

[Exit bowing.

Card. You will have all Things your own way, my Lord,
By Heav'n, I have strange horror on my Soul.

Archb. I say agen, that Henry dares not do't.

Card. Beware your Grace of Minds that bear like him,
I know he scorns to stoop to mean Revenge ;
But when some mightier Mischief shocks his Toure,
He shoots at once with Thunder on his Wings,
And makes it Air, but hark, my Lord, 'tis doing.

Guise within.] Murderers, Villains !

Archb. I hear your Brother's Voice, run to the Door.

Card. Help, help, the Guise is murder'd.

Archb. Help, help.

Gril. Cease your vain Cries, you are the King's Prisoners,
Take 'em Dugast into your Custody.

Card. We must obey, my Lord, for Heaven calls us.

[Exeunt.

The Scene draws, behind it a Traverse.

The Guise is assaulted by Eight : They stab him in all
Parts, but most in the Head.

Guise. O Villains ! Hell hounds ! Hold :
Murder'd, O basely, and not draw my Sword,
Dog, Logiack, but my own Blood choaks me,
Down, Villain, Down, I'm gone, O Marmoutier.

[Half draw his

Sword, is held.

[Flings himself upon
him—Dies.

The Traverse is drawn.

The King rises from his Chair, comes forward with his Cabinet Council.

King. Ope the Closet, and let in the Council ;
Bid Dugast execute the Cardinal,
Seize all the Factious Leaders, as I order'd,
And every one be answer'd on your Lives.

Enter Queen-Mother, followed by the Counsellors.

O, Madam, you are welcome, how goes your Health ?

Queen-mo. A little mended, Sir, what have you done ?

King. That which has made me King of France, for there
The King of Paris at your Feet lies dead.

Queen-mo. You have cut out dangerous Work, but make it up
With speed and resolution.

King. Yes, I'll wear

The Fox no longer, but put on the Lion ;
And since I could resolve to take the Heads

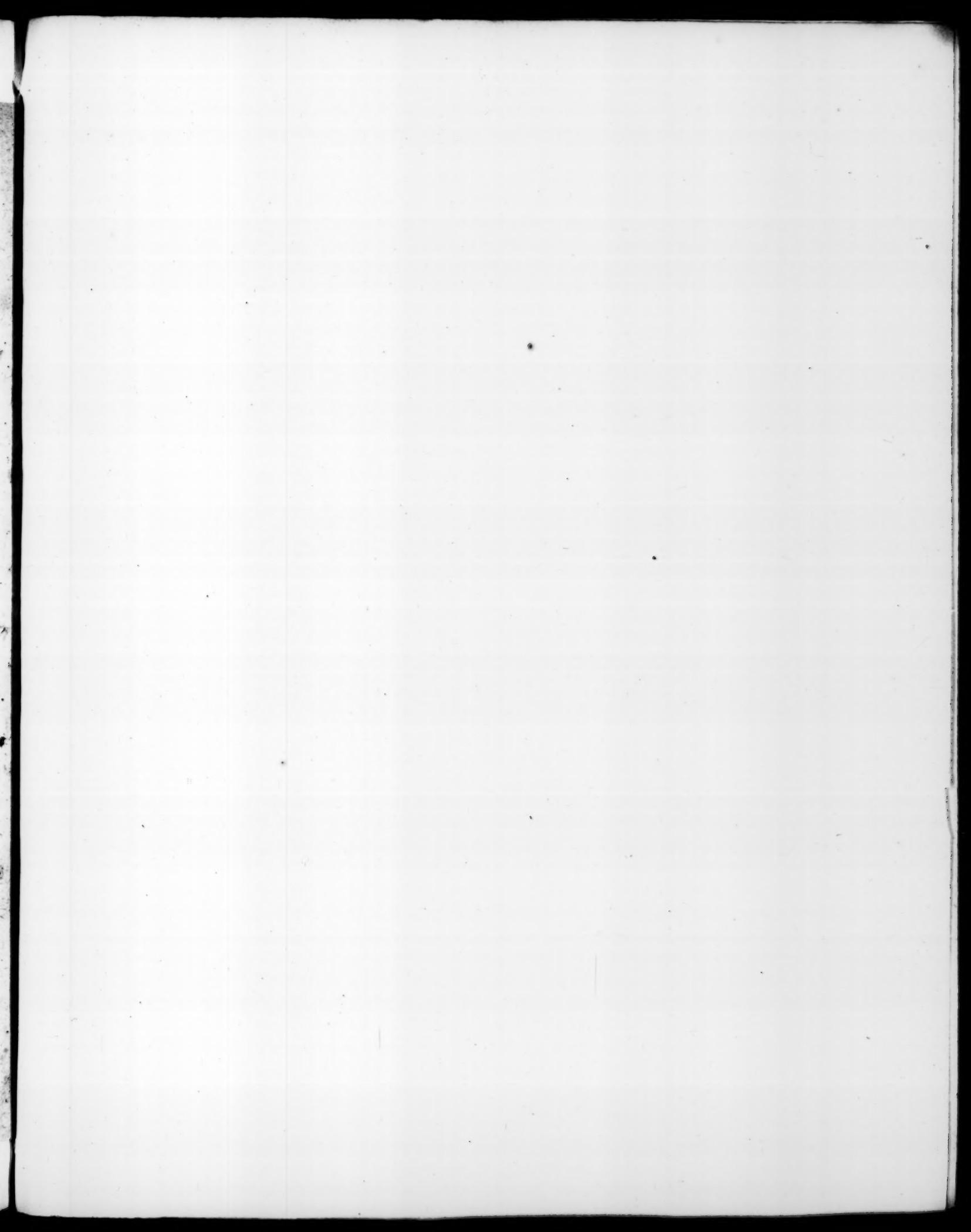
Of this great Insurrection, you the Members
Look to't, Beware, turn from your Stubborness,
And learn to know me, for I will be King.

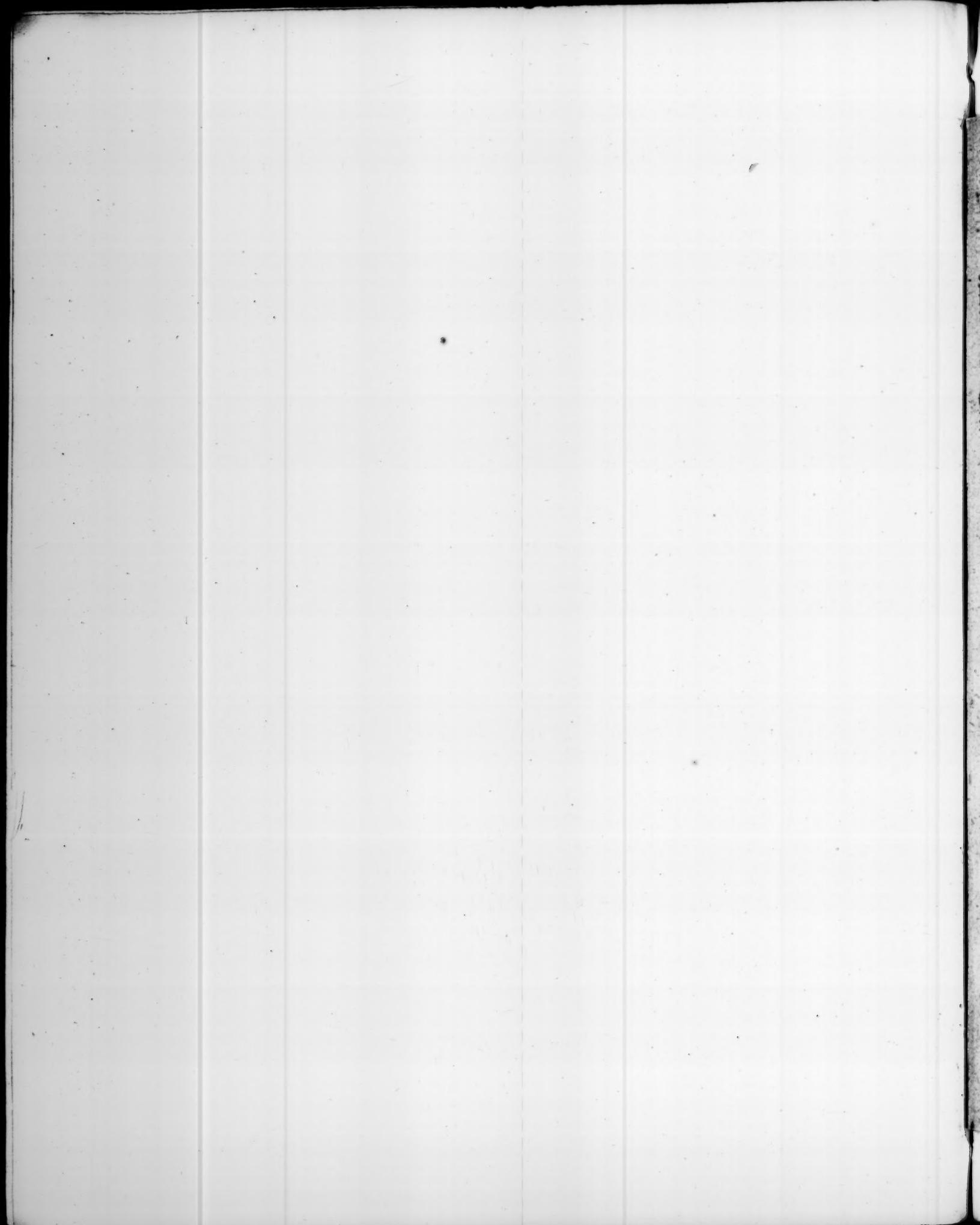
Gril. 'Sdeath, how the Traytors lowre, and quake, and droop,
And gather to the Wing of his Protection,
As if they were his Friends, and fought his Cause.

King, looking Be witness, Heaven, I gave him treble Warning,
upon Guise. He's gone, no more, disperse, and think upon't,
Beware my Sword, for if I once unsheathe,
By all the Reverence due to Thrones and Crowns,
Nought shall atone the Vows of speedy Justice,
'Till Fate to Ruine every Traytor brings,
That dares the Vengeance of Indulgent Kings.

F I N I S.

Vindication of the Duke of Guise.





A SONG in the Fifth ACT of the Duke of Gloucester

Shepherd.

To discern, and by this voice, I will discern ~

ELL me Thirsis, tell your Anguish,

why you Sigh, and why you Languish; when the Nymph whom

you Adore, grants the Riesing of Pot or Sing,

what can Love and I do more? what can Love, what can Love and

Shepherd.

I do more? Think it's Love be-yond all measure,

2. *A Song in the Duke of Guise*, No. 2 A.



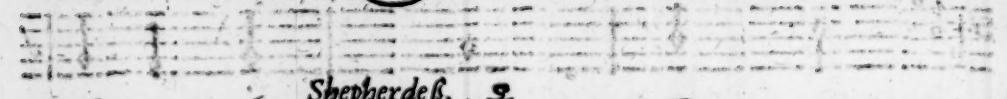
makes me faint a-way with Pleasure; strength of Cor-dial



EPIC HIS TUNING OF THE ANGEL



may destroy, and the Blessing of Possessing kills me with ex-



Shepherdess.



ces of Joy. Thir-sis, how can I believe you?

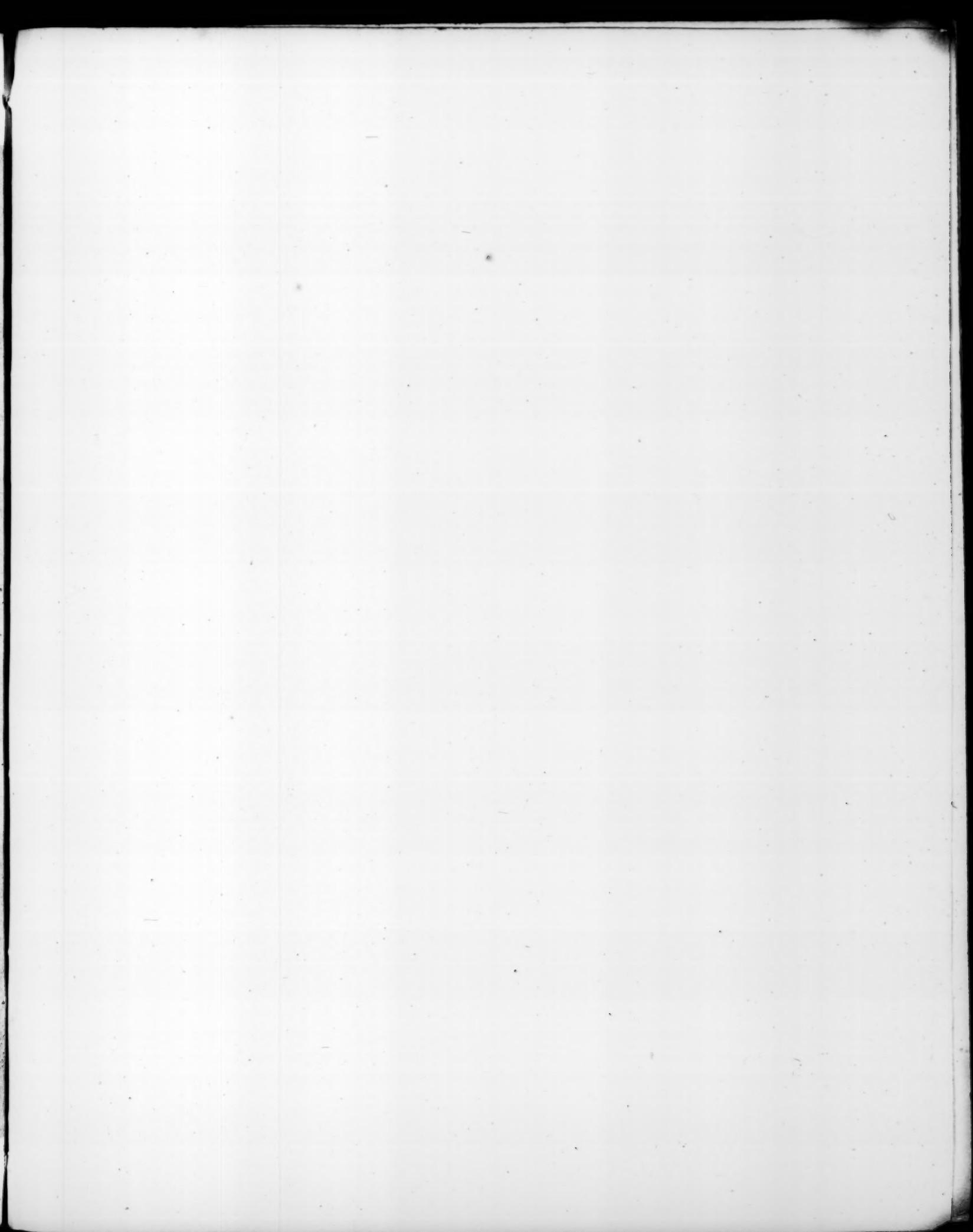


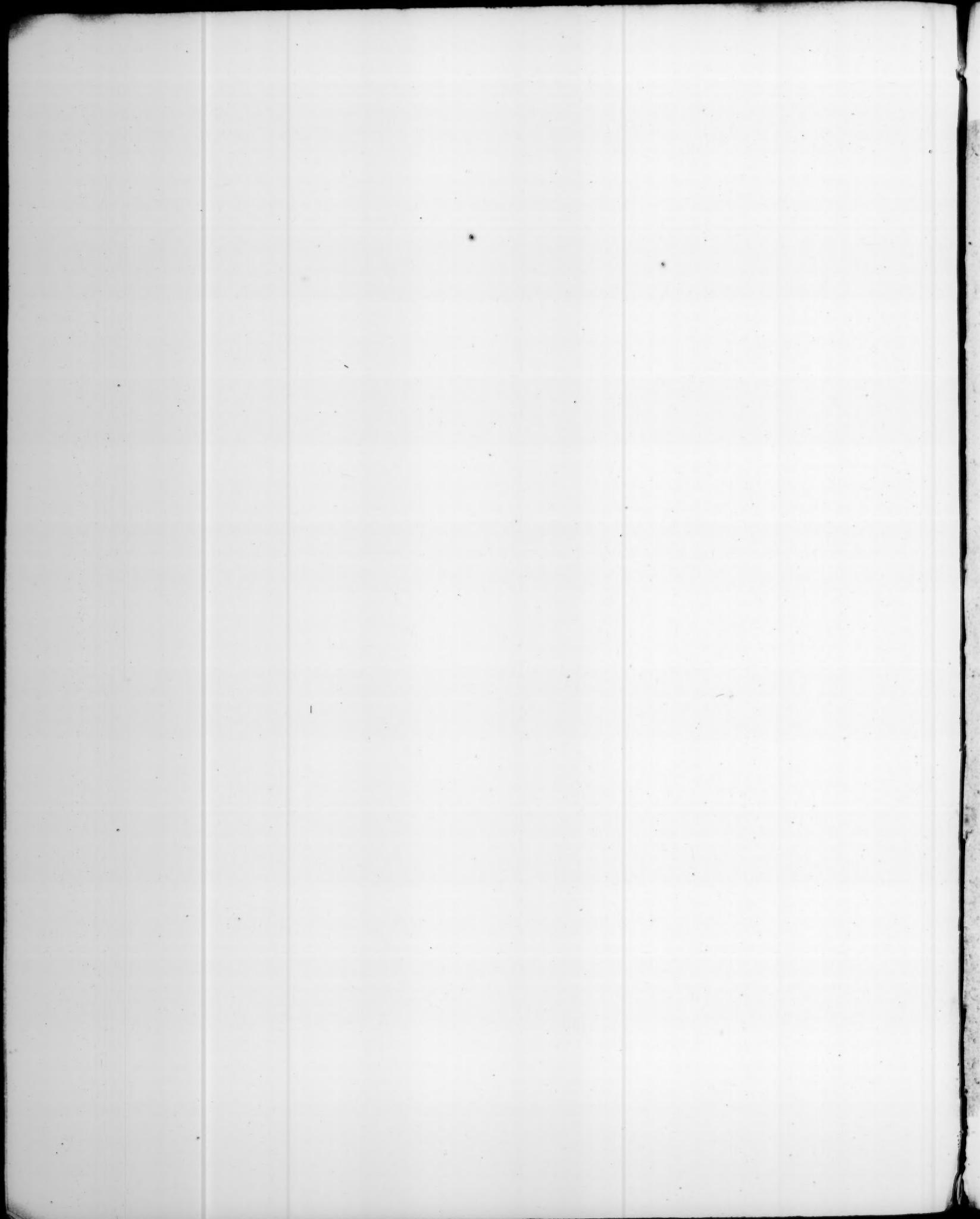
but con-fess, and I'll forgive you; Men are false, and



so are you; ne-ver Nature fram'd a Creature to en-

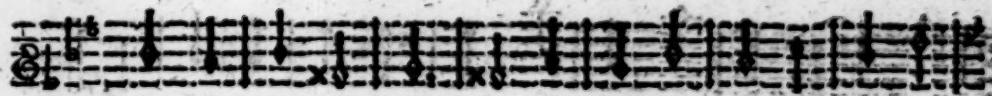




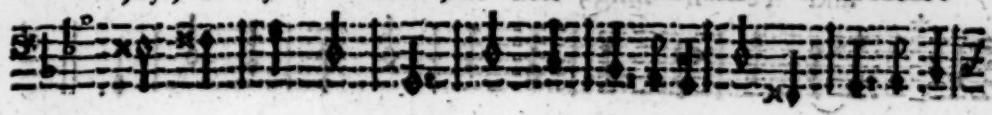


A Song in the Duke of Guise.

3



joy, and yet be true ; ne-ver Nature fram'd a Creature

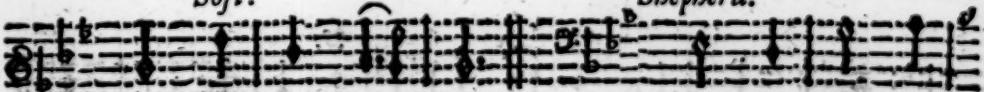


to en-joy, and yet be true ; to en-joy, and yet be

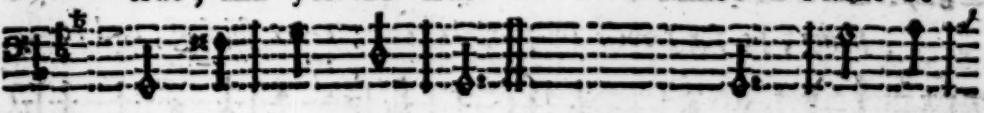


Soft.

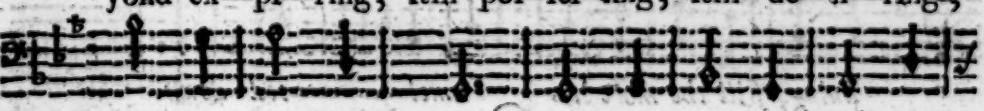
Shepherd.



true, and yet be true. Mine's a Flame be-



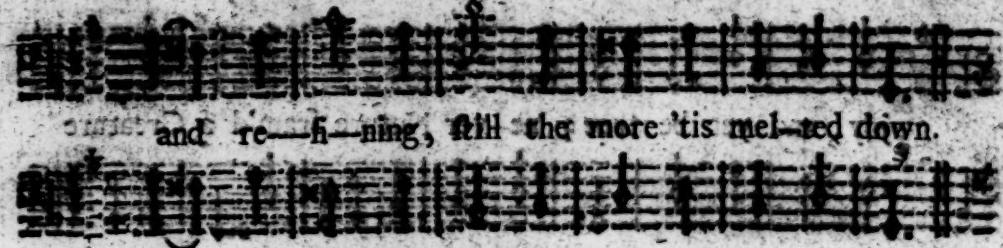
yond ex-pi-ring, still pos-ses-sing, still de-si-ring,



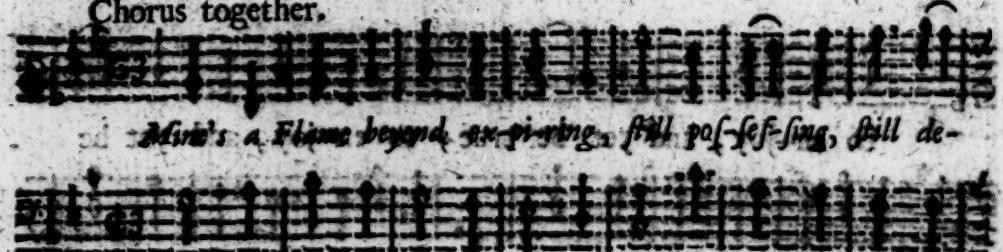
fit for Love's Im-pe-rial Crown ; e-ver shi-ning,



A Song to the Duke of Guise.



Chorus together.



Mine's a Flame beyond ex-pi-ring, still pos-ses-sing, still de-



siring, fit for Love's Im-pe-rial Crown; e-ver shining, and re-



fining, still the more 'tis melted down.

F I N I S.

